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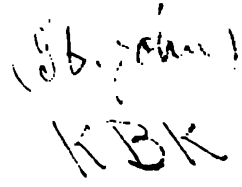
THERE AND BACK AGAIN

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY.

VOL. I.



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THERE AND BACK AGAIN

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY.

BY

JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

An ignis fatuus that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches.
HUDIBRAS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.
1853.

TO

THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

My Dear Roscoe,

I have endeavoured to give utterance in these volumes to what may be called the philosophy of travelling. You, I am sure, will understand that by this I mean nothing presumptuous. Every man, who thinks at all, has his own philosophy, which he develops, to the best of his power, in whatever he writes. This is what I have here attempted to do, with as much simplicity as possible. In the matter of style we often spend the one-half of our lives in wandering from the track of nature; and when we discover our mistake, scarcely find the other half long enough to bring us back. Still, whoever believes himself to have anything to say, will, to the end of his career, be sure to aim at what he considers the best mode of saying it. This at least is my case. Being per-

suaded that time and experience have taught me some truths, I have sought to embody them in the forms which seem best calculated to ensure their acceptance.

The way in which "Isis" has been received, both by the press and by the public, induces me to hope I have not laboured altogether in vain. The events of a journey are very much like the events of a life,—some gloomy, others gay, at times of a nature to touch the heart deeply, and then again assuming an aspect calculated to provoke nothing but laughter.

My narrative—if narrative it can be called—seeks to represent faithfully this mingled succession of light and sorrowful incidents. What I felt I have described, and always, as nearly as possible, exactly as I felt it. Perhaps I am occasionally too familiar, alluding freely to my wife and children,—to the circumstances of my domestic life,—to my studies,—and to all those other things, which, taken together, make up the existence of an author. But as I am tolerant, as you know, of the same course of proceeding in others, so I hope I may be tolerated in my turn.

To me nothing is more delightful than to be admitted, through books, into the confidence of

a man who has thought and travelled, and suffered, and enjoyed much; and all who have similar predilections and idiosyncrasies with myself, will probably, therefore, be pleased to consider with me those topics,—sometimes important, sometimes trivial,—which afford occupation to our intellects in this world.

My friends, among whom you are one of the oldest and dearest, know what sort of life I have led—the life of an obscure student, ever willing to undergo any amount of labour in order to arrive at truth. A considerable portion of my manhood has been spent in travelling to and fro over the continent of Europe, with my wife and a little regiment of children, some of whom have since applied themelves to literature, and not without the hope of rendering their names known to the world. In some cases they have followed as travellers in my footsteps; two have visited Egypt; and Bayle, in his "Libyan Desert," "Levantine Family," and "Village Life," has described phases of Mohammedan and Christian manners, which he has enjoyed peculiar opportunities of studying. Percy has bestowed much attention on parts of Central America; while Horace has extended his researches to India and the Oriental Archipelago.

This, I am aware, is vanity; but it is only vanity at second-hand. All men must be pleased to see their children esteemed and valued by the public; and as I have enjoyed a large share of this pleasure, I trust I may be pardoned for acknowledging it. At any rate, I am perfectly sure of your sympathy, my dear Roscoe, who, during the greater part of our lives, have felt very little less interested in my children than in your own.

Believe me, therefore, to be,

Your most faithful and sincere Friend,

JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

SOMERSET VILLA, KINGSDOWNE, BRISTOL,
June 4th, 1853.

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PART THE FIRST.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been;
A sound that makes us linger;—yet, farewell!"

BYRON.

"Woman, if with thee
Beauty resides not, where doth beauty dwell!"

PATRICK SCOTT.

"I stand, companion of the wind,
Cloud-folded on the stormy Apennine."

JOHN EDMUND READE.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY.

I.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN! Will you accompany me, reader? If you do, we shall converse by the way on many subjects besides the picturesque. The journey altogether was a strange one for me, since, not having been a great traveller, I had not, and indeed have not yet, learned to view men and countries as common-place because many other persons before me had beheld them.

In moving about the world, it is not always what we see, but what we feel, that is productive of most delight both to ourselves and others. Nature supplies the canvas, but we must bring along with us the colours, if we would call into being an original or even a true picture—true, I mean, for all those who have the same organization and sympathies with us.

Every man has his own peculiar motives for travelling, and, therefore, of course, I had mine, though you will probably become incredulous when

I endeavour to explain what they were. It was not to behold lakes, glaciers, and mountains whose heads touch heaven, that I had come into Switzerland; it was not in search of poetical or other inspiration; neither, being perfectly well, was it with any view of improving my health, or acquiring animal spirits, with which, at the time, I was literally overflowing. I had come purely out of love for the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that I might stroll about at pleasure over the scene of the Nouvelle Héloïse.

But why was the name of Rousseau dear to me? Probably some one had breathed it into my ears before the dawn of memory, and rendered it familiar to me in that period of life when to be familiar is always to be loved. The day on which I first became acquainted with his writings I remember most distinctly. It was in the midst of summer, when July had covered all the roads, and sprinkled all the bushes in their vicinity, with dust. A cousin, who lived some five or six miles off, had just written to me to say he had got a copy of the "Confessions," which, if I would fetch them, he would lend to me. I started early, with one of my sisters as a companion, all the way amusing myself with imagining what manner of things those "Confessions" could be.

We walked through shady lanes, over meadows bright with sunshine, and strewed with wild flowers, crossing many a brook by the aid of a

plank or small rustic bridge, and at length reached the house in which the treasure lay. All else has faded from my memory but the book and my sister, and the way in which I read as we returned home. I sat on stiles, I reclined on green banks, beneath the chequered shade of oaks and elms; I devoured the "Confessions." The names of Geneva and Chamberi, and Madame de Warrens and Claude Anet, became engraven ineffaceably on my mind; and with the whole, the dust, sunshine, green meadows, shady groves, sparkling streams, and melting heat of July, are inextricably associated.

From that time to the present Rousseau and I have been on good terms. The objections commonly made to him by others have little weight with me. Perhaps, indeed, the facts which provoke their anathemas constitute the principal reason of my preference, namely, that he was the great apostle and father of the Revolution, that he wrote the "Contrat Social," and disturbed the political creed of all noble and imaginative minds throughout Christendom.

Let those persons who are really wise take all due credit for it. I make no pretensions of that sort. I came to Switzerland, as I have said, out of partiality for Jean Jacques Rousseau, fully expecting to find at Vevay and Clarens the representatives, in feature and figure at least, of Julie and Claire.

II.

We used—my wife and I—to discuss these matters seriously, because it was a rule with us never to remain long in any place where the women were other than handsome, or at least tolerably pretty. This may be set down to our love of the picturesque; for, after all, there is no combination of earth, wood, and water, which can claim to be regarded as half so beautiful as a beautiful woman. Lakes are very magnificent, and so are forests and mountains; but if, with Milton, we were deprived of the power of beholding external things, it is the human face divine that we should most earnestly desire to look upon again. Neither sun nor moon, nor day nor night, would awaken within us regrets so poignant as the faces of dear friends now for us blotted out for ever from the aspect of nature.

Ever since our passage of the Jura I had been visited by the suspicion that we had got among an inferior race of human beings. France, heaven knows, is not remarkable for female beauty, and yet one does occasionally in that country see lovely faces and bright eyes flitting by one, especially in Normandy, and certain provinces of the south. But in Switzerland the imagination immediately begins to flag for lack of excitement. Rocks, and snows, and forests you have, no doubt, in abundance; and, if you can be satisfied with these,

you may fancy yourself in Paradise. Nothing is wanting but a finely and delicately organized humanity.

It seems, however, to be a general law, that, wherever nature puts on gigantic dimensions, man is intellectually dwarfed, for mountainous regions have seldom or never given birth to great minds, or stamped a poetical character on their inhabitants. A sea-port town, embosomed in low hills, and a flat wool-combing place, on a sluggish river, have produced the two greatest poets that ever lived; and if we traverse the whole earth in search of beauty, we shall find it chiefly on plains, or in modest hills and valleys like those of Great Britain, Italy, and Greece.

III.

It was night when we arrived at Vevay, and, therefore, we were compelled to defer till morning our search for the Julies and Claires. Then, however, it being market-day, on which economical habits bring out nearly the whole female population, we went forth early, in the hope of realizing Rousseau's delightful vision.

But let me not dwell upon the sequel. Goitres and cretins, swollen necks and hideous idiotic faces—some from Savoy, who had crossed the lake in boats, others from the surrounding villages of the Pays de Vaud—met our eyes on all sides, with

here and there a woman of passable aspect, but nothing like beauty, delicacy, or grace.

We were disgusted with Vevay at once; nevertheless, in consideration of the exquisite scenery, the walks up the slopes of Mount Chardon, the views from the chalet at the summit, the meadows along the banks of the Veveyse, the stroll to the Château de Blonay, the rocks of Meillerie, the Dent de Jaman, and vast amphitheatrical sweep of grandeur from Clarens to St. Gingoulph, we prolonged our visit to a month, after which we returned to Lausanne, where the Swiss seemed more tolerable in appearance.

This place we for some time made our home, and I selected it to be the home of my family during my absence in the east. If you have been at Lausanne, you will remember, a little way out of the town, on the road to Berne, a fine house on the right hand, called Jolimont, standing in the midst of a beautiful shrubbery and gardens. There it was we lived; and there, in the evening, as I watched my children playing upon the terrace, or appearing and disappearing among the trees and plantations below, I used to enjoy the prospect of the Alps, terminating with the summit of Mont Blanc, relieved like a pale spectral cloud against the blue sky.

IV.

Poets talk freely, and without offence, of their children, wives, and mistresses; and why may not prose writers take the same liberty?

Mothers at least will forgive me if I become a little more familiar and communicative than is usual in a formal *tête-à-tête* with the public. But I am fond of children, of my own especially; and having just then seven of them, all full of health and animal spirits, big and little, it will readily be believed that they formed the most pleasant part of the landscape, notwithstanding that Mont Blanc, and the other Alps of Savoy, constituted the background.

What added greatly to the interest was the consciousness that I was about to leave them—perhaps for ever. They were of all ages, from nine or ten years to six months; and when their mother, with the baby on her lap, formed the centre of the group, they used to circulate around her in wild and never-ending gyrations of delight.

In my mind's eye I see them now, though time and circumstances have distributed and located them far apart, from the extremities of Insular Asia to the banks of the Nile and the Seine. But an invisible link of brotherhood binds them together still; and, doubtless, there are moments when, from the most distant parts of the world, the minds of

all revert to that beautiful spot where, in days of unmingled happiness, they laughed and sported before me in the shadow, as it were, of Mont Blanc.

It is an exclamation of Byron, "Oh, that I could wreak my thoughts upon expression!"

I have a thousand times uttered a similar wish; not that my ideas are too big for language, but that I have never yet had the courage to turn them out of the spiritual into the visible world. Many and many are the thoughts that crowd and nestle about our hearts, and exist only for ourselves. Perhaps we love them the more because they are exclusively ours, and might seem to lose their maiden purity and beauty, if exposed in indifferent drapery to the public.

I wish, however, to be somewhat frank in this place, and to reveal a little of what passed in my mind when about to quit Europe for Africa.

Nothing can be further from me than the desire to impart undue importance to a journey which many had performed before, and some without encountering any very formidable obstacles or dangers. But the question was one of prudence or imprudence. All my fortunes were mysteriously bound up in my gray goose-quill, which, to the seven urchins before me, stood altogether in the place of Aladdin's lamp. Heaven, for aught they knew, rained cakes and bread and butter upon them from the sky, and would continue to do so,

whether I happened to be on the shores of the Leman Lake, or in the Mountains of the Moon. But my faith was not quite so boundless, and therefore my almost irrepressible buoyancy of spirit sometimes flagged a little when I reflected that the poke of an Arab spear, or Mogrebin dagger, might turn the world into a wilderness for those joyous little ones, and leave my bones bleaching among those of hyenas and camels in the Libyan or Arabian Waste.

However, in the sphere of parentship there are two human providences; and, therefore, it was not without great confidence that I determined on my expedition. Most persons endowed with fancy have, probably from childhood, nourished a longing to visit some distant spot, hallowed, if I may so express myself, by early associations of history, poetry, or romance. My imagination's land of promise, divided into two parts, lay on the banks of the Ilissus and the Nile, where great nations had flourished and faded—where great men had speculated on life and death, and toiled unceasingly to unveil the mystery of this vast universe.

I by no means resembled that honest man who hoped to become possessed of Epictetus's wisdom, after his death, by purchasing his lamp. I hoped for no philosophical or religious inspiration by visiting the birthplaces of philosophy and theology. But I knew, at all events, that I could not fail to increase my experience and knowledge of mankind,

by taking a view, however cursory, of Italy, Greece, and Egypt.

I was, besides, desirous of solving for myself, at least one problem; namely, whether the arts of Greece were derived originally from the Nilotic valley, which I could better do by studying the remaining monuments themselves, than by trusting to the representations, seldom faithful, given of them by artists and travellers.

V.

With these views, I determined, about the middle of September, upon quitting Lausanne, and took my place in the diligence for Milan. My wife and children came down to the Bureau to see me off; and, though I hoped my journey would prove one of pleasure, my feelings at parting were far from enviable. Strong doubts of the wisdom, or even morality of the step I was about to take, came over me. Around me were the proofs of my multiplied responsibilities clinging to their mother or to me, and shedding such tears as only children shed. My own feelings, or hers, I shall not attempt to describe. I shall only say that, overtaking the group again as they were ascending the steep street leading up from the Place St. François, I felt the strongest conceivable desire to leap out of the diligence, and return home with them; but while I was revolving this thought in my mind, the

vehicle attained the summit of the acclivity, and rolled on, while through the window I looked at them as long as they were visible.

Presently a turn in the street hid them from my sight, and away we went, rattling and jingling over the stones, the driver cracking his whip, and the conducteur laughing and chatting with the outside passengers as merrily as if we had not contemplated proceeding beyond the next village. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we quitted Lausanne. The gloom of night was congenial with the gloom of my mind, which, for a time, seemed to be completely stunned and bewildered.

If there are those who can leave home without a pang, whatever amount of enjoyment they may be looking forward to, I cannot pretend to envy or congratulate them; for being always enveloped with uncertainty, we cannot say whether or not we have looked on the old familiar faces for the last time.

And how pregnant with painful meaning are those words, *the last time!* In them lies the chief sting of death, when, leaving the warm precincts of the cheerful day, it is the consciousness that it is for the last time that depresses, and all but annihilates our souls. The clustering, loving faces round the bedside would lose nearly all their significance if we were merely going to sleep; but when that sleep is to know no waking—when, come what will, we can never with our mortal eyes

behold those faces and those tears again—the pang of parting rises to indescribable agony. All separations of families have an infusion of this bitterness, because it is felt that what is meant to be temporary may prove eternal.

VI.

When you desire to be silent, you would also be glad to be solitary. The presence of companions is irksome, above all when their tone and manners indicate a state of mind the very antipodes of your own. Of course it is highly unreasonable to expect sympathy from strangers, especially when they are ignorant that you require any.

But we, after all, are unreasonable both in our hopes and expectations; and I remember experiencing extraordinary disgust with my neighbours in the interior of the diligence for putting commonplace questions, in the hope of drawing me into conversation, at the moment when I felt more than a Trappist's fondness for silence.

Presently, therefore, they pulled their travelling-caps close over their ears, and dropped asleep, for which I was thankful. I then put my head out of the window, to gaze upon the dusky panorama around. No lake, not even that of Mœris, in the Libyan waste, is set in so rich a frame as that of Geneva—the Alps encompass it like giants, who seem at night to look down lovingly on its slum-

bers. They were now beginning to put on their wintry grandeur, being powdered all over with recent snows, which, in the increasing and waning light, imparted to them the strangest conceivable appearance. The smooth, level surface of the lake was thickly bedropped with the golden reflexes of the stars, which rose and sunk with that restless impulse always observable in the bosom of great waters, and reminded me of jewels heaving and trembling on the breast of beauty.

A few days before my departure, the lake and its environs had exhibited a very different aspect. I had gone out with my children towards the rock of the Signal, and had reached the shelter of a little wood, when there came on suddenly one of those storms which appeared to draw forth and illuminate, as it were, all the hidden beauties of the Alps. "From crag to crag leaped the live thunder;" and, as night came on prematurely, perhaps, from the dense clouds, the whole surface of Lake Leman was momentarily converted into a sheet of dazzling fire.

Perhaps in the whole system of nature there is nothing so beautiful as lightning. It is in the physical world what irresistible passion is in the moral. It is nature emerging from her normal state, and putting forth her powers and energies visibly. Passion, too, which is the lightning of the mind, obliterates by its brightness all the littlenesses and weaknesses of the character, and enables

us for a moment to soar far above the earth and everything earthly. Lightning, though a physical process, is something analogous. Gazing on it makes the heart swell, and sends up the imagination far above this visible diurnal sphere.

As I looked down, from my lofty position, upon the clouds, charged heavily with electricity, I now and then obtained glimpses into something like a new world. Immense caverns opened up a vista into the bowels of that vapoury creation, unveiling long sinuous valleys, fantastic mountains, chasms and precipices, glittering plains and heaving seas, all sheathed with the brilliancy of lightning. Then followed intense darkness, and then another fit of revelation, after which the eye descended to the lake, and beheld tracks of blue light spread over it like a pattern, quivering, palpitating, and expanding towards each other till they met, and became co-extensive with the surface of the water, converting into one sea of flame the whole distance between Switzerland and Savoy.

During a lull in the storm, I reached home with the children, after which I sat up during half the night with my wife, admiring, from an open window, the most glorious of all visible created things, for neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, have for me half the fascination possessed by lightning, when loud thunder accompanies its birth-pangs, ushering in its short existence to the world.

No contrast could be greater than that which

the lake now presented. Calm and still, with something like a soft breath breathing over it, I gazed towards the rocks of Meillerie, whence St. Preux wrote one of his sweetest letters to Julie. The very rocks, in the starlight, seem still luminous with love, so completely has the genius of Rousseau amalgamated itself with nature in this neighbourhood.

VII.

We halted about an hour at Vevay, which now appeared far more romantic than when we lived there, though it was probably our having lived there that imparted to it its chief interest. Everybody knows what a momentary bustle the arrival of a diligence creates in a little country inn, all the inmates of which invariably rush out in search of excitement. Each loiterer is full of speculation respecting the faces that appear at the window of the vehicle, and if there be any in the background dimly seen, the mystery enveloping them is, of course, greatly enhanced.

A Swiss rustic inn has always something picturesque and striking about it, with its long drooping eaves, wooden galleries, and a wilderness of projections and niches where light and darkness sport, as it were, with each other, as torch or candle passes to and fro beneath. Several of the burghers of Vevay, with pipe in mouth and tankard in hand, came out and planted themselves on seats beside

the door to gaze at, or gossip with, the wayfarers, while ostlers, grooms, and stable-boys, the same queer brood all over the world, developed their organic idleness, and laughed and chatted with the girls of the establishment who, now in dim-light, and at a certain distance, looked quite pretty.

I may here remark, by the way, that there is a small village near the Château de Blonay, which is at once beautiful itself, and contains the most charming women in Switzerland. This I discovered accidentally during my walks, after which it alternately divided my attentions with the castle of Chillon. Some of these fair creatures occasionally take up their residence in Vevay; and it must, doubtless, have been one of them that set the imagination of Jean Jacques in a blaze.

As the traveller to Verona is shown the tomb of Juliet, so the stranger who visits Vevay is sure to have pointed out to him the site of Julie's bosquet at Clarens—the site, I say, because the monks of the Great St. Bernard, to whom the place now belongs, are said to have cut down the trees in order to plant a vineyard on the spot. When I once, in a tone of disapproval, mentioned this fact to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, he shrugged his shoulders and observed, "Le bon vin vaut bien les souvenirs." But though good wine is an agreeable thing, I should, upon the whole, prefer Julie's bosquet to the vineyard, no matter how it ob-

tained the name, or whether the foot of Rousseau's fancy ever visited it or not.

During our month's stay at Vevay, I used frequently to walk in the evening towards the château of Chillon, and as often as we did so, we had to pass the house in which Edmund Ludlow, the great English republican, spent the latter portion of his life in exile. We all observed the spot as we passed, and the recollection of his stern and noble virtues may be said to impart a sort of sanctity to Vevay. He enjoyed breathing the air of liberty to the last, under that form of government which he preferred to all others.

We now slowly skirted the end of the lake, passed Chillon and Villeneuve, near where "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" plunges into the lake. Pity that so singular a spot should be a perpetual prey to malaria and ague, which extend their influence as far as Vevay, and are almost sure to assail strangers on their arrival. We now turned sharp round towards the left, passed through Aigle and Bex, after which I fell asleep and did not wake again until we arrived at St. Maurice, the gate of the Valais.

VIII.

All persons of locomotive propensities claim for themselves the privilege of describing what they eat, and it really is a very judicious practice,

because it begets in the reader the firm conviction that the traveller is no "*ignis fatuus*," but a genuine solid creature of flesh and blood, like himself. The Cid Hamet Benengeli, to avoid all misapprehension on this point, often describes the Knight of the Rueful Countenance making free with the contents of Sancho's wallet; and our own sage bard, who recounts the adventures of the great Paladin of the Commonwealth, reprobates the practice of those airy historians who repudiate fish-kettles and frying-pans. Alluding to their vagabond heroes, he says that when

> "Through deserts vast,
> Or regions desolate they pass'd,
> Unless they grazed, there's not one word
> Of their provisions on record,
> Which made some confidently write
> They had no stomachs but to fight."

Besides, there are always some pleasant little associations with breakfasts and dinners, especially those you eat on a journey. The cream seems then more creamy; the coffee, rolls, butter, new-laid eggs, ham, tongue, and sausages, of much finer quality than the articles which commonly pass under these names—the reason, perhaps, being that your journey has put you in good humour, and given you a keener appetite.

I remember, with much pleasure, my breakfast at St. Maurice. The room, high up in the hotel,

overlooked the Rhone, from which a cool breeze seemed to ascend, and creep in, balmy and refreshing, at the open windows. We sat, a great many of us, round a large table, and, with the true freemasonry of travellers, were acquainted with each other at once. The fact is, you make the most of your time, knowing that you have none to spare, and chat away, right and left, with man or woman that happens to be within reach.

On the present occasion there was but one lady of the party: we exchanged civilities, handed each other fresh eggs and bread and butter, and conversed about what we had seen, and hoped yet to see. For her part, she had beheld nothing but Paris, and those tracts of country which lie directly between it and St. Maurice. Her husband, who sat beside her, and held her in strict surveillance, had been long in the East, where he had acquired Turkish ideas of jealousy and suspicion. Madame Carli, however, nothing daunted by his severe looks, conversed with us unceasingly, buttered our toast, poured out our coffee, and paid us all those small attentions which none but ladies can pay.

Madame Carli was a pretty Frenchwoman, with large dark eyes, and a profusion of raven hair. She had been well educated in the modern system, knew a good deal, and believed very little. The chief article in her creed was, that it was a man's duty to make love, and a woman's to receive it, under all circumstances, and in every place.

Her husband thought the direct contrary, which was quite natural, seeing they had already been married six weeks, and that he anticipated considerable trouble from the development of his helpmate's theory. Madame appeared to take infinite interest in my proposed journey, and listened with as much pleasure to my account of what I hoped to see as if I had already seen it and been speaking from experience.

Three things especially delighted her — the Temple of Karnak, the tombs of the Theban Kings, and the boundless expanse of the desert; as I expatiated on which, her eyes would kindle and flash, and she would exclaim, "Ah, how I should like to be of your party." "Madame," I replied, "I have no party; I go alone." "*Oh, mon Dieu!*" said she, "*comme ce sera triste.*" "No," I replied, "I shall people the desert with my remembrances."

Our other breakfast companions entered with more or less vivacity into this conversation, from which we at length proceeded to discuss the topography of the diligence and our own places in it. Monsieur and Madame Carli were to be my companions in the interior, which was fortunate, since I had already, as it were, made their acquaintance. My leanings were at that time all towards France, in which I had lived till I had acquired something of a native's love for it.

This principally it was, perhaps, that recom-

mended me to my fellow-traveller. We spoke of Paris, of its pleasures and gaieties, of the fascination of its society, of its literature, of its soirées, and of that fierce political spirit which renders life there so piquante.

On one point we differed. Madame was a Royalist; but this circumstance, instead of acting between us as a repelling power, supplied an everlasting topic for discussion; and I have noticed that however violently a woman may be attached to the pomps and vanities of monarchy, she delights in conversing with men of ultra-democratic opinions. We were travelling through the territories of a republic, and I pointed out to her the most ordinary advantages enjoyed under that form of government—such as the perfect power of locomotion, the absence of passports and custom-house nuisances, the freedom from pauperism and beggary, and the universal prevalence of that sturdy feeling of independence bordering often, I confess, on rudeness, which distinguishes the Swiss from all their neighbours.

These things she could comprehend, but they made no impression upon her. Her husband was in the receipt of a salary from the State, as her father, I also found, was, and therefore she was disposed to accept accomplished facts and to be repugnant to all innovation.

IX.

Presently the diligence started, and our conversation took a new direction. There was, in the interior, a native of Aosta, who meant to leave us at Martigny, for the purpose of traversing the Great St. Bernard, at the exaggerated dangers of which pass he laughed very heartily. Accidents, he admitted, did sometimes befal travellers in that part of the Alps, but generally, he said, the pass of the St. Bernard was open and safe throughout the year, except during the occurrence of snow storms. He had himself, a few years previously, in another pass, the name of which I forget, been overtaken by one of these, in company with an English family returning from Italy, and been witness of the way in which the elements sometimes perform the office of sexton.

They set out early in the morning, and arrived a little before nightfall at a part of the pass which, owing to the driving of the winds, is easily choked up. The snow had begun to fall about an hour and a half previously, and was now pouring down the ravine before the blast, blinding both horses and postilions, and bringing along with it premature night. They had hoped to reach the summit before darkness set in; but the beasts furnished them were weak, and the snow for the last hour, at least, had greatly retarded their progress. How

he came to be in the Englishman's carriage, he did not explain. I fancy our countryman had invited him out of sheer politeness. The party consisted of five in all—the husband and wife, the Italian, the nurse, and a little baby. How it comes to pass I know not, but it generally happens that the English, when overtaken by danger, display qualities which astonish foreigners.

On the occasion in question, all the solicitude of the husband seemed to be concentrated in the wife, while all hers was in the baby. Self seemed equally absent from the minds of both. The nurse displayed the utmost stoicism, except that, as the cold increased, and the snow-drifts beat more and more furiously against the carriage windows, she pressed the child more closely to her breast, and protected it from the influence of the air with a greater allowance of shawls. Our friend from Aosta, who understood thoroughly the perils of the position, went on talking with the husband, who, while his eye was fixed upon his wife and child, seemed calm and collected, though, from certain thundering noises above, it appeared probable that the avalanches were in motion.

At every ten yards, the carriage was stopped by the accumulated snow.

"Jane," said the husband at length to his wife, "tie up your throat carefully; we may have to walk presently; and you, nurse, make the baby comfortable, and give him to me."

The girl obeyed, and the mother, looking anxiously at her child, inquired, with suppressed earnestness,

"William, is there any danger?"

"Yes, a little, love, just enough to impart an air of romance to our adventure."

"Hark!" exclaimed the wife, "what's that?"

"My God," cried the nurse, "the mountain has fallen on us."

Just at that instant a loud shout was heard from the men outside, followed by a suppressed struggle and a groan, and then the most complete silence. All motion was at the same time arrested in the carriage, and on applying the lamp to the windows it was perceived that they were embedded in thick snow.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the Englishman, addressing himself to our friend from Aosta. "Can your experience suggest any means of extricating ourselves from this position? If we force our way out, do you think we could reach some place of shelter?"

"No," answered he; "that is impossible. All we can do is to remain where we are; they will dig us out in the morning."

"And the drivers," observed the Englishman, a sudden thought flashing across his mind, "what is to become of them? they will die of cold."

"They are dead already," answered the Aostan; "the first stroke of the avalanche extinguished

life in them—what you heard was their death groan."

"Impossible!" cried our countryman; "I must force my way out, and endeavour to drag them hither."

The confined space in which they had to breathe would have rendered it necessary to let down the windows, at the risk of admitting a quantity of snow; but all egress was impracticable. They were entombed, as it were, in the avalanche, which, fortunately for them, was soft and spongy, permitting air to pass through its pores; yet the heat soon became almost insufferable, and once during the night the lady fainted. Travelling carriages in the Alps are always well supplied with provisions and restoratives, wine, brandy, &c., and as our countryman never once lost his presence of mind, everything practicable was done for wife, and nurse, and child. What their language and feelings were may possibly be imagined. All our friend from Aosta could say was, that it was very terrible, which he uttered in a tone more significant than his words.

Well, morning came at last, as they knew by consulting their watches; but it brought no light with it, and for sometime no sound. At length a confused rumbling was heard through the snow, which died away, and came again by fits, till at last it became evident that it was the voices of men. After a protracted interval, a gleam of day-

light entered the carriage, the snow was cleared partially away, and the welcome face of a rustic was beheld peering down upon them. Their deliverance was now speedy, and they were conveyed half dead to a chalet, together with the bodies of the driver and postillions.

"Such accidents," said the Aostan, "are rare."

"It is to be hoped so," exclaimed Madame Carli; "and what became of the English lady?"

"Oh, the whole party escaped without injury, and next year I saw them pass again into Italy, so little had they been daunted by the perils they had escaped."

X.

I remember to have elsewhere remarked that there exists some resemblance between the valleys of the Rhone and the Nile. In both, a large and impetuous river flows through a narrow slip of cultivated land, flanked by a chain of lofty mountains on either side. But it is the resemblance which a miniature may be supposed to have to a picture of colossal dimensions. Yet the Rhone, when in full flood, is a noble river, and the Alps that frown over it are loftier and infinitely more picturesque, than the Libyan and Arabian ranges, scorched almost to a cinder by the burning sun.

I make no pretensions here to describe Switzerland. The reader will find in a thousand books the names of the towns, the heights of the mountains, and

the length of the valleys. What I desire to revive are the feelings and sensations with which I passed on towards Italy, full of regrets and hopes, of sad memories and glorious anticipations.

I have never seen an exposition of the philosophy of Alpine travelling, chiefly, perhaps, because the impressions made depend more upon the mind that feels them than on the objects themselves. Almost every person can repeat, with Jessica, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," because the hushed delight produced by a concord of sweet sounds has no analogy with mirth. It is much the same with the grand harmonies of nature. A stranger visiting the Alps for the first time seldom experiences bursts of merriment, and there are many whom the sight of these gigantic mountains plunges into sadness and melancholy.

For myself, I am generally, in such scenes, filled to overflowing with involuntary delight, inconsistent with any access of melancholy fear or sorrow. It is true the painful reflection sometimes presents itself, that while those majestic objects are eternal, I who observe them am a transitory being, traversing a narrow slip of sunshine between the cradle and the grave. Life, in fact, is but a luminous point, resting upon the confluence of two dark oceans—eternity past, and eternity to come, and encompassed by the immensity of unfathomable space. In this black darkness, in this dreary void, we have but one thing to cling to,—the idea of

God, without which we should drift away into immeasurable despair. But, like a cloud on the summer heaven, this thought soon vanishes, and my mind, returning to its habitual condition, is filled with sunshine.

For this reason, travelling is a sort of mechanical happiness to me, especially amid Alps or deserts, or along the skirts of the ocean. Philosophically we know that the greatest projections on the earth's surface are almost nothing compared with its own magnitude. Yet, from the diminutiveness of our own bodies, they seem great, and fill our minds with prodigious ideas of the force and ublimity of nature. What a chorus of glorious influences bursts upon our soul amid the Alps, with their glaciers, cataracts, caverns, forests, abysses, everlasting snows and storms, and thunders and avalanches!

In beautiful weather, such as that in which I ascended the Valais, the mountains, with the bright blue sky hanging lovingly over them, remind one of a fairy scene in an opera. The grandeur perplexes you; you hurry along, and scarcely think it real, as object after object rushes by and is engulphed, as it were, in the memory of the past. Onward you go, beholding new mountains, new peaks, new chasms; while the all-pervading light clips them round and renders them nearly transparent.

XI.

All the world over the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valaisan Alps, the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless wreaths of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colours, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—"and God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good"—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such moments; and by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life.

XII.

I was interrupted in my conversation with the Aostan, who seemed to possess a genuine admiration for mountain scenery, by the entrance of an ecclesiastic, which brought out one of the most unamiable features in the French character. Instead of contracting, as it were, to make way for him, everybody appeared to expand to double his usual size, in order to show him he was unwelcome.

My sympathy was roused in a moment; and pressing rather unceremoniously against our female companion, I invited the stranger to take the best seat next the door. He bowed profoundly, and thanked me, after which, supposing his conversation would not be agreeable, he folded his arms, leaned back, and made up his mind to take refuge in absolute silence.

I observed an impudent grin on the face of all my fellow-travellers, with the exception of Madame Carli, whose feminine feelings preserved her from this indecency. To make up, as far as possible, for their inhospitality, I immediately turned a little round, and addressed myself to the new-comer, whom from some peculiarity in his look and manner, I immediately suspected to be a Jesuit. He seemed pleased by my civility, and we commenced a conversation which lasted with few interruptions through the whole day; for so

eloquent, so full of knowledge, so gentle, persuasive, and fascinating was my new friend, that he immediately threw everybody else into the shade.

Wishing to ascertain whether my suspicion were well or ill founded, I expressed the most profound respect for the Society of Jesus. I said I had studied their institutions and history with peculiar interest, spoke of their missions and their labours, especially in South America and China, and repeated more than once how much pleasure it would give me to become acquainted with a member of the order.

He bowed, and replied in a half-whisper, that he was himself a Jesuit, and principal at the college at Brigg, where he invited me to stay a few weeks. He would then, he said, explain to me the condition of the order throughout Europe, as well as that wonderful system of education, which, taken all together, is probably the most effective ever invented.

Unfortunately, the fear of arriving too late in Egypt to ascend the Nile that winter prevented my accepting his invitation, which I am sure he gave with all his heart. We discussed the relative position of the two churches, the history of Protestantism, the probable fortunes of Rome, and the character of public opinion throughout Christendom. The habit of being all things to all men enters so strongly into the policy of a

Jesuit, that I can lay little stress on his political professions. He appeared however to sympathise with the democratic spirit of the age, and said that through convulsions and anarchy we must inevitably terminate with the adoption of the Republic. One difficulty he could not overcome —the inaptitude of Catholicism for harmonising with Republican principles. He supposed, however, that the external forms of religion would be modified by civilization, and that which we term the Church must, in order to be useful, be organized in conformity with the ruling principle of society, whatever it may be.

A professor of rhetoric from Anjou, who gloried in the philosophy of Louis Philippe's dynasty, having listened for some time with patience to our discussions, at length broke in upon us with an attack on Christianity itself, which he conducted after the most approved tactics of Voltaire. If the Jesuit expressed any surprise, it was at our having been interrupted no sooner, for, aware of the odious influence of Philippism, he scarcely expected to find a spark of religion in any person promoted or patronised by the Government. He did not choose, however, to combat the sophisms of the Professor, and, observing that monsieur had a right to enjoy his own opinion, sat meekly listening to the objections urged against the very foundations of our faith.

I was not quite so patient, but carrying the

war into the enemy's quarter, accused Voltaire of ignorance, levity, and presumption; and while admitting his great genius, his wit, and the grace and beauty of his style, laughed at the grossness of his blunders, both in history and philosophy. Fortunately for our tempers, the argument was interrupted by an invitation to dinner, which we all very cheerfully obeyed, disputation and sight-seeing being both great promoters of appetite.

XIII.

Instead of dinner, I should rather, perhaps, have called the meal we were about to eat a second breakfast, as we took it considerably before noon. At a much earlier hour we had stopped, and descended from the diligence to gaze at one of those grand natural objects which constitute the charm of Switzerland. The fall of the Sallenche, which disappoints at first sight, is magnificent when approached. It was rather too early in the morning, for the sunshine, which already gilded the summits of the rocks above, had not yet touched the tumbling and foaming waters, or called into existence those innumerable rainbows which other travellers have seen spanning the infernal surge which precipitates itself down in prodigious masses, seeming as if it would cleave the very rocks upon which it eternally thunders. On the right hand, at the very summit of the cliff, a projecting crag

augments the grandeur of the cataract, for round this the water curves and foams, and looks exactly like the mane of a snow-white colossal horse, tossing and waving in the tempest.

Though wet by the fine spray which fell about us like rain, we regretted leaving this extraordinary spot.

The fertile portion of the canton consists of a narrow valley, flanked on both sides by lofty mountains, many of which were now blanched by a weight of virgin snow of the most dazzling whiteness. At the feet of these, often, in small semicircular sweeps, are found expanses of verdure, of a very peculiar form and beauty. Imagine two towering rocky mountains, barren as death, and strikingly savage in their aspect, divided in front from each other by a bed of soft green turf, dotted with tufted trees, single or in groups, and rising from the road with a gentle slope until it touches the curtain of naked crags which unites the two mountains behind.

But I know of no expression which can paint the loveliness of one of the scenes we passed a little before sunset on Wednesday evening. The greensward rising gradually, as I have said, from the level of the great valley, appeared to swell into every form of beauty which an undulating surface, infinitely varied in aspect, could assume. Here were small glades, through which the delighted eye wandered into the dim distance—there

thick groves of umbrageous trees; here a patch of smooth-shaven lawn; by the side of this a dusky hollow, terminating in a shelving semicircle of green turf. In short, I know of no voluptuous feature in a landscape, excepting sparkling streams, which this valley did not exhibit.

XIV.

Let me describe my friend of the Society of Jesus. He was a man of about thirty-five, slightly exceeding the middle height, with a serene, placid countenance, rendered so entirely by discipline, for in the depths of his dark grey eyes you could read the evidence of fiery and tempestuous passions within.

There is something cruel and ferocious in a grey eye, which yet is often so tempered and softened by passion, that it becomes the most fascinating in nature. Mythology attributes grey eyes to Achilles, to indicate the union of intellect with the most destructive propensities. Tiberius, the worst of the Roman emperors, had grey eyes, which from that day to this have obtained little favour with poets or romance writers.

We hear of dark, humid, lustrous eyes, of bright or soft blue eyes; but of the grey eye no epithet is suitable but that of fierce or fiery. To talk of a soft grey eye would be a contradiction which would instinctively produce laughter, yet it has

often happened that men and women with grey eyes have fascinated all around them. The reason may be this, that the imperious energy of the character suggests the necessity of exercising an antidote, and the mixture of softness and fierceness, of all-absorbing love and violent antipathies, operates like a spell.

The Jesuit, of whom I have been speaking, was at least an example of this. His short and slightly curled upper lip indicated a large amount of scorn, which he sought to disguise by a winning voice and gentle manners; but from the height of his intellect he evidently looked down upon his opponents, and now and then put forth a degree of strength which startled them. His face was pale, with a few streaks of red in the cheeks, such as you sometimes see in farmers, who have been a good deal exposed to the weather. He wore a long black cassock, reaching from his neck to the feet, a common hat, and a little white band of linen about the neck.

We understood each other thoroughly, and between his Catholicism and my Protestantism there was so little difference that it required the name to distinguish one from the other. We rose above sectarianism, and met on the common level of Christianity.

Such a man, however, would be a dangerous proselyte-maker, for he would first show all the points in which the two beliefs agree, and then

gradually attack as errors, condemned by both, the points on which they differ, in favour, of course, of his own church. As we went along, I inquired into the mental and physical condition of the Valaisans, on which he exhibited extensive information, though himself a native of Alsace. Our conversation then turned upon the summit of the Alps, where he had often wandered, and which he described admirably.

The name of Pervenche, used accidentally in our conversation, led to the mention of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that again to Madame de Warrens, and that to love. I felt not a little anxious to learn the opinion of a Jesuit on this passion, but observing that Madame Carli and the rest of our companions were listening too attentively to our conversation, he said he would speak of it another time when I did him the honour to visit his college. That visit was never paid, neither did the promised discussion ever take place; but instead, he related to me a story which did honour to his frankness, for it represented a Jesuit in love.

What will be the opinion of the reader when he hears the anecdote, it is, of course, beyond my power to conjecture, neither shall I at present state my own; but when I have described faithfully all the incidents of the narrative, the event will speak for itself.

XV.

It was towards the close of the day, and not many leagues from Brigg, when observing an extraordinary appearance in the valley and mountain on our right, I inquired of the Jesuit the cause of the phenomenon. Across the small plain from the foot of the craggs to the river, extended a broad irregular chasm some twenty-five or thirty feet deep. On its edge stood the ruins of several cottages, and above, in the face of the mountain, was a tremendous gap like the mouth of an immense sluice; large trees torn up by the roots, rocks of enormous size rolled down and jammed together among the ruins of the forest, appeared to indicate the passage of some resistless flood, but all was now dry; and, from the nature of the ground, it was clear that no river or even brook or streamlet could ever have flowed in that channel.

The Jesuit viewed the scene with a look expressive of sorrow and painful recollections, which suggested to me the idea that he had witnessed some tragedy on that spot.

"I will tell you," said he, "as we go along, the history of the destruction of this little plain, which, as you perceive, is of very recent date. I happened to be here when it took place, and was blessed with more than one opportunity of affording aid or consolation to the sufferers. Similar occur-

rences are not rare in the region of the Upper Alps, but probably nothing so terrible has been known in the Valais within the memory of man. Look yonder among the trees. At every advance of the diligence we discover the ruins of fresh habitations; indeed, a whole hamlet once stood where you now behold only loose stones and piles of rubbish. Observe yon cross, how it nods over the chasm, like the light of religion gleaming over eternity. Close to it stood the little village-church, and graves of the dead. All are now buried beneath the sands of the Rhone."

He then commenced his relation in these words :—

XVI.

" As nearly as I can recollect," he said, " it was in the month of May; and the spring, always beautiful in these Alpine regions, appeared to have come forth with tenfold splendour. The sun's warmth, in that season of the year, thaws the mind as well as the earth. People put on sportive looks for the summer, and the joyousness of their feelings is represented externally by bright-coloured clothes

Suddenly the clouds gathered, and hung from ridge to ridge, entirely roofing over the valley. Through tunnels, as it were, in their substance, the thunder rolled incessantly; while the lightning

flashed downwards, with a brightness so vivid and piercing, that it threatened to consume, utterly, both man and beast. Then followed indescribable torrents of rain, descending as from the open windows of heaven, until every brook and streamlet swelled to a torrent, and the Rhone rushed through its bed with tremendous force and velocity. In the midst of the storm, a noise was heard in the mountains, compared with which the thunder shrunk into a whisper. It appeared as if the foundations of the everlasting hills had been violently shaken from their place.

"All the villagers hurried to their doors, where they stood, pale and trembling, not knowing what to do. Then came another frightful crash. The curtain of rocks which you behold yonder, disparted from top to bottom; and out rushed an irresistible flood, with a roaring like that of the ocean. There was no time for flight. Terror paralysed all limbs. Onward swept the deluge, ploughing up the plain in various directions, flooding the fields and the gardens, overthrowing walls and houses, and hurrying forward their ruins towards the Rhone. Several hundred persons were drowned in a moment. But some, who happened to be in situations favourable for flight, escaped destruction.

"There was one dwelling, inhabited by an old man and his daughter, which stood near the brink of the great chasm, through which the principal arm of the waters was roaring and foaming along.

The channel was widening fast by the earth crumbling into it; and it was evident the cottage must go in a few minutes. A young brother of our order stood on the opposite bank, regarding with compassion the beautiful girl wringing her hands, imploring pity and assistance.

"Her father, ill and feeble, had tottered to the door, where, seeing death around him on all sides, he stood transfixed like a statue. His daughter now approached, and now retreated from him, looking wildly towards a small group on the opposite bank. What she said could not be heard, as her voice was drowned in the thunder of the torrent. But our brother formed his resolution. A pine-tree, lopped and barked, lay near him on the ground; he entreated the bystanders to lend their assistance in throwing it across the chasm. When they had done so—rounded, slippery as it was—he made his way over, while the water, rising every instant, threatened to engulph it.

"He approached the father and daughter. What words he used was never known; but he seemed to be persuading the young woman to allow him to save her life. She, however, pointed to her father, and shrunk from the deliverance she was not to share with him.

XVII.

" A young man, emboldened by the example of the Jesuit, now passed over the pine, for the purpose of aiding in the pious work of preserving the father and his loving child. All saw there was no time to be lost. The rain descended in floods, the furious stream increased momentarily, the pine began to be touched and shaken by the waves; and the villagers, who looked on in comparative safety, soon felt how little hope there was of deliverance for their neighbours. They lifted up their hands to heaven—they prayed for them; but the storm seemed to beat down their words, while their hopes were swallowed up in the dark wrath of the elements.

" The little group now approached the tree—the father and his supporter advancing first, and our brother and his beautiful companion following.

" Most true it is that 'the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.' The man of years and feebleness, against all hope and expectation, reached the shore in safety. But at the very moment his foot touched the land, a stream of whirling eddies struck the pine, swept it forward, and plunged the Jesuit and the girl into the boiling flood. Danger produces, sometimes, a strange effect upon the mind. Instead of quitting his hold, and striving to make for the bank, our brother clasped

his companion in his arms; and they sank together.

"Some days afterwards, their bodies were found far down in the channel of the Rhone, fast locked in the embrace of death. We buried them in the same grave; and the good old man, her father, still lives to visit the spot where the once warm heart of his child lies cold. It will not be long before he joins her in another world, because he is old and feeble, and has nothing to support him on earth. But he is a pious Christian, and hopes to be greeted in heaven by the soul of his beloved daughter, as well as by him who lost his life in the endeavour to save her.

"I tell you these facts," said the Jesuit, "without ornament or amplification. In itself it was a very touching thing to see, though it is little or nothing when related."

XVIII.

In the inn at Brigg, which we reached early in the evening, we found a number of English people, who, however, kept all together, and held us out no temptations to join them. It is a fact, which most persons must have observed, that the moment a man leaves his own fireside, he strives, by putting on grand airs, and otherwise, to pass for what he is not. He alters the tone of his voice, throws additional dignity into his gait and aspect,

and, if he expects to be overheard, discourses on topics calculated to display his consequence. Most travellers do this, rendering themselves thereby extremely disagreeable.

For myself, at least, I hate people of consequence, and prefer conversing with the rank and file of society, persons altogether without pretensions, without titles, and often, also, it is to be presumed, without cash—these are your truly merry companions on a journey. The Roman poet says, "The poor man sings in the midst of thieves, because he has nothing to lose;" and travellers, who are very nearly in that predicament, usually take things easily, and rely confidently on Providence to provide them with breakfast, dinner, and a diligence.

As I have said, I did not make up towards the English travellers, because they appeared to be of far too much consequence for me. It was years since I had been in England; and I, therefore, was not at all familiar with the current topics of the day. Our countrymen, of course, are all politicians. Not that, as a rule, they understand politics, but that it is the most exciting topic with which they are acquainted. They now talked of our principal notabilities, whose names, though sufficiently respectable, need not be repeated here.

Political reputations are easily built up, especially in England, where any man of family or fortune, with a slight dash of industry, and a very

moderate amount of perseverance, may get credit for all manner of public virtues. He has but to select a hobby-horse for himself, and to ride it with moderate steadiness, to be set down for a great patriot, and be looked upon as an adorable creature among the ladies of his party. Time, of course, squares his account with fame—that is, dissipates his pretensions into thin air, and leaves him overwhelmed amid the formless ruins of oblivion. But he is not the less a notability while he lives, and vanity always whispers in his ear that he will form an exception to the general rule, and be remembered for ever.

XIX.

I am not the least in the world a materialist; but have still found, by experience, that a good supper and sparkling wines produce a wonderful harmony in our microcosm, and incline us to gossip and philanthropy. What the dishes at Brigg consisted of, Heaven only knows. I never pry into mysteries of that sort, but eat, if I can, whatever is set before me, and am thankful for it. I only know that everything that evening seemed very nice, and that the wines were perfectly delicious. Monsieur Carli, since his arrival at Brigg, had made a discovery which discomposed him considerably, which was that, having left France during the cholera, he could not, without the consent of

the governments of Piedmont and the Valais, pass into Italy in less than a week.

His behaviour at supper put me strongly in mind of a butler in the service of the Margravine of Anspach. That lady, in whose history there were many little odds and ends with which she did not wish common fame to be acquainted, gave this same butler a guinea to hold his peace on a particular point; but the money took him to the tavern, where, drinking good wine with his friends, he grew warm and communicative, and related the very anecdote which her ladyship most especially desired to be forgotten. Hearing afterwards of his indiscretion, she reproached him, when he ingenuously replied—

"Ah! your ladyship should not have given me money, but have let me remain sober; for I am exactly like a hedgehog—when I am wet, I open."

Monsieur Carli, until the wine began to soften his heart, had affected all the airs of a small diplomatist, and would, if possible, have made a mystery of the fact that the sun shines at noon-day. At supper his tongue grew supple, and scattered about confidence as a cow's tail scatters dew-drops in the morning from the grass. He professed great relish for our society, swore we were the best fellows he had ever met with, and said it would give him the utmost possible delight to travel round the world with us. Unfortunately, however, our intimacy was destined to be cut short at that luckless town

of Brigg, unless—which was very unlikely—there was a gentleman in the party who happened to have a passport for himself and for his wife, and yet had left his wife behind him. "In that case," cried M. Carli, in great animation, "he could take Madame under his protection, get her over the frontier as his own better-half, and then, of course, deliver her to me. For myself, I could easily climb the hills a little, and so step into Piedmont without a passport."

At first fortune appeared to favour the design of the diplomatist; but who can look into the future? Circumstances occurred as we went along which blasted all his hopes, and left him shivering with his gay helpmate, during eight whole days, six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

XX.

Meanwhile we all laughed and chatted, and appeared to have known each other from childhood, so familiar and easy were we together—I mean the whole group—Monsieur Morn, from Anjou—the young, nameless artist from Paris—the diplomatist, and the commercial traveller.

This last-mentioned gentleman was a curious specimen of the Parisian cockney. He was taking a magnificent set of jewels from a house in Paris to the reigning princess of Parma; and the fear of being robbed prompted him to conceal his treasure. But the vanity of having been entrusted with it

overcame his fear, and he exhibited the jewels at the supper-table. They were worth several thousand pounds; and when he had been guilty of the indiscretion, he repented of it, and began to tremble for the result. His throat, he did not doubt, would be cut before he reached his journey's end. In his eyes, every man around him became a robber; and when he restored the case to his pocket, he did so with blanched cheeks, and hands almost smitten with paralysis.

Still, we presented a striking contrast with the little knot of Englishmen in another part of the room. They ate their supper, not exactly in silence, but in something nearly akin to it, muttering to each other every now and then between a growl and a yawn, and looking as if they would have preferred being snug in Cheapside or May Fair, or whatever other locality they belonged to. We, on the contrary, half intoxicated with animal spirits, made an immense deal of noise, and ultimately took refuge in cigars, to the introduction of which no one objected.

As the inn was crowded, it was necessary for us all, except the married couple, to put up with double-bedded rooms; and, as fate would have it, the commercial traveller, with his jewels, fell to my share. He was a young man of about twenty-three, with fiery-red hair and a blowsy face, short, slight, and eaten up with timidity and suspicion. In my long, drooping, black moustachioes and ragged

beard, he saw so many undoubted indications of the brigand—he would have given anything to have been Monsieur Morn's companion. But that was not to be thought of. Monsieur Morn's artistic friend was to be the sharer of his apartment; and so the young jeweller submitted to sleep on robbery with as good a grace as he could assume.

Our beds stood each in a recess on either side of the door, and long after I was comfortably between the sheets, I could hear my companion puffing, blowing, fumbling about, and taking precautions for securing his treasure. No doubt he thrust the jewel-case under his pillow, and made up his mind to bawl lustily should I attempt to lay violent hands on him in the night. Being heartily tired, we both fell asleep.

We were to start at half-past two o'clock to commence the ascent of the Simplon. In the course of the night, the trampling of many feet on the stairs roused me from sleep, and, supposing it was time to get ready, I went over to awake my companion, who, strange to say, slept like a top.

I had to shake him, and bawl several times, before I could perceive the least sign of returning animation. When he did at length awake, he gave a striking proof of his commercial education; for, supposing me to be a highwayman, burst suddenly into the room, he cried out, in extreme fear and agony—

"The man with the money and jewels is in the other bed!"

A loud shout of laughter from me convinced him he had made a mistake.

"So, my friend," said I, "you have no objection to get my throat cut while you can save your own. However, that is not the question now. Get up; all the travellers are in motion; we must dress and be off."

On ringing for a light, however, we found we had not yet been in bed full half-an-hour; so we enjoyed the luxury of a second rest, and sweet sleep, on which, if I were writing an epic poem, I would bestow as many fond and grateful epithets as Homer does. In fact, I am never weary of repeating, with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! it wrappeth one about like a garment." So thought I and the commercial traveller, in the comfortable bedroom at Brigg.

Still, between sleeping and waking, there is always a short interval, which people, of course, employ according to their fancy. I generally, at such moments, build castles in the air; and most magnificent castles they often are, too, illuminated with beauty, and perfumed with "Sabean odours from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." On the occasion in question, there were two strange sides to my castle; the one consisting of a bright glimpse of home, and wife, and children, at Jolimont; the

other of Alpine summits and sunny Italy. The room was full of thick darkness, save where a grey glimmer entered at the small casement, shaken occasionally by the wind.

My Parisian Argus already slept over his jewels, as his snoring proved indubitably; otherwise there prevailed entire stillness in the house. Without, the notes of a distant screech-owl sounded through the air, intimating that she, at least, considers herself a fit companion for the night, and ever meditates and listens to her own voice, albeit none of the sweetest. Visions of glaciers, and virgin snow, and piny chasms, and thundering cataracts, formed the avenue by which I approached the land of dreams, where I at length forgot all terrestrial things among the palm bowers of the distant Nile.

XXI.

Whether we are happy or miserable, time goes on at the old rate, and brings about the hour for parting, whether it be from the summit of bliss, or from the depth of woe. At half-past two, there was a knocking at every door in the inn at Brigg; and drowsy travellers shuffled themselves hastily into their clothes, in order to have as much spare time as possible for fortifying the inner man.

An inn is generally a pleasant place; for, as soon as you open your bedroom door, the delicious steams of coffee and fried bacon greet your nostrils.

Money is a glorious thing, for it sets all the world in motion, and keeps cooks and kitchen-wenches up half the night to provide for your enjoyment in the morning. Not that they think it a hardship; like the racehorse, they enjoy the sport as well as the rider, and always find time in some snug corner of the twenty-four hours, to get as much sleep as they stand in need of. Besides, there is an excitement in the operations of the kitchen, especially as they can always taste of the best, and that, too, before it is served up to you.

There is, after all, nothing like a breakfast-table before a journey; and one would never grow weary of describing it, if it were not that it is exceedingly monotonous. On the thing itself, appetite confers novelty daily. You are not at all the less disposed to breakfast to-day because you breakfasted yesterday; whereas, in a narrative, one breakfast will generally do, by way of a specimen.

At the same time, I must observe that there was considerable variety in our Alpine breakfasts. They sometimes comprehended broiled kidneys, mutton-chops, a slice of venison, delicious butter, honey, and eggs, with rolls hot from the oven, and coffee fit for the denizens of Olympos. A poet of the present day, not over scrupulous about the sources of his inspiration, exclaims in one of his pieces—

> "I'll not envy heaven's princes,
> While with snowy arm, for me

Kate the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea."

Had he known our hostess, he would have left out Kate, and tried to get her name into his verses, for most assuredly she presided over the coffee-pot like a sylph; and when she raised her arm, which was as white and round as any Kate's in the world, the sight of it added additional flavour to the Mocha. The breakfast went off pleasantly; the coffee was sipped, the rolls, butter, eggs, &c., eaten, and, even at that early hour, cigars were lighted, to enable us the better to encounter the keen air of the Upper Alps.

XXII.

There is a pleasant and an unpleasant side to most things. Even making love to a pretty woman has its drawbacks. First, the foreknowledge that it must come to an end; and, second, the fact of having a multitude of rivals. With respect to inns, their delights go on rising like a flood tide, till you come to the disagreeable moment of calling for your bill. Then there is a sort of shiver in your purse, a kind of golden hysteric, occasioned by the approaching separation of the coin from its comfortable quarters. This, at least, is the way with most persons. For myself, I never wear a purse, but have a large open pocket, which lets out the money as a sieve does water—easily, and without pain.

My theory is, that you should treat gold as a

stranger, according to the maxim of antiquity—welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest. If you have time to make its acquaintance, you are apt to get fond of it; and then shaking hands and bidding adieu are far from pleasant. Your intercourse should be a sort of omnibus intimacy, and never go beyond a nod, or a sort of civil greeting, which provokes no inclination to sigh in either party; you laugh as you meet, and laugh as you part, and there is an end of it. You should treat money as a landlord does his customer—that is, get as much as you can out of it, and then turn it about its business.

Byron says, somewhere, that a great deal may be bought for fifty louis; and he was a good judge in matters of that sort. But foreigners generally treat money more affectionately than we do,—hug it more tenderly, and kiss it on both cheeks before they can make up their minds to let it go, unattended, into the wide world. You would think they were animated by a sort of parental solicitude, and that they had felt the throes of maternity for every guinea in their purse.

At any rate, paying tavern reckonings—unpleasant to everybody who has the slightest attachment for Mammon—is doubly disagreeable to the natives of the Continent, who all, on this point, foster a sort of Socialist theory, formed from the practice in Cabet's Icaria, that innkeepers should furnish you with whatever you want, gratis.

In descending the stairs, I heard a fearful row in the kitchen; and, with the true propensity of a traveller, looked in, just to see what it was all about. The scene was excessively comic. At the further end was a man in a short shirt and red woollen nightcap, sputtering and foaming like a maniac, and struggling violently to disengage himself from the grasp of two women, who held him like vices, which, for aught I know, they were. Near the door stood the objects of his fury, Professor Morn, and his companion the artist. These gentlemen, not having had their equanimity restored by their good breakfast, or having suffered it to be again ruffled by the bill, were describing, in the most provoking terms the wretched accommodations of their bed-chamber.

"If I had you in France," said the elder, and more provoking of the two, "I would hand you over, as a *mauvais sujet*, to the police. You are, in fact, a common cheat."

Then addressing me—

"You shall be judge," he added. "What sort of bed you had, I don't know; but when we went up stairs, and had got fairly into ours, we found that a damp towel had been tucked along the top, in imitation of a sheet, and that the pillows and bolsters were stuffed with peach-stones, which, as it was impossible to sleep, we amused ourselves all night in throwing at the bugs."

"But, Monsieur," interrupted his companion,

"my pillow was still worse, it palpitated with life; it was simply what in Paris we call a bag of fleas."

Let not the reader suppose that these communications were uninterrupted. At every particular the landlord roared out, "*Cochon!—vilain menteur!—chien!*" with other phrases equally complimentary, all the while making strenuous efforts to escape from the gripe of his wife and the sturdy Maritornes who acted as cook to the establishment.

"Pray, let him go," cried the Professor coolly; "I will soon beat him into good manners, as our armies did his country."

"Nay," interposed I, "that is ungenerous; it is no credit to France to have overcome Switzerland in war. Pray, settle the matter without diverging into politics."

"You are quite right," answered Morn, with the utmost good humour. "And now, you cut-throat," addressing himself to the landlord, "there is your money, which you deserve just as much as the man who stops one on the highway."

So saying, he and his companion threw down the proper amount of francs and sous, and stalked haughtily out of the kitchen, in search of the diligence.

XXIII.

I was never so much struck by the pitiful smallness of human dealings as on stepping out from the inn at Brigg into the glories of an Alpine

night. The mountains rose around in indescribable majesty, and the stars looked down upon us like the eyes of God from the sky. Everything in nature was vast and sublime. I was glad to have escaped, from bugs and bills, and vulgar objurgations, into the grandeur of this mighty theatre, which for a while absorbed my thoughts entirely.

It was about half-past two when we started, shortly after which the atmosphere became overcast with clouds, which for a while so completely obscured the stars and moon that we could see nothing. We had, therefore, to depend entirely on the resources of conversation, which commenced with a dissertation on peace, by a German traveller who joined us at Brigg. The work of the Abbé St. Pierre, edited by Jean Jacques Rousseau, had, it seems, fallen into his hands early in life, and made so great an impression on him, that he had long been travelling about the world in the hope of making proselytes to his theory.

Every man is respectable who is sincere; and, therefore, it would have been wrong to laugh at our pacific Don Quixote, who expected the speedy advent of the millennium—or rather the return, as he called it, of the golden age. Monsieur Carli was his first antagonist; but his education had been too Oriental to give fair play to his logical powers. He, therefore, broke down speedily, and left the field open to my friend Morn, who defended

vigorously, and, as it appeared to me, with success, the mission of the sword.

I have, practically, all my life been a man of peace, and therefore my sympathies are, of course, ranged on the side of the spindle and the spinning-jenny; but I, nevertheless, entertain a profound reverence for the sword, which, like the Ark of the Covenant, is often not at all comprehended by those who bear it. It is in itself a sacred symbol—the symbol of justice, supported by might; and not, as is too often supposed, a vile instrument designed by Providence to work only the ends of despotism. That it has generally been perverted, is too true; but let no free man be so far false to himself as to forswear his allegiance to this mysterious representative of liberty. The sword should glitter over every man's hearth; not that it may be ready to shed innocent blood, but that it may be wielded to protect that hearth, and the altars which ennoble and sanctify it. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

Death is our portion, whether we be bond or free, noble or ignoble. Of all commonplaces, none is so commonplace as this; yet are we slow to draw from it the inference, that death in the service of liberty, on the red battle-field, when by an upright and honourable life we are prepared to die, is more desirable than the tranquil breathing out of our souls on a feather-bed in a close room. The reason is, that when we take up arms in a good

cause, we are conscious of performing a sacred duty. God gave us life, not that we might preserve it at any price, but that we might know when and where to lay it down at his bidding.

War, consequently, is not to be denounced because it occasions a great sacrifice of human life, for peace also occasions the destruction of life no less certainly or profusely; for from peace proceeds security—from security, false confidence—from false confidence, the too great increase of the population—from this too great increase, poverty and distress, and famine and pestilence, which dig more graves on the earth's surface than the most destructive wars. But it is not for the people to determine in monarchies whether there shall be war or peace. Kings and their ministers decide for the nation. This is an evil, because the war that arises out of their decision may be unjust. If so, however, there may be justice on the other side; and when force is employed for the perpetration of evil, force may surely be employed for the prevention of it. Consequently, if you demonstrate the wickedness of a war, considered from one point of view, you only prove how humane and defensible it is when regarded from the other side.

XXIV.

This, I own, however, was a strange topic to be discussed on such an occasion; and I voluntarily

put an end to it by proposing, that as the diligence crept along at something worse than a snail's pace, we should all get out, and walk up the mountains. My proposition being approved of, we alighted; and, separating into couples, I accidentally selected one of our bug-bitten companions, who turned out to be a very agreeable fellow; and with him I walked on ahead.

Never shall I forget that morning. Far in the distance behind us, the summits of the Bernese Alps, blanched with snow, pierced the sky, while the bright moonlight, — for the atmosphere had now become clear, — seemed to repose with pleasure on their cold, glittering peaks.

Towards the south-west the sight plunged down a series of deep valleys, partly lighted up by the moon, partly enveloped in shadow, while one solitary lamp from some window, perhaps in Brigg, sparkled like a star among the rocks below. Scattered masses of white, silvery vapour hovered over the distant valleys and lowlands far beneath, and looked like a broken floor, through which the moon's rays penetrated to the earth. Close by the road, chasms, which in the moonlight appeared of prodigious depth, wound along, while rapid torrents, whose white foam was once or twice visible between the dark pines, brawled and roared at the bottom.

Here and there, vast conical mountains sprang up from these abysses, and their white heads,

clothed with preternatural beauty by the moonlight, at once astonished and delighted the imagination. The stars shone with amazing brightness, and the constellation of the Great Bear, in particular, seemed to have a brilliance and beauty I had never observed before.

But the exquisite enchantment of the dawn surpassed everything. The snow-sprinkled peaks of the Alps now seemed to become transparent; while starlight, moonlight, and the pale yellow metallic brilliance of the sky, flushed with the first approaches of the morning, diffused over every rock, and glen, and stream, and forest, and glacier, a wild, sparkling, mysterious, unearthly beauty, which electrified the very soul.

I see I am repeating the same terms again and again; but language, with all its plastic power, is insufficient to render with fidelity the numerous delicious emotions which at such times crowd upon the mind. I was certainly for a time literally "rapt, inspired." Heaven appeared to touch earth, and Poetry sat enthroned upon the mountains. But such raptures cannot last. With the increase of light, much of the gigantic sublimity of the scene dwindled away, though enough remained to render the passage of the Simplon one of the most remarkable scenes in the world.

We walked on to Persal, where we took a second breakfast, among the delicacies of which was some of the most delicious honey I had ever tasted.

We still continued to ascend for several hours. But I was now tired of walking, and got into the cabriolet of the diligence, where I could see the scene at my ease.

My companions, who all seemed to have taken a great liking to me, brought me delicious Alpine raspberries and strawberries, with a curious little fruit called *embrock*, peculiar to those elevated regions. The leaves of this plant, reddened by the autumn, literally illuminated the whole face of the mountains in several places. At length we reached the top of the pass, and saw the streams turn their back upon Switzerland, and roll their sparkling waters, against the morning sun, towards Italy.

XXV.

At the village of the Simplon we stopped awhile to change horses, drink brandy-and-water, and smoke a cigar. The *conducteur*, a fellow of infinite appetite, likewise ate another meal, upon which it would be difficult to bestow a name. He had eaten two breakfasts already, and meant to lunch a little further on; so that it was a sort of third breakfast, or first luncheon. The name, however, mattered very little to him. Being a philosopher, he ate when he was hungry, and drank when he was thirsty, without troubling himself at all to know whether the world approved of his goings-on or not. I should most likely have

followed his example, but that our second breakfast at Persal had blunted my appetite. While he was regaling himself on the good things to be obtained at so great an elevation above the level of the sea, the Professor came up and said—

"There is a countryman of yours down here in front of the inn, who appears so grand, and at the same time so *triste*, you had better speak to him. After having taken his place in the diligence, he turned away proudly from every one, as if we were not worth looking at, and is now gazing at the Alps, as though they alone deserved to be his companions. Pray come, and try whether pride has congealed him into an icicle or not."

"He does not speak French or Italian," I replied.

"How do you know?" inquired the Professor.

I felt quite sure of it; and, coming out just at that moment upon the terrace, went forward, and politely addressed my countryman in French. He made me a profound bow, and said nothing. I then spoke in Italian, with the same result. Upon this, quite sure my conjecture was well founded, I addressed him in English.

"Ah! I am so delighted!" cried he; "but, from your beard and moustachios, I took you to be a foreigner, and thought I should be persecuted all the way to Milan. Where do you sit in the diligence? Can't I get a seat by you?"

"I have managed," I said, "to secure a place

in the cabriolet, for the purpose of enjoying the scenery;" at which he looked blank, being booked for the interior. By a little manœuvring, however, we got one of the Frenchmen to cede to him his place, which was really a great sacrifice, as, from the hot and close inside of the diligence, little could be seen.

Nothing so speedily palls upon the appetite as magnificent scenery. At least I can speak for myself: I have at times derived extreme pleasure from the sight of the Alps, especially of those wild and savage portions of them which suggest ideas of death and utter desolation—where the water comes rolling and foaming down precipitous rocks, among dark pine forests, and tumbles into almost bottomless gulfs below, where you shudder as you lean over to catch the last sight of them. Enough of this sort of scenery had presented itself to us on our descent towards Italy; but if there be those who can gaze with undiminished pleasure upon mountain after mountain—who never grow weary of the hills, or long earnestly for the sight of a plain—I may envy, but cannot understand them.

Long before we reached Duomo d'Ossola, I was sick of the Alps, and eagerly desired to behold the verdant flats of Lombardy, that I might be delivered from the eternal pine forests, cascades, and cataracts, and endless succession of peaked mountains, each exactly like the other. I have a powerful sympathy with the grand in nature, but have

still greater love of variety. It was with inexpressible satisfaction, therefore, that I caught the first view of the Lago Maggiore, where beauty of the softest kind succeeds to savage grandeur.

Ah! who that is happy would not live on the shores of that lake, which looks like a fragment of Fairyland thrown in by accident among the rough realities of this earth? I would not describe the scene if I could, it has so often been delineated. But, with my mind's eye, I see it now—a broad expanse of water, spreading among winding shores, which conceal its extent; terraced banks covered with verdure and dotted thickly with white, glittering villas; isles of poetic beauty, floating, as it were, on the surface of the lake; and, far away towards the west, serene and quiet towns, sending up their peaceful domestic smoke against the evening sky. The golden light of sunset bathed everything in splendour; and my heart beat with a strange delight, to feel that I was at length in Italy.

XXVI.

What would not those who have felt much, give to be able to chronicle all their sensations! It may be truly said that what we learn from experience belongs to our outer life, while what we feel is treasured up in our heart of hearts. The obscurity of evening was over Italy as I approached it. She was like a beauty meeting her

lover beneath her veil. Though not unconscious of the loveliness extending around on all sides, I longed for sunrise to reveal it to me. My pleasure was too great to be enjoyed in darkness; I therefore wished for day, that by rendering the object of my admiration half visible to sight, as it were, I might deprive it of those mysterious additions bestowed by fancy, which rendered its enjoyment almost oppressive.

Mohammed pronounced the approach to Damascus too delicious; and I found it impossible to sleep on the night before my arrival at Thebes. The soul at such moments feels a tumultuous joy, which stern reason, perhaps, will scarcely justify; but the sources of it are within you—you have been replenishing them from your childhood by the study of history, poetry, and romance. It is you who make the earth a paradise or a hell for yourself.

I would not sleep on the night of my arrival in Italy—that is, I determined to resist it; but having been kept awake by superior excitement the whole of the night before, my resolution was only half adhered to. I found myself dosing and dreaming perpetually, as the heavy diligence, laden with sleeping men and women, went jolting drowsily along the plains of Lombardy. Will the reader pardon me if I relate one of my dreams? I have said that I had left at home a host of children, among whom was a charming little girl, six

months old. There is no explaining the mechanism of fancy; but after travelling long and far through the unreal world, I arrived at length at the garden of Jolimont, where I saw my baby smiling in her mother's arms. I stooped forward to kiss her; she playfully retreated. A second and a third trial were made. Being seated on the box beside the driver, I nearly, in my dreaming eagerness, precipitated myself forward upon the horses, and awoke with an instinctive effort to recover my position.

The domes and towers of Milan just at that moment rose before me, bathed in the ruddy light of the dawn; and the rich verdure of the plains on all sides was glittering with dew. On the right, far in the distance, were the towering Alps, rosy with the sun's first rays, and piercing the blue sky with a thousand luminous pinnacles. Not even Austrian despotism can deprive the Lombards of the rapture of such moments, though the pleasure must be dashed by the consciousness that, whatever may be their physical enjoyments, they still are slaves.

It forms no part of my design to describe cities, or churches, or palaces, or pictures. The guide-books do that. I went, of course, to the cathedral, and glanced over all its curiosities. But I find nothing about them in my memory, and therefore shall say nothing. I remember perfectly well that, on entering Lombardy, my passport was taken from

me, and forwarded to Milan, where I was told it would be delivered to me on demand. There is, of course, no living in any Austrian city, without a passport; so, the very first morning after my arrival, I had no sooner breakfasted than I sallied forth in search of the police-office, that I might obtain official permission to breathe the Emperor's air.

XXVII.

There are those among my countrymen who like well enough the present state of things, and fancy that Italy never was so happy as under the rule of the Teutonic barbarians. For myself, I sighed for the turbulent republics of the middle ages, and would rather have seen a capital in every village, and a frontier in every parish-boundary, and men armed to the teeth defending them, than have witnessed the dead calm which, when I passed through it, was brooding over Lombardy. It was like the sleep of death.

As I was proceeding towards the police-office, I met, under the piazza opposite the cathedral, a lady, whose face immediately made me forget my errand. She was so fair and beautiful, I took her to be a daughter of the North, and could not resist the temptation to speak to her. So, stepping forward, and taking off my hat in the politest manner imaginable, I inquired, in English, the way to the police-office.

"Non capisco, Signore," was her reply.

I then apologized for addressing her in a foreign language, but said—"I have mistaken you for an Englishwoman, you are so extremely beautiful."

"And are the English women so extremely beautiful?" inquired she.

"You may judge," said I, "since they are like you."

"I suppose they flatter a great deal in England," observed she, with a smile, "and you have probably learned the art there."

"Nay, it is in your country that one learns to flatter; if, indeed, it be flattering to speak the truth."

"This is not my country," replied she. "I would it were!"

"Then you are a Frenchwoman?"

She shook her head.

"A Swiss?"

The same dumb sign of negation. My curiosity was now excited.

"I trust you will pardon me," said I, "but really I am curious to know what country has had the happiness to give birth to you."

"I am an Austrian," she replied.

"Is it possible?" was my involuntary exclamation.

"If you are surprised at that," said she, "you will be still more surprised when I add that my feelings are all Italian."

This little dialogue took place in front of a shop, out of which an officer soon came, flourishing a new whip which he had just been purchasing. He looked at me with something like a scowl, and, saying a few words to her in German, from the tone of which I could not doubt she was his wife, walked off with her, though not before she had turned round and bowed to me twice.

XXVIII.

I had, meanwhile, forgotten the police-office and the passport, which now, however, as the temptress was gone, speedily made their way back into my memory. When I reached the important premises, I was informed that, by some extraordinary accident, my passport was lost, or else had not been duly forwarded. In the meantime, however, I might remain at Milan, for visiting which I, of course, had particular motives. I admitted that I had motives, and that they were very particular, but declined explaining them till my passport should be found. It was quite immaterial. I was living under a paternal government, and would, doubtless, like to converse with one of my countrymen, who, as great good luck would have it, was then in the office. Though an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I had no objection; and the wily agent of Prince Metternich was forthwith brought face to face with me.

A man is never so bold or so politic as when he has nothing to fear or conceal; and the pains the worthy agent took to see further into the milestone than he who made it, amused me immensely. He was resolved to find out all about me, and I was resolved he should not; and so we went on for an hour, at least, thrusting, and parrying, and beating about the bush. Nothing more contemptible can be conceived than a government which experiences alarm at the passage through its dominions of a humble foreigner, who has no political mission, and who, however crafty or Jesuitical he might be, could really, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, effect nothing.

However defective our own institutions may be, they really deliver both us and our ministers from suspicions so humiliating. A man in Great Britain may come and go, and laugh and talk, and declaim to his heart's content against anything and everything, without exciting the slightest alarm. Freedom is our safety-valve, and we use it unsparingly; but under Austrian rule, the clucking of a turkey-cock would startle the authorities. Metternich would have trembled in his palace, and the Emperor would have felt insecure, if I had been suffered to pass through Lombardy without its having been ascertained who I was, how many wives and children I had left behind me, what was my object in travelling, what means of subsistence I possessed, and whether or not I meant, on my return,

to parade my formidable beard and moustachios through the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

Having cherished, all my life, a contempt for grandees who happen to have nothing but their position to recommend them, I should have felt the greatest possible pleasure, could I by any means have accomplished it, in making Metternich and his Emperor sleepless for a month. Unluckily, I was too unimportant for that, though they had, certainly, the benefit of my best wishes.

XXIX.

Through some letters of recommendation I had brought with me, I was invited to a musical *soirée*, where the company was chiefly made up of Germans and French, with a slight sprinkling of English people and Italians. One of the first persons I noticed on entering was my female friend of the piazza. She introduced to me an Italian lady and her daughter, who, she said, were about to set out in a few days, by Vettura, for Genoa.

Few faces could exceed in interest or beauty that of the young Italian. Strange to say, she was very fair, and possessed a pearly clearness of complexion not always found in fair women. Her eyes were of that amethystine blue, which is of all colours the most beautiful. They seemed like little fragments of the sky, and had all its infinite depth and serenity. It would have been impossible

for a man whose affections were not previously engaged, to look at them without a certain fluttering of the heart. I preserved silence a little longer, perhaps, than was becoming; but at length remarked that, as they were travelling towards Genoa, it would afford me very great pleasure to be permitted to accompany them. The mother replied, that nothing would be easier, as they did not intend taking all the carriage, but merely places for themselves. Having learned their address, and that of the owner of the vehicle, it was agreed I should call on them, and make my arrangements, in the morning.

Our dialogue, however, was presently interrupted by Carlotta's being requested to sing. I hate singing in general, especially when a knot of people commence wailing, like so many lost spirits, around a pianoforte; but when a woman has a sweet voice, and knows how to use it, I could listen to her for ever. The pleasure of such moments is like that of few in this world, and comes back again and again upon the memory in after years, renewing the delight of the past, and investing it with all those delicate touches of melancholy which cling to whatever we have enjoyed.

Carlotta, as she placed herself at the piano, threw back her massive dark brown ringlets, and raising slightly her large eyes, paused for a moment, as if to collect and summon up her powers. She then sang. To describe my sensations while

her voice was pouring like nectar around me, would be impossible. The notes seemed to descend like drops of melody into an ocean of sound, which reverberated with infinite undulations over the soul. Had she not been beautiful, and possessed a seraph's voice, it would have signified little, as far as I was concerned. But when all that is lovely in countenance or expression, and all that is graceful in the female form are added to a voice of infinite richness, sweetness, and power, it would require a stoicism much more perfect than mine to remain indifferent. The Austrian lady whom I had met in the morning, observing how completely I was absorbed by the music, roused me from my reverie by inquiring how long I had been in Italy.

"One day," I replied, as soon as I could collect my thoughts.

"Before you have been here a week," said she, "you will be lost past recal. The women on this side of the Alps are syrens."

"And on the other too," I answered.

There is much significance in the inflexions of the voice. The Austrian lady anticipated, in part at least, the purport of what I meant to say, and felt little surprise when I described to her my Alpine home, with all those reminiscences and associations which encircled me wherever I moved, like a peculiar atmosphere.

"Ah, Signor!" she exclaimed, her voice melting into a deep and serious tone, "you may, in

that case, travel round the world with an invulnerable breast. Still, as persons of superior understanding must always be very agreeable on a journey, you will thank me, I am sure, for recommending you travelling companions so interesting as Carlotta and her mamma."

I professed myself to be infinitely indebted to her. We then entered into a long conversation on operas, music, the great singers we had both heard and seen. She did not affect enthusiasm, but felt it, as I could easily perceive by the language she employed. I experienced no enthusiasm, and did not affect it; but confessed, rather than boasted, that certain singers and kinds of music had very great charms for me.

XXX.

At our hotel in Milan, in a very motley company, I observed sitting by himself, at a small table in the corner of the room, a middle-aged English clergyman, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was Oriel, as well as that he was a doctor of divinity. I am a bad hand at description, otherwise I would attempt to draw a picture of his personal appearance. It may, however, be sufficient to state that he was a tall, ungainly figure, thin and pale, but of handsome countenance. He wore his grey hair long, and thrown back from his forehead, which was of ample dimensions. His eyes were

blue and mild, his nose somewhat aquiline, and his mouth formed beautifully to express meekness and charity. Yet there was an odd expression about his face. It seemed as if he were not looking at the things before him, but at something in the distance, visible to him alone.

He did not seek companionship, but seemed, nevertheless, as if he would be glad to find it. I accosted him in my way, and found, immediately, that he was a scholar travelling for the purpose of getting a glimpse of ancient Italy, by throwing aside altogether, if possible, the veil with which modern civilization has invested her. The stream of his sympathies had stopped short eighteen hundred years ago. He did not despise modern things; he ignored them. Possibly he may have been conscious of the existence of Austria and the Pope, because he was obliged to ask them for a passport, otherwise they were absolutely nothing to him; neither, indeed, were the Italians of the present day. He looked upon them simply as grasshoppers, basking and chirping in the sunshine about the monuments of antiquity, but otherwise of no significance.

Notwithstanding the contrast presented by our notions and feelings, I took a great fancy to this extraordinary theologian, and we soon made inquiries, mutually, respecting our plans. My design, as already explained, was to hurry by sea out of Italy, while he intended to prolong his stay

indefinitely. He had a good comfortable living in England, where his duties were performed for him by a curate; and if the parishoners were contented, so was he. And there was, I dare say, no very good reason why they should be otherwise, since, in all likelihood, the curate took more interest in their concerns than Dr. Oriel. Had they been inhabitants of the Capitoline Hill, or burghers of the Esquiline, and had yielded up the ghost in the time of the second Punic war, the Doctor might have experienced some solicitude about them.

But he was not a man of new-fledged feelings; He considered the things of the present day as not worth a button, for which there were many reasons. First, the nature of his early studies, or rather, I should perhaps have said, the original make and constitution of his mind; and then, certain events in his own history, with which I afterwards became acquainted. There is a great deal of romance in every-day life, if we could but get at it. Nearly every man you meet is, in some respects, a hero; and if all his experiences were faithfully related, might figure not at all amiss in an impassioned narrative.

XXXI.

The Doctor seemed glad to make my acquaintance, and day after day invited me to take coffee in his rooms. I omit to notice our discussions on

Strabo and Pliny, on Ausonius and Silius Italicus, and Ovid, and Catullus, and other pagan personages of that stamp. By degrees we began to talk of England, and the network of touching reminiscences that spread over the scene of his boyhood and youth, and let me add, of his manhood also. There is a comic side to the pursuits of the antiquarian, but they have their pathetic side also. At any rate, a love for old things and old times, for pagan relics and pagan worship, for curule chairs, and the rods of the lictors, and the fasces of the consuls, is perfectly compatible with a powerful love of home things,—of hearth, and wife, and children, and the green mounds in the country churchyard, under which their beloved forms rest for ever. Dr. Oriel's heart was brimful of loves and sorrows, which Time had taken under his keeping, and rendered gentle by his breath. Made communicative by the coffee, and the pipes we smoked together, the Doctor threw out allusions to his story, which he related to me afterwards, under very striking circumstances.

His room was filled with bronze relics of ancient Rome,—lares and penates, gods of the house and hearth, mutilated marble statues, lacrymatories, patyras, and funeral urns. Over all these the setting sun, pouring in at the window, shed a soft and ruddy light.

Is time anything? Or can our feelings annihilate whole ages, carry us back through the dream-

like stream of events and circumstances, and place us in the midst of the generations of old? I know not; but we seemed—the Doctor and I—to be placed suddenly within the golden atmosphere of the Republic, and to be sitting in the very shadow, as it were, of the temple of Jupiter Stator.

XXXII.

At length we left Milan, early in the morning, the rich green plains being lighted up by a brilliant autumnal sun. There were six persons in the carriage, an Italian gentleman, with his wife and daughter, Madame B——, Carlotta, and myself. We were accompanied by another carriage, larger than our own, filled inside and out with Swiss, who were proceeding to take service in the Neapolitan army. With these riffraffs of the Alps was a German, who figures in "Margaret Ravenscroft," under the name of Semler. We afterwards saw much of each other, but at starting had no further acquaintance than one picks up at a *table d'hôte*, for we had dined together ever since my arrival at Milan.

Madame B—— was a woman of about thirty-six, handsome, but hard-featured, who, having neglected, apparently, to make the most of her beauty when young, was now determined to atone for the omission as fast as possible. She flirted indifferently with everybody; but got out of temper, and looked as fierce as a basilisk the moment

any one spoke to her daughter, whose person she seemed to look upon as nothing but a cage for her voice.

As I sat in the middle, to allow the ladies the benefit of the air, I was almost melted by the heat. The Italian patriarch, who sat opposite me, was far more comfortable, because he had no flesh to lose, being little better than a walking anatomy. Upon him the sun and atmosphere had done their worst. Brown as a mummy, with large, heavy, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, and a mouth of enormous capacity, he had very much the air of a scarecrow.

His wife had been handsome in her time; and the daughter was so still, though she had reached, in single blessedness, the alarming age of two-and-twenty, after which a woman regards her chances of felicity gone in Italy. As papa formed my *vis-à-vis*, I could not, ugly as he was, avoid entering occasionally into conversation with him. He illustrated strikingly the common adage, that one should never trust to appearances—since he could talk like an angel, and had a mind so stored with knowledge, and was of a temper so finely balanced that, before we had travelled far, I could hardly tell whether he or Carlotta were the more fascinating person of the two.

What I had first mistaken for heaviness in his eyes, was an expression of extreme serenity. If he had ever known the storms of the passions,

Time, with his vast wings, had now lifted him far above them, and placed him on that intellectual eminence whence, as Lucretius expresses it, "a man may look down upon humanity, toiling, wandering, and fretting below."

Strange to say, he had been in the army, where he had preserved, unabated, through many a campaign, his faith in Providence and his love of knowledge. Though he had married early in life, he had had but one child, whom he seemed to regard with extreme tenderness and affection. His wife was what the French call *une femme nulle;* that is, a woman of no character at all.

I entered into a discussion with Signor Castrucci on the character and writings of Machiavelli. At first, considering in what country we were travelling, he sedulously avoided politics; but, as conversation begot mutual confidence, we spoke out boldly on the affairs of Italy both past and present.

XXXIII.

On my referring to Machiavelli, he smiled, and said—

"I will tell you an anecdote, from which you may perceive how early in life I became attached to that great author. I received my education under the Jesuits, who, as you know, watch over their pupils with the utmost strictness, allowing them to read no books but such as they themselves

put into their hands. I had an uncle in the town, close to which our college was situated; and I had sometimes permission to visit at his house. There, one day, on a window-seat, I found a volume of Machiavelli's works, in which I immediately became interested. My uncle gave me the whole set, but cautioned me against carrying it to the college, since he assured me my preceptors would certainly confiscate it. 'I'll tell you,' said he, 'what you shall do; you must have it bound like the mass-book, and take it with you occasionally to church. It will then be mistaken for an help to devotion; and while they are engaged in their unintelligible rhapsodies, or useless ceremonies, you can improve your mind.'

"Of course, I carefully followed his advice, and read the works of the greatest of Italian writers over and over, till I became familiar with them all. One day, however, as an eloquent father was preaching on the Chinese mission, I happened to open my favourite volume at the commencement of the marriage of Belfegor, the caustic wit and dry humour of which pleased me so much, that I forgot where I was, and smiled again and again with delight.

"An honest Jesuit, who observed my merriment, thought it could hardly be excited by a book of devotion, and, approaching me stealthily, like a cat, looked over my shoulder and discovered the horrid truth. Then, stretching forth his long,

bony hand, he seized upon the volume, as an eagle pounces upon an hare, and, thrusting it into his bosom, cast on me a menacing glance, and returned to his place in the choir. Up to that moment I had been intended for the ecclesiastical profession; but while my heart was boiling with indignation, I made up my mind, and walking out of the church, went straight to my uncle's, and never entered the Jesuits' college again.

"Love, I acknowledge, had something to do with my resolution. My uncle had a very charming daughter," said he, smiling, and turning towards his wife, who returned the smile; and proposing for her hand, my offer was accepted, though the marriage was postponed for some time. Meanwhile, I entered the army, where I have risen to the rank of General. In due time I married; and you perceive," added he, looking at his wife, and then at his daughter, "the whole of my family."

"You are more obliged to Machiavelli," I observed, "than most persons. Through his aid you have escaped celibacy, and risen to honour and distinction."

Signor Castrucci bowed.

"And now," I inquired, "looking back from this distance of time, do you think that the notions you entertained in your youth of the Florentine statesman were correct?"

"Machiavelli," he replied, "was essentially a revolutionary writer; he despised all the esta-

blished governments of his time, and laboured earnestly to subvert them by propagating those principles of expediency which render men indifferent respecting the means they employ to accomplish their ends; he esteemed liberty the greatest good men can enjoy, and thought them justified in wading to it through seas of blood. The princes and rulers of his time set no value on human life, which they sacrificed in all ways to gratify their most despicable caprices. He therefore counselled the people to follow their example, and laboured all his life to undermine the sentiment of respect for greatness, which is one of the most fatal weaknesses incident to human nature. To dissipate this feeling, he dwells on the crimes and follies of kings and princes, and seeks to overwhelm them beneath a load of contempt. No man can rise from the perusal of Machiavelli with the same sentiment of loyalty with which he commenced it. His attack is conducted in the most insidious manner, for he often praises what he wishes you to hate; but is careful that his praise should be calculated to provoke your detestation."

"Strange," interposed Carlotta, "that of so great a man's life so little, comparatively, should be known."

"Signora," replied Castrucci, "the lives of the greatest men the world has ever possessed have been obscure, like his. We see the effects their genius produced, but are unable to measure the

productive force; just as, in our own country, we behold a mountain thrown up into the air by volcanic agency, but never perceive the power at work."

"I have read the history of Florence," observed Carlotta, "and what remains of the letters; but should like to know much more of the man who wrote them."

We now entered into a literary conversation, in which Carlotta's mother, a woman of considerable knowledge, joined occasionally. To my great surprise, I found that the daughter had read extensively, was acquainted with Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, and Metastasio—the last more especially—and could dissertate upon poetry and music like a professor. With all this, her manner was the most modest, gentle, and unassuming that could be conceived. She had, literally, no vanity, or concealed it with so exquisite an art that she might as well have been without it.

XXXIV.

Late in the afternoon, we turned off from the high-road, to visit the conventual church of Certosa, the interior of which we found to be one blaze of rich ornaments. Few things in a woman are so beautiful as the feeling of devotion. Carlotta, I found, was overflowing with it. As we approached the church, through an avenue of noble trees, her manner, always modest and subdued, became much

more strikingly so. Her voice sank to a lower key; her animal spirits were hushed; and her large blue eyes appeared to grow moist with delight. "How pleasant it is," said she to me, in low sweet tones, "to enter the house of God! See, from the walls yonder, how the Holy Virgin smiles upon us! Ah! what rich tints tremble and glitter on the pavement! Must not heaven be something like this?"

And whatever we, here in the North, may say, there is certainly much in the architecture, ornaments, and brilliant light of southern churches that kindles irresistibly the spirit of joy. The gloomy aisles, aspiring arches, fretted roofs, long casements, and profusion of shadow, in a Gothic edifice, may produce a more powerful effect on our imagination, but it is not enlivening. On the contrary, it is akin to sorrow; and as our climate itself is depressing, we experience, in their fullest force, all those melancholy influences which tend to impart a sombre aspect to religion.

We surround our sacred buildings with groves of yew-trees, and, in the country, permit grey and yellow lichens to spread themselves over the walls —green damps and immense patches disfigure the interior, and irresistibly lead us to associate humidity and darkness with everything beyond the grave.

In Italy, the reverse is the case. Marble floors, richly-painted windows, magnificent altars, pictures,

statues, columns, gilding, and whatever is bright and beautiful—the whole penetrated and almost rendered transparent by light—surround you on all sides, and produce a peculiar effect on your fancy. You do not need to mount in search of the skies —a little compartment of heaven seems to have descended for your use, and a holy atmosphere murmurs and breathes around you.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Madame B—— put more confidence in me as our acquaintance proceeded—allowed her daughter to take my arm, while she took the other, and conversed with me freely as we walked through the church. They forgot I was a heretic, and consequently gave full vent to those rapturous feelings which devout Catholics experience from time to time.

Religion, in some persons, is an instinct—finest in the finest organizations. The soul, in such cases, seems to be an instrument so exquisite, and of so vast a compass, that it cannot yield forth all its music when played upon by anything but heaven. Carlotta's soul was one of these. Her exquisite sensibility, her fervid imagination, her impassioned heart, rendered her susceptible to the most delicate influences; so that religion easily became a want of her nature.

She invited me to kneel with her while she said her prayers. At that instant, from a gallery far above, we heard a burst of music, and numerous

voices of women, chanting the "Agnus Dei." And, oh! the effect of music at such a moment! Angelic voices appeared to be hymning their Creator in the courts above. The sounds descended upon us like showers of delight; and the Lamb of God, and the Virgin, floated softly through the incensed atmosphere. Carlotta crossed her arms upon her bosom. We did not speak. It was a moment of more than earthly pleasure; and when the hymn had been chanted, we rose from our knees, walked forth from the church, and returned to the carriage in perfect silence. But, through that silence, what celestial melodies appeared to roll! The soul was full of music, and therefore the ear needed none. Such was my brief visit to the church of Certosa.

XXXV.

We now pressed on, with unusual speed, towards Pavia, where we arrived in time for a late dinner. Here we lost sight, suddenly, of Signor Castrucci and his family. We took no leave of each other. He disappeared in the inn yard, hurried off, perhaps, by some friends, who would not allow him time for the ordinary politenesses of travelling; or he may have lived at Pavia, and forgotten us in his eagerness to visit home. Carlotta and her mother retired to dine in a private room; and I was left with a rabble of Swiss, whose company would have been altogether insufferable but for the presence of my friend Semler, whose kindness and generosity

of character I have endeavoured to do justice to elsewhere.

A good dinner is apt to soften the worst of tempers; it did so in the case of my Swiss companions, whose minds, however, like certain ancient Chinese vases, only showed more clearly the monsters painted on them as they were the more completely filled with wine.

I am, upon the whole, extremely tolerant; but the conversation of Swiss and Germans after dinner was too much for my equanimity. As they drank, they became communicative, and were so overpowering in their confidence, that I soon proposed to the Hanoverian to take a walk with me in the city. However, we were not destined so to escape, for our jovial friends no sooner discovered our design than they abandoned their cups to accompany us. I sent them for the moment to the warmest of all latitudes—that is to say, internally; common decency compelled me to appear flattered by what they really intended as a compliment. So forth we went, with abundance of cursing and swearing, and considerably worse occasionally, to see the churches of Pavia. In one of these, Semler and I managed to lose ourselves, or rather our companions, by slipping softly out at a side-door, and plunging down the first dusky lane we could see, which fortunately led us out upon the banks of the Ticino, near the old-fashioned, picturesque, covered bridge.

It may argue little taste in me, to admire so strange and grotesque a structure; but I plead guilty, nevertheless, and acknowledge that I experienced considerable pleasure in walking through that long wooden gallery, strongly roofed over, and affording, through spacious openings on either side, magnificent views of the broad waters of the Ticino, fringed with shrubs and low trees, then beginning to be painted with the rich hues of autumn.

XXXVI.

Every person, perhaps, has a favourite season of the year—some preferring the summer, others spring, others winter, and others, like myself, the golden autumn. The zest of our pleasures is heightened by an infusion of melancholy. Few things are more melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, which is, in fact, nothing but the consciousness of a desire never to be wholly gratified here below. Love is the yearning of the soul after the beautiful, which is but another expression for the infinite.

Doubtless the fresh green of spring, when the trees stand in delicate half-dress before the modest sun, is highly refreshing to the mind as well as to the eye. But autumn comes to us decked in a thousand colours, painted, partly, by the hand of decay. It is beauty on the threshold of the tomb.

rendered more beautiful and fascinating by the air breathing upon it from beyond. We fancy we never discovered all its loveliness till then. Death itself is marvellously beautiful, in its eternal silence and composure; it hints the mystery it dares not speak; it seems to have closed its eyes, only that it may indulge in delicious dreams for ever. All realities seem nothing compared with the ideal creation which throngs upon the soul in death. And autumn is the threshold of death—mature, soft, balmy, like the thoughts of old age, illumined by the light of heaven.

For this reason I love the autumn, and appear to think and feel in it with greater ease and delight. It is like the diminutive mummy at an Egyptian feast, bidding us enjoy ourselves rapidly, before we depart hence, and are no more seen.

Thoughts like these crowded on my mind as I gazed on the rolling waters of the Ticino, rendered bright by the setting sun, but a thousand times more bright by those glowing classical associations which clothe every inanimate object in Italy, and impart to it the accumulated beauty of two thousand years. The breath of the old Roman Republic seemed to breathe softly around us, rebuking Teutonic despotism, and whispering that a day of deliverance is at hand.

XXXVII.

Next morning we were stirring with the dawn, and had already made some way when the sun rose. There is nothing so fleeting as those phenomena of nature which we denominate sunrise and sunset; and yet they sometimes paint themselves so vividly on our memories that the picture never wholly fades away, save with the crumbling of the canvas.

The beauty of that morning I still remember distinctly. The sun rose out of an ocean of ruddy and saffron vapour, and shed over all the woods and copses, now moist and glittering with dew, a splendour and a gorgeousness of colouring which no art can imitate. The mystery of creation seems to be renewed every morning in the south, for, as the world emerges from darkness, it appears to put on the robes of a virgin, and to stand smiling in eternal innocence in the presence of its Creator. The deep blue of the overhanging sky completes the mighty picture; and our imagination ascends its luminous arch to the very footstool of the throne of God.

As I and Semler were enjoying, in silence, the pleasure of the morning, we heard a rustling among the bushes at the side of the road, and soon saw a man spring out, with a large bundle in his hand. He came bolt up to the carriage, requested the driver to stop a moment, and then boldly asked us

for a place. What he was he would explain, he said, as we rode along.

I was struck with his physiognomy, which was that of boundless self-possession and audacious impudence. He had fiery red hair, a highly-flushed complexion, and light-blue eyes. Still his manners were gentlemanly, and he soon proved himself to be in possession of large and varied stores of knowledge. He said he had been compromised for some political offences at Milan, and was now endeavouring to effect his escape from the Austrian dominions without a passport.

We bade him get up, which he did, and began talking at once. He was, of course, a Carbonaro, and proved his fitness to be a member of the secret society by pouring forth a torrent of words with little or no meaning in them. He must have been of German origin. There was nothing Italian in his look, or bearing, or tone of thought. When we came to the bridge across the Po, he purposed to leave his bundle on the top of the carriage, and, with his little cane in his hand, to stroll leisurely across, as if he had been merely out for a walk, and would return into the town.

I watched the operation with considerable interest. He alighted as we approached the river, and, preceding the carriage a little, moved slowly towards the *corps des gardes* at the end of the bridge. There, instead of appearing in a hurry to pass, he leaned upon the parapet, and chatted with

the German soldiers, whom his loose wit immediately provoked to laughter. He then wished them a good morning, and proceeding infinitely at his ease, in a few minutes found himself in Piedmont.

As we were detained to have our passports examined, the jolly exile was several miles on his way before we overtook him, when he bounded up to his place with a light spring and a laugh, saying he had felt Prince Metternich's fingers at the nape of his neck till he was fairly over the Po. "But now, a fig for the old rascal," said he; "his downfall must be approaching; and my most earnest wish is, that I may assist in producing it."

He was rather young for a conspirator, not, certainly, above five-and-twenty, perhaps much less. But, like Monsieur Flocon, he seemed to have lived nearly all his life in secret societies, and some portion of it, perhaps, in prison. I asked him what the members of the secret societies chiefly aimed at? He replied, "There are two sections, one of which dreams of a kingdom of Upper Italy, while the other thinks of nothing but the establishment of a republic. I belong to the latter class, and have sworn to plot and conspire against kings while I have breath. So here's to you, Prince Metternich!" said he, turning round and spitting at Lombardy.

XXXVIII.

I had exchanged the interior for the outside and the fresh air; and now our Milanese exile came luckily to dissipate the German phlegm of Semler, and put to flight the bashfulness of a young Dalmatian, who had joined our party at Pavia. By these two I was infinitely amused.

The Dalmatian presented the most complete contrast to the Milanese. He was tall, muscular, of a dark olive complexion, with hair and eyes as black as jet. His habits had evidently been studious; although he could not have been more than twenty years of age, he spoke and reasoned like a man of thirty. In politics he was as red as the Milanese; though, at his own home, which was at Trieste, he expected, he said, to find no sympathy, but, on the contrary, the most determined opposition and dislike.

"My father," he observed, "is a Monarchist of the old school, full of the prejudices of bigotry, but otherwise a good man. He is advancing by a double road towards fortune, being engaged in commerce and the cultivation of the soil. We have a pretty little property near the city, where there is a vineyard descending in terraces towards the stream; and there, at the foot of a bitter-almond tree, I have hundreds of times sat reading Machiavelli and Fra Paolo, and meditating the revolutionizing of Italy."

Semler either took no interest in politics, or held opinions different from ours, for he remained silent during our discussion, and only emerged from his reverie when we spoke of poetry or the fine arts. On these he was eloquent, especially when he could obtain exclusive possession of my ear, and dilate on the praise of Shakspeare.

Of late the Germans have cherished the odd opinion that we, the countrymen of Shakspeare, have learned through them properly to appreciate him. It may very well be doubted, however, whether any foreigner, German or not, can be said to understand our great poet, whose very language is often "*caviare* to the general," even here in England. To build up dreamy theories about his meaning, is not to understand him; and this is what German critics have usually done.

Semler was modest enough to admit that he admired, without always comprehending, Shakspeare; and if he had not understood him at all, he might still, according to his own theory, have admired him, because he was not one of those who think that what Locke calls clear and distinct ideas are necessary to the production of intellectual delight. On the contrary, he believed that mistiness and obscurity are not only a source of the sublime, but powerful ingredients of pleasure, since, according to them, it is far more agreeable to move in partial or total darkness than in the light.

I certainly experience no small degree of enjoy-

ment from travelling in an express train through a long dark tunnel, which suggests to one the idea of rushing wildly through the infinite void; but I should not like to be condemned to travel all my life in such Cimmerian gloom. A flash of darkness does very well now and then, but if Shakspeare's ideas were always surrounded by a Stygian atmosphere, in all likelihood his admirers would not be quite so numerous as they are.

XXXIX.

The country between Pavia and Nove is a dead flat, though I could perceive everywhere spots which made pleasant pictures to the eye—copses, thickets, glades, vistas, lofty trees, and sheets of water, all glowing with the warmth of an autumnal sun.

Towards evening we arrived at Nove, where I saw a curious illustration of the way in which a man may sometimes get introduced into good Italian society. Of course there is a very great difference between the people you meet with in such cities, and those who inhabit the several capitals; but I dare say the man who travels with an open heart and frank manners through Italy, will often find openness and frankness in return. At any rate, I must speak of the Italians according to my experience; and if they behaved better to me than to others, it is but fair that I should

acknowledge it. We often make our own receptions, and receive what we give. The Italians especially like to have faith put in them; and, so far as I have seen, they well deserve to be trusted —I mean, of course, as a general rule.

When one has been riding for several hours, whether in a carriage or on horseback, it is often agreeable to take a stroll on foot, especially through the streets of a strange town, where everything one sees is new. This opinion I shared in common with the Dalmatian and the Milanese; so, having ordered a late dinner, which might as well have been called supper, we sallied forth to see the lions of Nove.

All travellers have celebrated the beauty of an Italian evening. The air you breathe seems to be an intoxicating fluid, which induces some degree of soft languor, while it excites and exhilarates. It is difficult to explain the feeling. There is a sort of perfume floating about you, which is neither that of groves nor gardens, nor yet of artificial composition. It appears to descend from above, and to impregnate every particle of the atmosphere; which, at the same time, is radiant with golden light, and put into a gentle, undulating motion by the breeze.

It is delicious, when certain trains of thought come over you, to slip away from company, and be alone; but it is best when accident effects the purpose for you. As we walked along, I could

hear through the open windows the rocking of cradles, and the sweetest lullabies sung over half-sleeping infants. No sound in nature is so sweet as a mother's voice, when she is hushing the child of her love to rest. There is something seraphic in it. All the charities, and loves, and happiness of our earliest years, rise up from the depths of the past, as we listen. We fancy that Heaven is listening with us, and pouring abundant blessings on the scene.

Oh, how sacred a thing a mother is! What religion is in her love! How she prays, and yearns, and watches over the cradle, looking forward and backward through time, weaving bright destinies for her child, or dreaming of moments when her own soul was first steeped in the Elysium of delight, and the baby she is now gazing on began to be.

XL.

Turning a corner, we entered a street, down which the sun was throwing a flood of glory, sheathing the walls and eaves with gold, and glittering with dazzling brightness on the casements. At the entrance of a lofty *porte-cochère*, sat a young woman, with a cradle by her side, which she rocked occasionally with her left foot, keeping time with the other on the ground. She was gathering up a rent in a white lace veil, which

hung in graceful folds over her dark dress, and added greatly to the interest of her figure. In a low, sweet voice, she murmured, rather than sung, a hymn to the Virgin.

I stood still to look at the picture. At first her various avocations prevented her from noticing me; but when she did, pointing to an empty chair on the other side of the cradle, she politely invited me to sit down. I did not wait for a second invitation, but immediately taking the proffered seat, began the conversation by inquiring, very superfluously I admit, whose child that was in the cradle. She replied it was her own; and then, uncovering its face a little more, asked me if I did not think it like her.

"Very," I replied, "for it is as beautiful as an angel."

Without noticing the compliment to herself, which, however, was not meant to be a compliment, since it was the simple truth, she exclaimed:—

"You say true, sir—it is like an angel; and when you came up I was singing a hymn to the Virgin as a thanksgiving for the blessing. I do so twenty times a-day—I am so happy!"

"And where is its father?" I inquired.

"He has just gone down into the town," she answered, "to buy something for me; he is so good. You must stay till he comes back—he will be here presently."

Just at that moment I made the discovery that my companions had disappeared. But it did not signify. I was determined to wait till the husband came back, provided he did not make a very long stay; and proceeded with the conversation.

"Do many strangers pass through Nove?" said I.

"I don't know; I seldom go out, except when I take the *bambino* into the fields."

"And how long have you been married?"

"Just a year and five weeks last Tuesday; and yet, it already seems an age, I have enjoyed so much happiness in it."

"Then you have not heard the Spanish proverb, that 'a year of pleasure passes like a fleeting dream, while a moment of misfortuue seems an age of pain.'"

"I don't know what misfortune means. I have never lost a person I loved. My father and mother are living, with all my brothers and sisters, all younger than I, and all at home."

"And so you think," said I, "that happiness lengthens time?"

"Oh, very much," she replied; "for though, as you see, I am young, still, I almost fancy I have lived for ever. I can't tell when I began to think —when I began to feel—when I began to be happy. I have always been happy! Did you ever look on the water at sunset, and observe how the sun's wake stretches away into the distance

till you don't know where it ends; but it is all golden and glittering, and, though every wavelet seems like the other, they are all bright—all alive with pleasure? It has been exactly so with my life—nothing but one endless streak of sunshine. But look," cried she, "there is my husband. Ah! see how he smiles as he comes along; he is so glad to come back to me. Dear Giuseppe," said she, as he approached, "here is a strange gentleman who has been admiring our child, and to whom I have been saying I don't know what."

Giuseppe was a fine fellow, and seemed to be quite as proud as his wife of the little boy who constituted so large a portion of their happiness. He had been out buying something for supper, he said. He had it in his hand in a little basket, and invited me to join them. I sincerely wished I could, but my travelling companions would have thought it unkind; so, bidding the happy pair a good evening, and promising to call if I ever again passed through Nove, I took my leave—not, however, without kissing the young Giuseppe, who took it, wrapt in balmy slumbers, without waking.

XLI.

At the end of the street I met my friends, who were coming back in search of me. We then continued our walk, and shortly after sunset reached the square, where, from the windows of a large,

fine house, we heard strains of very delicious music, issuing like a flood. The Milanese affected a great passion for singing; so, requesting us to wait a moment, he stepped towards the door of the house, which stood wide open, and, entering the hall, found there a soldier, who informed him it was the Governor's house, adding, with extraordinary politeness, that he might go up stairs into an unoccupied room, and listen to the music, if he liked.

"The Governor," said he, "is a very good gentleman; and I know I shall not offend him by taking the liberty to invite you."

"But I have two friends waiting for me in the square," answered the Milanese.

"Ask them in also," said the soldier.

When our free-and-easy friend came out, and related the circumstance to us, we laughed heartily; because, in the first place, we could hear the music much better where we were; and, secondly, because we thought the soldier was exceeding his duty, and that we should, probably, be ejected very unceremoniously by the Governor when he came to learn how matters stood. Upon the assurance of our Carbonaro, however, that it would be all right, we entered the house, and were conducted by the soldier up stairs into a small room adjoining that in which the party were assembled. Here, he said, we might sit as long as we pleased; and when tired, we had only to come down stairs, and he would let us out.

At that moment there was a lady singing; and it immediately struck me that I had heard her voice before. It was so rich, so full, so sweet, there could be, I thought, but one such in the world. It must be—it was—Carlotta's. This, then, was perhaps her home—this her father's house; and here we should lose her company.

My speculations were cut short by the entrance of the Governor, who approached us with a smile and a bow, and begged we would do him the honour to join his party, which consisted, he said, of a few musical friends, got together in a hurry, to hear a lady who had just arrived from Milan. We excused ourselves, on the ground of being covered with the dust of the road; and, at the same time, made a thousand apologies for the liberty we had taken. He felt quite gratified, he said, that we should have done him so much honour. Finding his persuasions unavailing, he left us; and we were beginning to think of beating a retreat, when the lady of the house entered, and, with a sweetness and a grace altogether irresistible, insisted on our entering the *salon*. When we did, Carlotta rose, and, coming half across the room to meet me, exclaimed,—

"How very fortunate! Mamma and I were just saying how much we should have liked you to be here. But we were not aware you knew the Governor."

In reply, I related to her the manner of our

introduction; at which she laughed very heartily, and then took me over to repeat it to Madame B———.

Never, perhaps, did three greater Guys make their appearance at a party. We were covered with dust from head to foot, had been smoking cigars; and, for my own part, with my long beard and northern costume, I must have appeared the strangest of all figures. The Governor's lady was puzzled, and, in the course of the evening, asked Carlotta if I were not an Africano.

There is, in the Italians, an innate taste which enables them to do everything with grace. The apartment in which we were now assembled was full of elegance. The lamps, from which the light was diffused on all sides, were modelled after the antique. The furniture was rich, without being gaudy; and the dresses and figures of the women superb. Upon the whole, the men were less striking. Possibly I am incompetent to comprehend the physiognomies of musical men, which often appear to me wanting in expression, especially in countries where the political feeling is not permitted to develop itself, and impart grandeur and decision to the countenance. Men are there musical, because they can be nothing else.

It helps to plunge them into that dreamy state in which a slave should pass his days—humming, whispering, crowding round pianos, fanning ladies' faces, and talking nonsense. It is a woful ex-

istence, worse than that led in many departments of Dante's Hell; and yet men exist for ages under such circumstances! And the women, for what are they born? Let Iago explain for me—"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

XLII.

It is a godsend in the country to catch four or five strangers at once, just to break the monotony of life. Persons who circulate perpetually among each other, gradually subside into a sort of animate clocks, that go on ticking for years, neither louder nor lower, on the same wall. Tick, tick, tick, from morning till night, tick, tick, without the slightest variation. They may be very good people, altogether, and, as the phrase is, without vice; but their conversation is like ratsbane, and enough to kill one with a single dose – and yet, as I have said, it does not kill, but only induces mental lethargy, in which state men reach the age of Methuselah.

Yet their existence, methinks, very much resembles that of a toad in a stone; they turn about, they hum, they mutter, they dream, they lie for ease now on this side, and now on that, until their blood congeals within them into a sort of virtuous paste, which has no more motion in it than a standing pool.

At supper, Carlotta could not avoid whispering

to me, "What would you take to settle down here at Nove for the rest of your life?"

"I should require nothing," I replied, "but the society of my wife and children, with whom I once formed the plan of pitching my tent among the Bedouins, in the Arabian desert. There, however, I should have enjoyed perfect freedom, and therefore no analogy can be drawn between the two situations. Were you married and a mother, you might also taste of contentment in this secluded place."

"I doubt it," answered she; "and I frankly confess I don't believe anything could make me happy long in a place like this. A night and a single party exhaust all its vitality. I am glad we are to be off to-morrow."

This was one side of the picture. Shortly after I found myself beside the lady of the house, who asked me what pleasure I could find in wandering about the world, leaving all my friends, breaking all my old associations, "and laying in," added she, "a store of restlessness for the remainder of your days." See said she had never quitted Nove, which every year acquired fresh charms for her.

"In its quiet little churchyard," said she, "all my forefathers lie buried; and I often go there to count them over, and sit down and shed tears of pleasure on their graves. What tranquillity we enjoy! what a blissful ignorance of all that passes in the great world! My husband is contented

with me, and I with him; and neither of us would change our situation for the best in Italy. We have three dear little children asleep; and if you could but see their happy faces when they first awake and kiss me in the morning! They send a thrill of delight through my whole frame; and, morning and evening, on my knees, I offer up only this prayer, that such as my state now is, it may continue for ever. With all the friends you see here, we have been familiar from childhood. The women were brought up in the same convent; the men went to school with my husband. We are like one family. We pray in the same church, we shall all be buried in the same churchyard; and we hope," added she, with a sweet smile, "that we shall all hereafter meet in the same Heaven."

"God grant it!" cried I, greatly touched by the earnestness of her manner. I felt my spirit rebuked; and saw that happiness may be tasted everywhere, though not, perhaps, by one who has once known what it is to wander and be alone, and craves the excitement of perpetual change.

My friend the Carbonaro had been trying hard all the evening to get up a flirtation with a musical young lady, but without success. The Dalmatian listened to the music almost in silence, but yet appeared to enjoy the evening much. It was one o'clock in the morning when we returned to our inn, where innumerable oaths had been showered on us by cooks and waiters for ordering a dinner.

and not coming back to eat it; though, of course, it was not forgotten next morning in the bill.

XLIII.

We picked up at Nove a new set of companions, consisting of an English officer and his family, who intended to proceed with us as far as Genoa. They were all of them very agreeable; and the father, who had often gone the road before, proposed, when we became tolerably familiar, that we should spend the following Sunday at a lovely village in the Apennines, where, he said, he had once stayed a whole day. We then began to compare notes, and found we had for some time been neighbours, he having lived at a chateau near Morges, while I was at Lausanne.

Of that chateau he related many curious particulars, of which, at the present moment, I only remember the following. As he spoke Italian perfectly, he related it in that language, for the benefit of Carlotta and her mamma:—

"One night," he said, "in the depth of winter, having stayed up late in my library, I retired to bed. The snow had been falling for hours, so that the whole country round was deeply covered with it. A strong wind, meanwhile, was blowing, and beating the flakes against my window, which shook and rattled, and conspired, with uneasy thoughts, to keep me awake.

The old clock of the chateau had already told twelve, and one, and two; and still I could not sleep. There is an odd sensation produced, even in the neighbourhood of the Alps, by a snow-storm, which seems to be engaged in wrapping a winding-sheet around the earth, and preparing it for its everlasting rest. I had a blazing wood-fire in my room; and I got out of bed every now and then to cast fresh logs upon it, and keep myself comfortable. Now and then, too, I went to the window, and looked out. There was nothing to be seen, for the snow fell so thick that it filled the air, and allowed no passage for a single ray of light, though the moon was at that moment shining, I knew, on the backs of the clouds, and rendering them luminous for the wandering spirits of the Alps.

Presently I heard the bell of the castle sound faintly, as it shook the snow off its back, and tried to thaw itself with motion. Ding, dong, it went, with a chill and low sound; which, however, wakened my man François, who, in anything but the best humour in the world, dressed, and descended to the gate. Presently I heard him knocking at my bed-room door.

"'What do you want, François?' inquired I.

"'If you please, sir,' answered he, 'here are two young women who wish to speak with you.'

"'With me,' I exclaimed, 'at such an hour as

this! Tell them I am in bed, François, and that they had better come to-morrow.'

"'They say, sir,' answered François, 'that Mr. Duff is dead, and that they must speak with you.'

"'Mr. Duff!' cried I; 'Mr. Duff!—Who is this Mr. Duff?'

"'Don't know, sir,' answered François; 'but you had better see the young women, who are all this while shivering in the snow, and they will explain all about Mr. Duff.'

"'Well, bring them up,' said I, rather amused and interested; and, meanwhile, I got out of bed, gave the fire an additional poke, just to produce a fine blaze, put my night-lamp on the table, and, wrapping myself in a warm dressing-gown, with a thick nightcap on my head, stood prepared to receive my strange visitors.

XLIV.

"Presently the door opened, and in came two timid girls, pushing two greyhounds before them, as if by way of protection; and simultaneously, as they entered, both exclaimed—

"'*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"They were, both of them, thickly powdered with snow, which, had they thought of it, they might as well have shaken off outside, but in they came, bringing a large portion of the cold night

air with them. The chill went to my bones. Nothing but the points of their features were visible; and as they held the greyhounds by their leashes, they looked like so many female Frankensteins, or animated icicles—exclaiming, again and again, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"Somewhat amused at this sort of grim comedy, I exclaimed, 'Well, supposing he is, what is that to me?'

"They replied, 'You must go with us, for the love of Heaven; for *Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"'But explain, my dears,' said I; 'in what way am I concerned with Mr. Duff's death? He is no relation of mine.'

"'But there is a lady,' said they, 'reduced to despair by his death, and she wants to consult you; and it is for her that we have come.' And then they murmured to themselves, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"I was very much inclined to cry, 'Hang Monsieur Duff, and you too!' but remembering that there was a lady in the case, I told them that if they would retire to the next room, where François usually kept a good fire, I would dress, and be with them immediately. As François assisted me to huddle on my clothes, he said he had strong doubts about the propriety of my going out on such a night with these young women.

"'Who knows,' said he, 'that they are not the accomplices of brigands, sent here to entice

you forth, that they may rob and murder you, and throw your body into some hollow, where it may lie caked in snow till next spring, by which time they will have escaped, and baffled all suspicion?'

"'Well, François,' said I, 'that is a serious consideration. The idea of being disposed of that way all the winter is unpleasant, especially as nobody will be hanged for it; no, nor even sent to the *maison de force*, which is much the same thing. However, I am not much afraid of these wenches and their greyhounds, and so shall go along with them to see all about Monsieur Duff's death, and the lady he has left behind.'

"François shrugged his shoulders, and said no more, but evidently looked upon me as a doomed man, and accompanied us sorrowfully to the gate of the chateau, lighted by two lanterns, which, I ought to have observed before, the girls carried in their hands.

"As the gate of the chateau closed behind us, I own I felt rather uncomfortable. The snow, already above our knees, was still falling thick; and the lanterns, as the girls scrambled on before me, looked like two huge glowworms traversing the vapoury tail of a steam engine. Noiseless were our footsteps, and slow our progress. The trees on either hand looked chill and ghostlike, as they swung to and fro, and struggled with the snow-storm, groaning sadly, through all their boughs, as though lamenting my coming fate.

Of course there was no trace of road, or path, or mark of any kind by which to steer our course.

XLV.

"'Young women,' cried I, at length, 'do you know your way at all; and are you quite sure we are going towards Morges?'

"'Perfectly,' replied both of them; and then they muttered in chorus, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"Scarcely had they advanced ten paces further, when both made a strange somersault, the lanterns disappeared, and, throwing up their heels, the girls sprang into the air, and plunged forward into an abyss of snow.

"I hope the practice is peculiar to me of swearing on such occasions. Other people, most likely, utter pious ejaculations. For myself, the habits of the camp come over me, and prove too strong for every better feeling. After indulging myself with the luxury of a few oaths, which did not, so far as I could perceive, tend in the slightest degree to mend the matter, I thought it would not be amiss to grope in the snow for my lost guides. To my extreme surprise, I found, on making the experiment with my stick, that the soft snow in front of me was of enormous depth, or at least appeared so. In a second or two I heard a struggling, and a murmuring; and the words

issued from the snow—'Help me, oh, help!' It was as dark as pitch, and the cold was intense.

"'Where are you, old girl?' cried I, addressing the speaker.

"'Here, monsieur, here,' answered she; and then a lump of snow seemed to get into her mouth and stop her utterance.

"Just at that moment I had the pleasure to perceive one of the lanterns emerge about two or three yards in front, and the bearer after it. What had become of the other girl and the greyhounds, seemed a mystery. However, in due time the second lantern made its appearance; and then turning a little to the right, I saw the two dogs standing on what was evidently a narrow bridge, which the young women had just contrived to miss. By following the track of the greyhounds, I easily found my way across; and on we went.

"Of course, I had long ago dismissed from my mind all idea of robbers and foul play of any kind, for the two girls were obviously as innocent as lambs, and had no fault but that of extreme silliness. Presently we got into a road, as we discovered from the hedges and trees on both sides; but had not walked on it long before we were startled by an infernal noise behind. I had been in the East, and fancied it could be nothing else than a troop of jackals sweeping over the desert after a gazelle. Every moment the frantic yells came closer and closer. It was clearly a

chase of some kind—of dogs or devils. We stood aside to let it pass; and, by lantern-light, caught a glimpse of some large animal darting through the snow, and several others in pursuit of it.

"'*Ils sont les loups, monsieur!*' cried the girls.

"The greyhounds hid themselves, trembling, behind the ample petticoats of their mistresses; and we all three, I fancy, felt extremely uncomfortable. At all events, I can answer for myself. The wolves had driven Monsieur Duff out of the heads of the girls, who repeated again and again, 'They are wolves, sir.' We listened attentively. The yelling swept on, grew fainter and fainter, and at length ceased to be heard.

"We then pushed forward, and, in a short time, had the satisfaction to see a few lights twinkling in the windows of Morges. I had swallowed a great deal of snow, which, every time I opened my mouth, blew into it; and was now longing for a sip of *eau de vie*, to melt my inner man, and set my blood in motion. This I promised myself as soon as we should enter the town, whatever might become of Monsieur Duff; but, to my extreme disgust, I found what I ought in all reason to have expected, that every door was close shut, and every soul in the town asleep, save some few lone watchers, who sat by the bed of sickness or death.

XLVI.

"Presently we arrived at the house in which lay the remains of the unfortunate Monsieur Duff; and a very strange appearance it presented. A narrow staircase, sheltered by vast projecting eaves, led up to the entrance of the first floor; and on every step was a candle burning in a horn lantern. The girls mounted, and I followed them. By this time we were thickly crusted with snow, which had frozen to our dress, and given us the appearance of three bears just rolled out of their den in the mountains.

"When I reached the door of Monsieur Duff's apartment, I saw a lady sitting by a bed at the further extremity, and on either side a row of women, each with a candle in her hand; and as we entered they all rose simultaneously, and muttered, in a sepulchral voice, '*Monsieur Duff est mort!*' For the moment I almost fancied myself present at some melodrama in a theatre, so wild and fantastic did the whole scene appear. However, I marched forward towards the bed, where I hoped to obtain an explanation of the mystery.

"There, as I said, sat a lady, crying bitterly, with her right hand supporting her head, and her left arm grasped by the hand of a corpse, dressed in military uniform, and with a long pipe in its mouth. At first I was rather puzzled to determine whether I ought to laugh, which I felt strongly

inclined to do, or to be sympathetic and sentimental. I decided in favour of the latter, and, addressing the lady in French, inquired whether I could do anything for her.

"'*Ah, mon Dieu!*' she exclaimed, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

"'*Je le vois bien,*' said I; 'who is Monsieur Duff, and why do you lament his death?'

"She was one of the tallest and handsomest French women I have ever seen; of most elegant figure, and polished manners. Raising her large dark eyes, and casting on me a deprecating look, she replied—

"'I loved Monsieur Duff.'

"'And——'

"'Was not his wife! I met him in Paris. He persuaded me to fly with him. We came to Switzerland; and here, in this house, he took to drinking brandy, and never paused till he died. Nothing I could say had any influence over him. Every day he plunged deeper and deeper into intoxication. Yesterday morning the post brought him an English letter, which I have here in my bosom, though I cannot read it. He glanced over its contents, and, drunk as he was, turned pale and trembled. He then drew a little miniature from his bosom, which he kissed several times, after which he called for a bottle of brandy, and, drinking off a large tumbler of it, fell back in his chair, stiff dead.'

"This short, sad recital was interrupted every moment by sobs and tears; and at the conclusion she took the letter from her bosom, and gave it me to read. The mystery was solved in a moment. It was from Monsieur Duff's wife, who, in the most gentle and loving manner, reproached him for having deserted her and her children. There was not a single word of bitterness from beginning to end—nothing but expressions of the most tender love and unshaken fidelity. It pierced the hardened and corrupt heart of her husband, who had not, however, the courage to face the woman he had wronged. He preferred taking refuge in death. And there he now lay before me, a fine, tall, handsome figure; he had evidently not passed the prime of life.

"'And why,' I asked, 'is Monsieur Duff's body laid out in this preposterous manner?'

"'Is it not the way,' she inquired, 'in which all Englishmen are laid out after death? There is an old Swiss officer here, in Morges, who has been in the English service, and says it is always customary; and so I would not deprive poor Monsieur Duff's body of the honour due to an Englishman.'

"'That old officer is an ass,' I exclaimed,—'a fool—a dolt! No Englishman's body is ever thus travestied after death.'

"'What,' cried she, 'is it not in England the practice to put a pipe in the mouth of the corpse?'

"'Far from it,' I replied. 'We treat death

seriously in England; and this is making a farce of it.'

XLVII.

"I then ordered the pipe to be removed; the lady disengaged her arm from the grasp of the dead man, and I had Monsieur Duff decently laid out. On the rest of the story I need not insist. I furnished the lady with the necessary money to return to Paris, where, as I found, she had respectable friends. I buried Monsieur Duff; and, the day after the funeral, met in the street an old officer, with whom I was acquainted. He came up to me in a stiff and stately manner, and complained of my having called him a fool and an ass, for which he ought, he said, to demand satisfaction.

"'My dear sir,' I exclaimed, 'it is a mistake: I never spoke disrespectfully of you in my life.'

"'What,' inquired he, 'did you not tell Monsieur Duff's lady that the man who had given her advice——'

"'Ah, monsieur!' cried I, interrupting him. 'say no more of that. Had I known it was you. I would not have objected had they put fifty pipes in his mouth. But come, who told you that such was the practice in England?'

"'An officer of the Indian army.'

"'Ah! he was a wag. He meant no harm: but it was a mere joke.'

"'Ah, *le coquin!*' exclaimed my friend.

"'Come,' said I, 'dine with me to-day at the château; there are several questions I wish to ask you about the deceased Monsieur Duff. I am desirous of writing to his unhappy wife, and should be glad to be able to say anything calculated to mitigate her sorrow.' It was the first time he heard that the Frenchwoman was not his wife. My inquiries proved unavailing. Monsieur Duff had done nothing during his residence at Morges but drink, swear, and smoke; so I made the best I could of the matter. I erected a tomb over his remains, on which you may read these words—'*Ici git Monsieur Duff.*'"

XLVIII.

Spenser, in his "Faëry Queen," presents us with numerous pictures of sunrise, which are all beautiful, fresh, and cool, like the lovely hour they describe; and I should like to borrow his pen, in order to convey some idea of the dawn I beheld amidst the scenery of the Apennines. One of the greatest delights of travelling is the early rising it necessitates, and the rapturous sensations inspired by the fresh face of nature.

We left Nove before it was quite light, and quitted the level of the plain for the ascent of the mountains. Here, as soon as the presence of the day began to make itself felt, we got out to walk;

and the Captain's daughter with the Dalmatian, as usual, joining me, we preceded the rest of the party, as we all three habitually walked very fast. We usually talked very fast also; but on the present occasion there was something so delicious in the air, so serene and beautiful in earth and sky, that we were almost silent. Perhaps—I wish to put the matter sceptically—perhaps our own fancy extended itself to the scene around, and imparted to it a charm it might not otherwise have possessed —I mean, for us. Yet, in itself, it was sufficiently fascinating.

Immense old chestnut-trees, covered with ripe fruit, stretched here and there in arches over the road, was bordered on one side with soft grass, sloping away towards the plain below; on the other with a matted wood, where the insterspaces were carpetted with fallen leaves—red, brown, yellow, of every variety of shade and tint. Above and below us, on all sides, were châteaux, villages, farmhouses, convents, and churches, bathed in that delicious light which the dawn diffuses over the earth. The breeze was busy among the foliage over our heads, and birds without number chirped and carolled as the growing light awakened them.

In the east, streaks of clouds, extending in long bands one over the other, were already beginning to be flushed below with crimson, while their dark upper rims appeared to support so many layers of clear blue sky. Then a flood of rich saffron

seemed to surge up into the firmament, mingling with the crimson below and with the bright amethyst above.

"Oh!" exclaimed Carlotta, "what would this earth be without clouds? They are the very cradle and birthplace of poetry. See how they deck her countenance with the ornaments of a bride. How she blushes as they stretch and nestle over her like a nuptial veil. What infinite beauty! What sublimity! Would it not be the extreme of happiness to live for ever in these mountains, apart from the world, and cradled in delicious dreams born of the imagination?"

"Last night," said I, "you thought differently."

"True," answered she; "our feelings are the offspring of circumstances. I am happy now—I was unhappy then."

"What," exclaimed I, "when you were displaying the wonders of your voice, and surrounded by admirers!"

"To be admired," she replied, "is not to be happy. But look; the sun is kindling the whole east, and the Apennines are literally flaming with the reflection of heaven! Tell me, tell me! is earth not a paradise?"

"Your sex would make it so," I replied, "if it had nothing but one barren moor stretching interminably round its whole circumference."

XLIX.

We had stood still in an open space between the trees to admire the view, and were now joined by Madame B——, with the English officer and his family. The landscape had rendered them all poetical. They remembered and recited scraps of poetry, English and Italian; and we went on thus together in perfect good humour with the world and ourselves. Here and there, small clear streams, gushing from the rocks, were sparkling and flashing across the road; and anon we came to a cottage, whose inmates were still sleeping, and gathering strength to encounter the toils of the day.

Madame B—— was a widow: our new military friend had acknowledged himself to be a widower. Why could they not join their fortunes, and face the troubles of the world together? I saw that this idea had taken possession of Madame B——'s mind, for she always, when speaking to him, threw an additional sweetness into her voice, and smiled and sighed alternately, just as she fancied him to be sentimental or otherwise.

And who has not noticed the infinite mysteries that lurk in the female voice? Who has not felt its witcheries? Who has not trembled as it has poured around him, operating like a spell for good or evil? Who has not marked some voice, harsh,

perhaps, and untunable to others, grow soft at his approach, and melt into liquid sweetness, indescribably fascinating? Generally, throughout Italy, the women have not pleasant voices in conversation, especially those who sing most exquisitely. It is in England that the female voice appears to acquire perfection for the intercourse of life. Nowhere else is this daily household music so delicious. In Italy, especially, the women talk loud, and thus perhaps spoil their voices; originally, I suspect, none of the sweetest. It is the same in France, and every other country I have visited, save Turkey. Among the Osmanli women you hear voices like those you have heard in England—soft, gentle, flexible—full of melody and sweetness.

Madame B—— had not, in this respect, been favoured by nature; but, such as her powers were, she determined to exercise them to the utmost upon the heart of our gallant friend the Captain. But from his round jolly face I could discover no symptoms that any execution had been done upon his heart. In fact, he was too much in love with himself to have much affection to spare for any one else—except his own family, towards whom he was kindness itself.

There is one quality in mountain air which most persons, I dare say, have noticed—it makes one desperately hungry. This confession will, I dare say, lower me many degrees in the estimation

of young ladies. But the truth must be told. In spite of our romantic conversation, in spite of the landscape, in spite of everything, I found myself in the possession of so ravenous an appetite that I scarcely knew how to pacify it till we should arrive at the place where we were to breakfast. Imagine me, then, oh, reader! going up to a lady, in one of the most romantic scenes in the world, and saying to her,—

"Are you not hungry?"

"Yes, very," was her reply; "but, luckily, I have got some biscuits here in my bag."

She took some out, and gave me two or three; so we went on chatting and eating, to enable me to keep my temper till we reached the little road-side inn, where we all fully determined to make up for lost time.

L.

In the garden of this hostelry a round table had been placed beneath a spreading chestnut-tree, which formed a green roof overhead; not the less pleasant because it was studded with ripe fruit, which, while waiting, we picked and ate. Here the Milanese and Semler once more joined our party, and thus assisted us in keeping off the German Swiss, whose company I literally detested. They, therefore, breakfasted at another table by themselves.

It is a sad thing to acknowledge that one looks at a landscape, and everything else, with different eyes before and after breakfast. When you are hungry you are savage, and nothing pleases you—you outrage earth and sky, and are angry with the breeze for blowing in your face. But when the hot rolls, coffee, butter, and honey are before you; when you have eaten a certain quantity; when you have sipped your coffee; your good humour returns, you are reconciled to the world, and you recline at your ease, and think of happiness and cigars.

On the present occasion, everything around was calculated to please. Before and below us, the Apennines stretched out their arms into a vast amphitheatre of mountains, covered with waving woods, studded thickly with towns and villages, and over canopied by a sky of the most brilliant blue. Close at hand were agreeable faces, and nice, dry, clean turf to recline upon. So as many of us as smoked stretched ourselves on the grass, lighted our cigars, and puffed up clouds of fragrance, which the ladies did not dislike in the open air. The reader will, of course, know what I mean by that drowsy, dreamy state of existence which is induced by smoking after breakfast or dinner. Your whole nervous system is brought into complete harmony. Not a single fibre is too tightly braced, or too relaxed; and, like the opium-eater of Lebanon, you fancy yourself in Paradise or the Indies.

But the happiness of one of our party, at least, was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a man in military costume, who took a chair, and sat down by himself to breakfast. He wore the Austrian uniform, and appeared to eye us with so much attention that my Milanese friend became alarmed, and turned very pale. He did not doubt he should be arrested in a few minutes, and marched back towards Lombardy. His lips, therefore, while they held the cigar, trembled visibly, though he puffed away fiercely in order to hide his agitation. To help him out as far as possible, I talked to him of things indifferent; and, with the aid of my friend, the English captain, betrayed him occasionally into a laugh, which, however, was only one of those laughs that pass over the surface of the mind when it is filled with bitterness to the core.

The Austrian ate on, occasionally playing with the pommel of his sword, but seldom withdrawing his eyes from us, even while stirring his coffee. When breakfast was over, he also lighted a cigar, and, taking up his chair, drew near us, politely requesting to be allowed to join our circle.

This was the unkindest cut of all; for my friend the Carbonaro now felt sure it was all over with him, and looked incessantly round, with the utmost anxiety, to see in what direction he could best make a bolt of it. The Austrian, meanwhile, took no notice of his perturbation, but smoked and

talked in the phlegmatic manner characteristic of his countrymen. Presently he rose to take his leave, and went away without having diminished the number of our friendly circle.

LI.

We then resumed our journey; and, having lunched and dined on the way, arrived in the evening at a lovely village, the name of which I entirely forget. It was situated, however, high up in the mountains; so that, as night came on, we felt the cold, biting air, just as one feels it in the Alps, and were right glad, on entering the inn parlour, to find a blazing fire on the hearth.

Here we supped; and the captain and I sat talking by the chimney-corner long after the rest of the company had retired to bed. He was a remarkably pleasant companion, full of stories and anecdotes, by his manner of relating which he amused me greatly. Most of them turned on incidents which had occurred during his residence in the Swiss château. But I can scarcely venture to tell them again, so much of the interest depended on his manner, on the tone of his voice, and on the earnest, half-confidential air he assumed during the narration. We had each just lighted a fresh cigar, and stirred the fire up into a rich, warm blaze, when, drawing his chair closer to mine—

"I will tell you a story," said he, "about my

château, and the singular mistress of it. She was an old lady, proud of her birth, who remembered, with wonderful accuracy, the achievements of her ancestors, and could trace back her lineage beyond the earliest of the crusades.

"Observing me to be rather addicted to astronomy, she took it into her head that I must also be an astrologer and a conjuror, and was fully persuaded I was an adept in all the mysteries of the black art. She inhabited one wing of the château, the remainder of which she had let to me, at a rent much below its value, merely for the pleasure of having a neighbour with whom she could sometimes converse.

"One winter night, very late, my man François came into my study, to inform me that Madame la Comtesse wanted to speak with me.

"'Show her in,' said I; and, with the word, I got up to receive her.

"She entered with a most stately air. I presented her a chair by the fire, and began, as an Englishman always does, to talk about the weather, and other agreeable things of that sort. This was evidently not the topic upon which the Countess wished to converse. She therefore stopped me short, and said,—

"'Excuse me, monsieur; but I come to consult you on a subject of the utmost importance, which, with your permission, I will at once explain.'

I said I should be happy to hear whatever she to communicate. She then proceeded :—

(I.)

'One of my ancestors was a distinguished knight, , having fought in the Holy Land, and amassed t treasure by plundering the infidels, proceeded wards to Constantinople, and there, in a cer- church, now become a mosque, buried beneath rticular stone an immense treasure in gold and ls. I have here in my hand a manuscript, in h all the particulars of the transaction are re- ; but, unfortunately, it is imperfect, the name e church and the mosque being no longer to und in it.'

She then handed me the parchment roll, en in Arabic, and accompanied by a French lation. It was evidently very old, and pro- y dated as far back as the period of the ides. I glanced through it, and then inquired hat way I could be of service to her in this er. It struck me that she wanted me to a pilgrimage to Constantinople, to recover this th for her. I was mistaken; her wish was very ent. She only desired that, through my ledge of the language of the stars, I should l to her the name of the mosque in which the ure lay buried; upon which, old as she was, ould herself proceed to the Ottoman capital,

and there take the necessary steps for recovering possession of it.

"It was with much difficulty I preserved my gravity; but I assured her that my intimacy with the stars was by no means so great as she imagined, and that it would be difficult, or, perhaps, impossible for me to discover the name of the mosque in question. I was resolved, however, to humour her, because convinced she must be mad.

"'Well,' said the Countess, after a short pause, 'we will discuss that matter another time. At present, I have a different favour to ask. In one of the vaults of this castle, I have a chest filled with gold and silver; and when I am absent, two small white serpents usually take their station on the lid, to protect the treasure. Lately, however, these faithful guardians of my property have disappeared; and I am now desirous that, during a visit which I must pay to Paris, you should take charge of the chest.'

"'Instead of the serpents?' I inquired, involuntarily.

"'Yes,' she gravely replied. 'Come, monsieur, follow me.'

"So saying, she rose, and taking up a candle from the table, proceeded towards the door; upon which I also rose, and followed her, fully persuaded that she required a straight-waistcoat immediately. Proceeding from room to room, traversing long corridors, ascending and descending staircases,

moving beneath turrets and archways, we at length reached the vault, the door of which she opened with a large key, previously concealed beneath her apron. When we entered, she turned round and locked the door carefully behind us; then taking from her girdle three other keys, she inserted them in the chest, and turning them one after another, the lid flew open; and, sure enough, it was full of silver and gold.

"'This,' said the old lady, 'is what I wish you to take charge of for me.'

"'But, dear madam,' said I, 'it is dangerous to entrust all this property with a stranger. Have you no relative with whom you could more safely deposit the money?'

"'I have a nephew,' she replied, with a smile; 'but it is to see him that I am going to Paris—and for the rest, I can put entire confidence in you, if you will permit me.'

"'Well, madam,' I replied, 'if it affords you any pleasure, I shall be most happy to become the successor of the serpents. Tell me, however, before I do so, what amount of money the chest contains?"

"'Just fifteen thousand pounds sterling; neither more nor less.'

"I felt uneasy. It was impossible I should count the money; and, as there was clearly a flaw in her understanding, I could not be sure she would not, on her return, imagine she had left

sixteen thousand, and call me to account for the difference. However, it was impossible, without rudeness, to escape from the difficulty; so I determined, at all hazards, to become the guardian of her treasure—and having expressed myself to that effect, we quitted the vault.

(II.)

"In two or three days the Countess departed from the château. Whether or not she ever went to Paris is more than I can say. Weeks and months passed over, and I received no letter from her. I began to feel uneasy. She had disappeared in a mysterious manner; and should she in any way have come by her death, I might, for aught I knew, have lain under the suspicion of having hastened her departure across the Styx.

"Spring came, and summer followed, and still no news of the Countess. As I was sitting one fine evening in the park, on a camp-stool, at the foot of a huge linden-tree, smoking a cigar, and puffing its fragrant clouds over the head of a huge St. Bernard dog that lay at my feet, I was made sensible of the approach of a stranger by Carlo's giving a sudden growl.

"'Be quiet, old fellow,' said I; and then, looking up, I saw a dark man, of sinister aspect, at the distance of about ten paces. He did not wait to be questioned respecting his business.

"'I am come,' said he, glancing respectfully at

the dog, 'from Madame la Comtesse, and am desirous of saying a few words to you in private.'

"He was, as I now found, an Italian, and, as I conjecture, must have served many years among the brigands of the Apennines; for a more accomplished cut-throat, in appearance at least, never crossed my path.

"'We may be private enough here,' said I, 'so you can explain your business at once.'

"He made no reply, but looked timidly at Carlo.

"'I see, friend, you are afraid of the dog,' I observed; 'but there is no necessity.'

"I then ordered Carlo to rise, and go and lie down under another tree which I pointed out to him; this he immediately did, keeping his eyes, however, all the while fixed upon my visitor.

"The Italian now came close to me, said his name was Mazzio, and that he was come from the Countess to remove and convey to Paris a chest with three locks, which lay in a certain vault, known, as he said, to me.

"'But, friend,' I inquired, 'have you any written order?'

"He replied that he had not.

"'Then you shall not touch the chest,' said I, 'nor any one else, till the Countess herself arrives.'

"'But should the Countess never make her appearance?' observed he, with a significant grin.

"'Why, in that case, I will deliver it up to her lawful heir.'

"'That is to me, signor; I am her lawful heir.'

"'You may be so; but I shall require you to prove it, before I deliver up my trust.'

"His lip quivered, he turned a little pale, and felt in his bosom, as if for a poniard. I was convinced he had murdered the Countess, and was now come to get possession of his booty. But how he could have obtained a knowledge of the chest, it puzzled me to conjecture.

"'And where did you leave the Countess?' I inquired, perceiving he was not inclined to break silence.

"'It does not signify,' said he.

"'But, friend,' I exclaimed, 'it does signify; and unless you explain at once, I shall take you into custody, under suspicion of having murdered her.'

"'No, you won't, signor,' replied the fellow, drawing a stiletto from under his waistcoat. 'I will silence you with this first.'

"He was a robust, brawny-looking ruffian, with a most unpleasant twinkle about the eyes; while I am not, as you see, a very powerful man. But I had an ally at hand whose presence he had forgotten. As soon as Carlo noticed the change in the tone of our voices, he crept stealthily towards the spot, and the moment Mr. Mazzio drew forth his dagger, sprang and seized him by the collar.

and had him at his full length on the ground in a twinkling. In the sudden surprise he dropped the stiletto, which I picked up, and then desiring Carlo to let go his hold, bade my worthy get up and walk out of the grounds.

"'Or stay,' said I; 'I had better get you escorted.

"I then whistled loudly; and François, and two or three sturdy Swiss grooms, came running towards us.

"Seize this fellow,' said I. 'He is a robber and an assassin. We must get him hanged, if possible.'

"Signor Mazzio now became alarmed, and entreated me, for the love of heaven, not to send him to prison.

"'The Countess,' said he, 'is alive, and in good health, and will be here this very night. I am her nephew's valet, and, having accidentally overheard of the existence of the chest in the vault, it struck me I could make a better use of its contents than her ladyship. So now, do let me go! I should die if I were compelled to face her.'

"'Not quite so fast, friend,' said I; 'it will be time enough to let you go when I am perfectly sure of her safety. I shall, therefore, keep you shut up in a strong room in the château; and as soon as I ascertain the fact by the testimony of my own eyes, you shall have my permission to make yourself scarce, if you please.'

"This was done; and late in the same evening the Countess, to my great relief, did, sure enough, arrive. She was too much fatigued for me to think of touching upon the chest that night. But next morning, on my mentioning the subject, she observed with a smile—

"'You are an English gentleman. That is enough. If I had remained absent seven years, I should have felt no apprehension for my property, had it been ten times as great; and, to convince you of the reality of my confidence, I shall not visit or unlock the chest until a full year and a day after you have left this château, whenever that may be.'

"I returned her the keys, and have not the slightest doubt that she kept her word. Meanwhile, however, I ought to say I had suffered Signor Mazzio to effect his escape, though I was careful to relate to the Countess what happened, that she might not afterwards receive him into her service, which she would, otherwise, have been very apt to do."

LII.

Wherever the empire of Christianity extends, there is a peculiar beauty about the Sunday. The bustle of business, the toil of labour, the anxieties of the world, seem to have been withdrawn from the face of the earth, and a calm, sweet, serene

atmosphere of peace to have been substituted for them. The very sun in great cities shines more brightly, because its rays are not obstructed by the smoke of furnaces, factories, and so on. Everybody feels that it is a day of rest; and whoever has a spark of religion in him, is deeply conscious that around him, on all sides, the sweet incense of prayer, from millions of lips, is ascending through the air, and purifying and sanctifying it.

Oh! how precious is the repose of that day. The poor look forward to it as to a renewal of life, as to a season of special blessing, when they shall have leisure to recruit their strength of mind and body for encountering the toils and difficulties of the ensuing week. Then, too, they will surely hear the voice of glad tidings, "peace on earth, and good will towards men." There is a solemn hush in the storm of worldly passions over the whole Christian world, amid which the still small voice of devotion is everywhere heard more or less distinctly.

Let all those, therefore, who are toil-worn and oppressed, bless the divine institution of the Sabbath, which brings to many, if not to all, glimpses of a better world, and opens by the wayside fountains of hope and gladness to refresh them during their weary pilgrimage towards Heaven.

On awaking in the morning I experienced all the delicious effects of sleeping on the summits of mountains. On throwing open the casement,

which the chambermaid, unknown to me, had closed in the evening, I felt the in-rushing of the cool air inexpressibly exhilarating. It was laden, also, with the sound of distant bells, which seemed to say, like the muezzin's voice from the minaret, "Arise, ye faithful, and pray; prayer is better than sleep!" And this, surely, is the conviction of universal humanity. The oldest of the Greek poets represents prayer as so many daughters of heaven, destined to move over the earth in the wake of crime, obliterating its footsteps as they go.

All nations, in all ages, feeling their dependence on some unseen power, have dropped upon their knees instinctively, and turned up their faces towards heaven, in the hope of catching a blessing from thence. And never is human nature so grand or beautiful as in this attitude, which links, as it were, the two worlds together, brings down heaven to earth, or lifts up earth to heaven, fuses spirit and matter, and makes an imperfect material creature a fit companion for seraphs.

At the door of the breakfast parlour I met the ladies.

"Do you go to mass to-day?" they inquired.

"I go to church," was my reply.

"And afterwards," exclaimed the Captain, who was just then descending the stairs, "I trust we shall all stroll out into the woods, to enjoy one of the loveliest walks in Christendom."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Madame B—, "I love walking in woods, it is so refreshing to the spirit."

LIII.

I know not how it was, but after breakfast, instead of accompanying our female travellers to mass, I went out with the Dalmatian and the Milanese to see the village. While the church-bells were going busily, we walked up one street and down another, talking, laughing, and enjoying the cheerful sunshine. The church-goers in that secluded place were not numerous, though they probably included all the inhabitants, old and young, who proceeded with cheerful and glad faces to offer up the tribute of their devotion to Heaven.

At the bottom of a street, about half-a-mile from the church, we met a young lady proceeding thitherward, and leading a little girl, about nine years old, by the hand. When we had approached near enough to see her face distinctly, the words, "*Oh Dio santo!*" burst from the lips of the Milanese. The Dalmatian and I were silent. We walked on, and passed the lady, who moved, like a celestial vision, up the hill. Never since or before have I seen beauty so perfect. No Madonna ever painted by Raffaelle, no Aphrodite ever sculptured by the Hellenic chisel, could equal it. To enjoy another look, we turned round, ascended rapidly

the hill, and then came leisurely down again. This we repeated three times; and, as we last went by, I thought I saw her smile, not with pity, or contempt, or scorn, but apparently with surprise.

Her costume was in itself, to the last degree, graceful. It consisted of an amber-coloured satin dress, open in the front, with a rich lace chemisette over the bosom, and a fine full petticoat of white muslin. On her head was the Genoese veil, supported on the forehead by a comb, and descending in waving folds almost to the feet.

Her hair, the most exquisite auburn, fell loosely over her shoulders in large natural ringlets, unconfined below by anything; but, behind the comb, a singular ornament of plaited white satin, broad above but narrowing towards both ends, came down the side of the face, and was tied with white ribbon under the chin. Her eyes were of the richest and brightest blue; her features regular as those of Venus herself, harmonised by an expression of unearthly softness and serenity. Her look was upturned, her gait quiet, and there was an air of reverence about her, scarcely belonging to this every-day world. Not a glance, not a movement betrayed in her the slightest consciousness of her surpassing loveliness. She seemed as innocent as Eve before the fall.

I quitted my companions, and followed her at a distance to the church. When I entered, she was

already on her knees, with her arms crossed upon her breast, in the attitude of profound devotion. The light of one of the richly painted windows fell across her figure, illuminating it and surrounding it with a sort of glory. Her prayers found no vent in words. Silent as a statue, she looked up towards Heaven, absorbed in ecstatic devotion, and forgetful evidently of all below.

I paid no attention to the words of the mass—my eyes were fixed on her; and this I trust was pardonable, as I could never again hope to see anything so beautiful among God's creatures.

Some such vision must have dawned upon Raffaelle's mind, and formed the prototype of those virgins whose celestial loveliness still adorns the walls of churches and palaces, and imparts a charm, as it were, to the whole face of Europe. I would give much to know that woman's fate. Is she happy? Did she, or could she, find any one worthy of her; or did religion detach her from earth, and convert her into one of the brides of Heaven?

However this may have been, I felt that it was good for me to be there; and ever since, sleeping or waking, the image of that face beams at times upon my fancy, refreshing and invigorating it.

LIV.

The preacher that day was a Franciscan friar, clad in a loose brown hair-cloth shirt, with a rope about his waist. He was barefoot and bareheaded, and had a countenance of singular elevation and nobleness. His text was extraordinary: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." I felt in a moment that he was no ordinary man.

He should have preached before statesmen—he should have addressed himself to the great ones of this world, to rouse them from their lethargy, and make them feel how awful a thing it is to sport with the destinies of the human race, and defraud our brethren of their birthright. I may, without the least risk of misemploying it, apply the epithet "holy" to that friar. He stood removed far above all the temptations and weaknesses of this earth.

"I have no ambition," said he. "I ask in this world nothing, even of God himself, but my daily bread, and his merciful forgiveness. Did I say, nothing? Yes, I daily and hourly pray for one thing more, namely, to behold this beloved land of Italy flooded with the light of knowledge—of that knowledge of the truth which maketh free, which lifteth man above chains and oppression, which rendereth him humble indeed, and, at an infinite distance, something like unto the God who made

him. Oh! my brethren, pray for freedom—for the deliverance of Italy. Pray that He who teacheth the day-spring from on high to know its place, may roll away the darkness from the face of this country, and once more pronounce the revivifying words, 'Let there be light!'

"Religion, my brethren, without knowledge, is only a vile superstitition, than which nothing is more unpleasing to God. Our happiness here and hereafter consists entirely in the knowledge of Him who is the well-spring of all other knowledge. Toil, therefore, without ceasing, that you may become worthy to possess the light which lighteth man to liberty."

Much more to this effect did he say, in that sonorous, musical language of which even despotism cannot deprive the Italians. I could have embraced the friar with all my heart. I felt the yearnings of a brother towards him. He remembered, then, that Rome of old was a Republic, and that all Italy shared the freedom of the Eternal City; and was content with bread and a hair-cloth shirt so that he might enjoy the privilege of diffusing sacred light around him like a star. Age and the love of truth had crowned him with majesty; and, doubtless, he has long ere this been gathered to his fathers, where he heareth not the voice of the oppressor, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

LV.

I found the Captain seated at the inn door, beneath a trellised roof of vines, smoking a huge cigar, with a bottle of rich wine before him.

"Here you are, my boy!" cried he. "Come, let me fill you a bumper, just to put you in good humour for our long walk. Where are your lady friends? Gone to mass! It must be a charming thing that same mass, for my ladies, though Protestants, are off to enjoy it. But *ecco!* here they come. Well, ladies, are you peckish after church, or shall we start at once."

Everybody voted that we should lunch first, and then take our dinner out into the woods, where the Captain, proud of his local knowledge, said he would show us a mountain tarn, on the margin of which we could dine delightfully. I am sadly afraid the reader will take me for an Epicurean, from my constant reference to breakfasts, dinners, &c.: but he must excuse me. The meal forms part of the recollection of the place where it was eaten, and I cannot easily recall the one without the other.

LVI.

The Dalmatian and Milanese were found enjoying a nap in the garden; but the Hanoverian had disappeared, possibly preferring a lonely walk to our society. The Swiss were getting tipsy in a bower close at hand, from which clouds of smoke issued between the vine leaves, mingled with a roar of bacchanalian songs intermixed, occasionally, with ornamental oaths.

We started on foot, our dinner following us on an ass, driven by the son of the master of the inn. The Captain's family consisted of a daughter aged sixteen, and her governess, with whom Madame B—— and Carlotta took on this occasion a fancy to walk. The Captain and I led the van, and the Dalmatian and the Carbonaro, with the everlasting cigar in their mouths, followed close at our heels, now and then, as the track widened, deploying to the right and left, and taking up their station on our flanks. All the other ladies were dressed quite in the ordinary way: but Carlotta's costume on this occasion was so curious, that I shall endeavour to describe it.

Over a robe of purple velvet she wore a short pelisse of light blue silk, bordered with white fur. Her dress was fastened in front with agraffes of pearl, almost close up to the throat; these termi-

nated with the glittering of a diamond necklace, which issued on both sides from beneath masses of luxuriant hair. At the wrists, long, full sleeves of lace shaded the fair, gloveless hand, which, in the sun, was covered with the furred lappet of the pelisse. Her delicate white bonnet, sufficiently large to shelter her face from the glare, was ornamented in the inside with a wreath of oak leaves and silver acorns, which produced the most extraordinary effect, especially when lighted up by her bright blue eyes. Carlotta's lips were the reddest in the world, and her teeth as white as ivory. When she spoke, therefore, and smiled, it was impossible to resist looking at her. Her chin was dimpled, and though there was habitually little colour in her face, it became flushed with walking, and then looked radiant with joy and health.

LVII.

Our walk (though the woods) was delicious. There was sufficient light and air to nourish, on all sides, a delicate turf, half grass, half moss, on which the foot fell almost noiselessly. It was like a Persian carpet. The trunks of the trees, of all forms and dimensions, supporting an impenetrable canopy of leaves, were thinned towards the edge of the glades, and allowed chequered patterns of sunshine to descend upon the greensward.

The most solemn stillness prevailed around, till it was broken by our merry laugh, and the dialogues held by Giovanni with his ass, whom he alternately scolded and flattered to keep his courage up.

In one place we had to cross a dark stream by means of stepping-stones. A little to our left, a patch of sunshine fell upon the water, which danced and glittered as it flowed along, like a liquid mirror rippled by the breeze. On the right, it plunged beneath umbrageous trees, which barely allowed us to catch a glimpse of its meanderings, as it flowed silently towards the Mediterranean.

LVIII.

Giovanni here took it into his head that the rivulet was too deep for the ass, which he accordingly wished to coax over the stepping-stones. The animal for a long time resisted. Ultimately, however, yielding to the logic of a stout cudgel, he undertook the task; but upon reaching a broad stone in mid-channel, stood still, obstinately determined neither to advance nor retreat. We trembled for our dinner. Giovanni, a boy of about fourteen, now saw clearly he had made a false move. The stone was of considerable height, the panniers were heavy, the ass obstinate, and his halter very weak. What was to be done? We were averse

to cruelty—yet our appetites informed us forcibly that we must dine. Our Milanese cut the Gordian knot by snatching the cudgel from the hands of Giovanni, and dealing the ass so tremendous a blow on the crupper, that he could no longer hesitate, but plunging down into the stream, made his way to land in the best way he could.

One or two bottles were cracked in the operation, and, to our inexpressible disappointment, shed their rich contents into the stream. However, there was no help for it, so on we went till we reached the banks of the tarn, literally a mountain gem; so beautiful was its situation, so magnificent the cliffs arising from it on all sides, save the narrow gap by which we had entered into the basin.

Just figure to yourself a sheet of water about half-a-mile in circumference, with precipices, several hundred feet high, sloping upwards from its edge, and terminating in crags and pinnacles, in some places pointed as needles. Wherever a scrap of earth would allow vegetation to take root, there small trees and shrubs feathered the acclivity, trembling and waving their variegated foliage over the abyss. It was, doubtless, an ancient crater; and fiery lava had hissed and boiled where that peaceful lake now spread, glittering in the sun.

LIX.

We sat down on large stones close to the water's edge, and, taking out our solid materials, with the bottles which remained, set about enjoying ourselves after the true English fashion, the Captain presiding, as his experience entitled him to do. There were roast fowls, and small birds, delicious cold salmon, preserved fruits, jellies, and pastry, with wines of every hue and flavour. Everybody contributed a good keen appetite; and Madame B——, in particular, made great way with the fowls, for which she evidently entertained a striking partiality. The other ladies, also, performed their parts well; nor did any of us shrink from the wine, which circulated in profusion, till we were all in the best possible humour.

I should observe that Giovanni was not excluded from our circle; and as, of course, he could not be separated from his companion, he also petitioned for the admission of the ass, which, as he expressed it, ate bread and drank wine like a Christian.

LX.

We all of us noticed a very extraordinary ledge of rock, projecting from between two pinnacles, above three hundred feet, at least, over our heads.

"That ledge," said Giovanni, "was not long

ago the scene of a sad tragedy, which plunged the whole of this neighbourhood into grief.

"There was a brigand in the mountains, who often disguised himself, and descended to our village to purchase provisions. On one of these occasions he saw a beautiful girl, the daughter of a vine-grower, who lives close to our house; and, being a lawless person, he determined to steal her away.

"It was not, however, so easy to put his design into execution; for the young girl seldom went out after dark, and in the day time it would have been next to impossible to effect his purpose, there were so many persons stirring.

"But there is an old proverb, which says, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' The brigand descended at night to the village, bringing along with him a small ladder, which he had himself constructed. This he placed against one of the windows of our neighbour's house, and climbing up hastily, forced open the casement, and entered a bed-room, which was that of the father and mother. Here he had the audacity to kindle a lamp, by means of a flint and steel which he had brought with him. He then drew a large pistol from his pocket, and, approaching the bed, determined to shoot them both should they awake. Sound sleep, however, preserved their lives.

"He then proceeded into the next room, where he found the young woman's brother, a stout

young man, of about five-and-twenty. He also was asleep, for it was past midnight.

" In the room adjoining, the brigand found the girl, over whose mouth he passed a tight bandage, tying it firmly behind the head. By doing this he awakened her, but she could not speak; and, holding the pistol to her breast, he swore if she made the slightest noise he would shoot her on the spot.

" He then took her in his arms, and carried her, struggling, through her father and mother's bed-room; and, getting out through the window, descended the ladder, where he placed her on her feet, and seizing her by the arm, forced her along.

" A neighbour, who happened at this moment to be looking out through her window, saw the young girl making desperate efforts to disentangle herself from the brigand's grasp; and, in the contest, the bandage fell off her mouth. She then shouted with all her might, waked her father, mother, and brother, together with several neighbours, who all immediately rushed out to give chase.

" The bandit now once more snatched her in his arms, and succeeded in effecting his escape into the woods. How he forced her along is not known; but her cries directed the pursuit for some time. At length, however, she became silent, and it was feared that he had killed her.

" The night passed on, and the dawn began to break, when the ruffian and his shivering captive

were seen high up among the rocks, making, as it was supposed, towards his cave. The pursuit now recommenced with fresh alacrity. Father, brother, and neighbours, climbed the rocks, spreading themselves so as to encompass the brigand on all sides, and to force him towards yonder precipice, where, it was thought, he must of necessity surrender. Powerful as he was, he gradually became exhausted, by being forced from time to time to carry his captive in his arms. His exertions, therefore, slackened: and the villagers approached nearer and nearer.

"In order to intimidate them, he drew one of his pistols, and fired. No one was hurt; but, with the second, he shot the brother, who fell, staggering, into his father's arms. The neighbours, now seeing that blood had been shed, likewise grew ferocious, and rushing against the villain, determined to take his life. He retreated towards yonder ledge, and threatened them that, if they did not stand still, he would plunge over it, with the girl in his arms.

"They treated this as a vain menace intended to arrest their progress; but the girl, who had by this time learned the character of the captor, entreated them to desist. She shuddered, and shrunk back from the dreadful death before her. Underneath, there were several hundred feet of rock, and a deep lake. The head, as you must feel, gentlemen, turns giddy even in looking up; you may easily

conceive, therefore, what it must be to look down from that tremendous height.

"But the blood of the villagers was heated. They dashed forward, the brigand still waving them back with his hand, and uttering the most fearful threats and imprecations. Every instant, he drew nearer and nearer the edge of the abyss. His face grew pale with rage. He seized the girl by the hair of her head; he shook his clenched fist at his pursuers; he foamed at the mouth like a mad dog; and then, mustering up all his force and all his fury, plunged with his victim over the ledge; and, whirling about in the air, and bounding from crag to crag, they were presently dashed upon the slope which sinks yonder into the lake.

"Their bodies were immediately found, indescribably mutilated and disfigured; and the brother and sister, the only hopes of their parents, were buried in one grave. A hole in the mountain received the corpse of the murderer. The mother lost her senses, and may still every day be seen sitting at her door, asking the passers-by, if they have seen Bianca, and if they can tell her when she will come back. Her husband lives to watch over her; and there is not an individual in the whole country round who does not pause to cast a pitying blessing on Bianca's mother, and on the husband who so tenderly watches over her."

LXI.

The reader will, I trust, excuse me for not entering here into the military history of the Bocchetta, and telling him how the Imperialists forced it in 1746, and thus opened themselves a way to Genoa. All this sort of information may be obtained elsewhere. I only undertake to describe my own movements, with what I saw, felt, and heard. It belongs to learned travellers to enter minutely into the annals of former generations, and relate the fortunes of all the cities and countries through which they pass. My task is a much humbler one, and I cheerfully abandon to them all the honour and profit to be derived from the grandiose style of writing.

It will be understood that we did not remain all night on the borders of the tarn, but returned early to our inn, where we enjoyed the luxury of a hot supper. Some physicians, I believe, condemn this meal as the prolific parent of nightmare, apoplexy, and what not. But I like it, nevertheless, especially when it is eaten in company with pleasant people, whose voices, looks, and smiles impart to it a better relish than the finest sauce.

On the present occasion we had an immense treat, fresh trout and grayling, known to our neighbours by the poetic name of *ombre chevalier* —I suppose because of its darting through clear

streams like a shadow. These delicate fish, nicely fried, and served up like Turkish cabobs, hissing hot, appeared much to the taste of all present. The Captain pronounced them magnificent; and Madame B———, in all such matters quite his echo, protested she had never tasted anything so good in her life. Carlotta was much of the same opinion. The rest of the party, no way inclined to get up a controversy on the subject, agreed with them to a tittle. So we ate and were very merry, as people should be who have nothing on their consciences.

It would be wrong, however, to grant a monopoly of praise to the fish, since the wine was no less deserving of commendation. It sparkled in the glasses like liquid amber, and diffused around a delicious aroma, enough of itself to intoxicate a poet. Let no one misunderstand me if I confess I love wine. Not for its own sake—God forbid!—but for that of the agreeable things to which it gives birth among pleasant people. It operates like moral sunshine on the human countenance; it adds fresh brightness to the brightest eyes; and as it lies cradled in glittering crystal, appears half conscious of the ideas it is capable of inspiring. No philosopher, I admit, has yet discovered the way in which it impregnates the brain, and calls into being swarms of gorgeous fancies, flashes of fiery wit, modifications of grotesque and comic humour, that set the table in a roar.

But though the metaphysics of the affair may baffle us, we cannot be at all mistaken respecting the plain matter of fact. Half the literature of the old world owes its charms to wine. How the poets revel in the subject! How they boast of those "*noctes cœnoque deorum*" over which the Falernian sheds its perfume, and where the Chian, or Mareotic, imparted fresh wings to the imagination! And yet I dare say, they were all in reality as sober as quakers, and drank chiefly out of those fabulous bowls which were served up to the gods of Olympos.

LXII.

It is to be hoped the reader, especially if a lady, is of a tolerant disposition; otherwise, I shall scarcely obtain forgiveness for my frequent introduction of cigars. But how can one draw a true picture if he omit the principal figure? And where smokers are assembled, your cigar, like the Zeus of the old Orphic hymn-writer, is first, last, and middle. At all events, as soon as we began to feel ourselves comfortable after supper, the Captain brought out his case, filled with choice *Los dos Amigos*, and politely handed it round. No one, of course, refused the proffered weed. Experience had taught us that the ladies cherished no hostility to the practice; so we all lighted at once, and were soon enveloped in an ambrosial

cloud, as thick, if not as fragrant, as that in which the Πατὴρ θεῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων embraced Hera on Olympos.

Who that had seen us then, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, as serene, pacific, and dreamy as opium-eaters, would ever have imagined the topic which Até threw in, like the apple of discord, among us. Military men are often great theologians, it being a rule in this world, that people always best like to talk about what they do not understand. Our Captain possessed this fine quality, and being, of course, a Protestant, contrived—heaven knows how?—to engage us all in a discussion on the comparative merits of the two churches.

As might have been expected, the Carbonaro looked down with supreme contempt on all churches and, indeed—which is a very different thing—on all religions also. He had been taught, poor fellow, to believe that complete liberty is only to be attained by emancipating the mind from all its preconceived notions, whether true or false; and his creed, accordingly, was the most compendious imaginable, since he believed nothing; but, like another person of our acquaintance, who shall here be nameless, had not a metaphysical head, and, therefore, though he argued a great deal, there was nothing in it.

He had read La Mettrie, and the "Système de la Nature," peeped into Kant, and Hegel

Fichte, and Schelling, and amused himself occasionally with Vanini and Giordano Bruno. He had, accordingly, a great deal to say, and said it with an easy dogmatism, well calculated to impose upon the ignorant.

With this redoubtable young gentleman, the Captain, in one of his airy mental excursions, came into collision.

LXIII.

But materialism is an unfruitful and uninviting topic; and to my very great relief, the Dalmatian adroitly shifted the ground of argument, and brought it round to the chances of Catholicism.

He thought, not without some reason, that there is a fashion in religion as in other things, and that in the history of the world, faiths come in and out like ruffs and farthingales, though sometimes under new names; but Catholicism he maintained to be the creed best adapted to the wants of man in this world, made up as it is of mystery, dogmatism, and an incessant appeal to the sensibilities of our nature. Its mysteries are calculated to excite and keep alive our curiosity; its dogmatism subdues our will; its poetical character addresses itself to our imaginations, and transports us into a world of soft illusions infinitely delightful to the mind.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the Captain, "what signifies this if it be false, as I maintain it

to be. It has had its day, however, and is now dying out. People fancy they see tokens of revival in England, France, and elsewhere, because a few mystical priests and clergymen, eager for ecclesiastical domination, are labouring to diffuse an artificial enthusiasm for niches, wax tapers, high altars, beads, copes, and dalmatics. But does the history of mankind afford one single example of the resuscitation of an old creed? No, sir, a religion, once dead, is dead for ever."

"But can a religion be dead," interposed Carlotta, "when it has an altar in every heart—when it places us, morning and evening, on our knees—when it begets hourly in us a fresh sense of dependence on Heaven, and a constant desire to do whatever is best for those around us?"

"My dear young lady," replied the Captain, "it is Christianity, not Catholicism, which doe that."

"They are the same thing," said Carlotta.

"Exactly," exclaimed the Carbonaro.

Madame B—— felt much perplexed. In some respects, she liked the heretical Captain; but as her understanding had always been in priestly leading-strings, she thought that however pleasant he might be in this world, he would certainly be damned in the next. However, it was for this world, and not the next, that she desired to marry him; and therefore she dissembled her condemnation of his heresy, and adroitly led us back to

more pleasant topics, for which I felt deeply indebted to her.

It was, indeed, full time, since, with the exception of the ladies, everybody had begun to wear a controversial aspect, and to look as fierce and threatening as two bulls before a herd of cows in a meadow. Even the influence of *Los dos Amigos* might not have sufficed to keep us friends. Man's religion or irreligion is his private property, and therefore he feels excessively sore when other people rudely trespass upon it. Indeed, we are as jealous of it as we are of our wives, and are quite as ready to resent an insult offered to it.

Doubly valuable, therefore, was the politic interposition of Madame B——, and long may she enjoy the blessing which attaches to the peacemaker. Fresh cigars were lighted, fresh bumpers filled up; and when at last we parted for the night, it was as the best friends in the world. We had steered nicely between Scylla and Charybdis, and retired to bed not only whole in bones, but with whole tempers. It was a controversy spoiled.

LXIV.

As the reader is, of course, well acquainted with the Anabasis, he will remember with what rapture the Greek soldiers beheld, from the summit of certain mountains, the broad, glittering expanse of the Euxine, and how they rushed forward, brandishing

their spears and clashing their shields, exclaiming, "*Θάλαττα, θάλαττα*," ("The sea! the sea!") I am not ashamed to say that I experienced something of the same delight when, from the summit of the Bocchetta, I caught the first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Inexpressibly bright and blue was its surface; but it was not its brightness, it was not its colour, that acted like a spell on the imagination. It was the thousand associations that had been created in my mind ever since boyhood, that lent to the aspect of it so powerful a charm. All the glory of the Roman Republic seemed to be unrolled upon its bosom. The galleys which bore the men who conquered the world, and put their democratic feet upon the necks of so many kings, had ploughed those waves, which roll as freshly now before the breeze as when the prows of the early consuls dashed through them in the rapture of youthful freedom.

That sea, so beautiful in itself, is a sort of classical epic, which warms and fascinates the imagination as you gaze on it. Mythology mingles there with history, and the names of all the nations of antiquity come in turns before your memory —Pilasgians and Greeks, Tyrians and Carthaginians, Mauritanians and Romans. The poets, with their many fancies, impart the last touches to the picture, and necessarily awaken within you all the most powerful emotions of your soul.

LXV.

We now descended rapidly into the valley leading to Genoa, and followed nearly all day the course of the river, which has its *embouchure* near that city. I know not how it happened, but this was the least pleasant day of the whole journey. We had contracted something like a friendship for each other, and felt that we were here to part, some in one direction, some in another. The Milanese conspirator could not, moreover, forget what dangers and difficulties lay before him. Without a passport he could not enter Genoa; and how, without a passport, was he to embark on any ship or steamer?

These embarrassing thoughts occupied his mind, and kept him silent. The Hanoverian and Dalmatian had each his peculiar cause of anxiety. Carlotta and her mamma retreated within themselves. The Captain's family was not addicted to talking, so that the task of keeping up the ball was left entirely to him and me.

He was an old traveller, and, therefore, always endeavoured to make the most of his time. He formed no sudden likings or dislikings. He had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody, could discuss all common-place topics with fluency, regarded everybody around him as part of his amusement, and was intensely self-satisfied and

comfortable whether, when they left him, they went east or west, to the antipodes or to the devil. It mattered not a jot to him; he had seen them, he had conversed with them, and when they vanished, he thought as little of the circumstance as the dispersion of a cloud in a summer sky.

Of this philosophy he was proud; and some, perhaps, might have envied him. I confess I did not. I regret parting with people, especially if their company has given me much pleasure; and, therefore, with all the efforts I could make, I was unable to lose sight of the fact, that our delightful little party would be broken up in a few hours, and that I should have once more to be thrown amongst entire strangers.

About a mile from Genoa, the Milanese took his leave of us, shaking hands with more heartiness than I expected. He evidently felt much regret; and, as he went off, I sincerely wished success to him and his cause. I have often since then speculated, with more interest than I can account for, on the probable fate of this young man. I never knew his name, and, therefore, whether he has since risen to eminence among the Italian republicans, or met an early and obscure grave, must always remain doubtful. As he has receded from me among the mists of the past, the memory of him seems to have taken a firmer hold on my imagination. He was a daring person, loved liberty, and was ready at any moment, I believe, to throw away

his life in her cause. I consequently trust that a much greater blessing than his creed entitled him to hope for, has accompanied him, if living, or lighted up his deathbed, whether on the battle-fields of Lombardy, or in his father's house.

Presently we rattled into the streets of Genoa, stopped in the inn yard, shook hands, took our leave of each other, and, in ten minutes, I found myself in a pleasant little bed-room overlooking the sea, the breeze from which was blowing softly in at the open windows.

PART THE SECOND.

" She must not float upon her watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

LYCIDAS.

" Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams."

COLERIDGE.

" Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings."

PARADISE LOST.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

You have, of course, experienced that sudden collapse of the mind which follows on the heels of protracted excitement. Everything above, around, and below you, seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. Your coffee is bad, your supper is worse, the smoke of your cigar smells like assafœtida. When you go to bed, you can't sleep, and your waking thoughts are like so many hellish dreams.

I began to think what a fool I was to leave home, and travel thousands of miles by sea and land, just to see a river, a few old walls, obelisks, columns, and a rabble of dirty Arabs. Could not I read about them, and be contented? And then, how cruel it was to leave my wife and children, and the cholera committing frightful ravages along the frontier, and just upon the point of entering Switzerland. I should positively never see them again. For was not the plague always in Egypt? Did not the desert swarm with robbers? Were there

not crocodiles in the Nile big enough to swallow me at a single mouthful? Were there not fevers of all shades and hues in Alexandria, in Cairo, and the whole way up the valley?

It would have been much better to have thought of these things in time. And then, would my constitution hold out? Was I not already immensely fatigued? Was I not thin? Was I not feverish? Was I not, in short, utterly bedeviled?

In this pleasant frame of mind I went to bed, where, instead of enjoying sweet sleep, and getting comforted and refreshed, my torments were increased a hundredfold. No sooner had I extinguished the candle, than the enemy descended on me in myriads, in the shape of infernal mosquitoes, which stung me almost to madness. I battled with them manfully. I killed them, hundreds at a time, on my forehead and on my cheeks, till my hands and face were covered with blood. Still their numbers did not seem to be in the least diminished. They renewed the attack as long as there was a whole place left on my skin, and then stuck their stings into the wounds made by their predecessors.

If I had known Sterne's chapter of curses by heart, I would gladly have levelled it against mosquitoes and all Genoa, which I pronounced throughout the night to be one of the avenues to Tartarus. Once I fancied it would be a fine stroke of northern policy to wrap my head in the sheet; but, besides

that I should soon have been stifled on account of the heat of the room, large numbers of the foe insinuated themselves along with me under the fallacious covering, and appeared to sting me more at their ease. So, giving up all hope of sleep, and of remission from torment, there I lay, uttering all sorts of imprecations, till the dawn.

Then, however, as if by magic, every little winged devil took its flight, and I enjoyed two or three hours of exquisite sleep. When, very late in the morning, the chambermaid came to call me, she uttered a loud exclamation on seeing the state of my face, and begged a thousand pardons. It had been all her fault, she said, for, not remembering that I was a stranger, she had omitted to pull down the mosquito curtains, which had hung uselessly over my head all night. She desired me, however, to remain quietly in bed, and left the room.

Returning presently, she brought along with her a cup of delicious coffee, and a thin, white, warm liquid in a basin, in which she dipped a small bit of muslin, and bathed my forehead and face, which were dreadfully swollen. I forgot to inquire what the liquid was; but it almost immediately relieved the pain, and, in the course of half-an-hour, reduced the swelling considerably, so that I was, at all events, fit to be seen. I then got up, and dressed, and by eleven o'clock, was in the coffee-room smoking a cigar.

II.

A little, withered, old man, who sat there smoking also, asked me if I had ever been at Genoa before. I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "let me tell you of the only curiosity worthy of notice which this city contains. It is the portrait of Christopher Columbus, the most extraordinary man produced in these latter ages. I have traversed the Atlantic in his track; I have explored every island in the Gulf of Mexico; I have sailed from Cape Horn to Hudson's Bay; and my mind has all the while been filled with the image of Columbus, whose genius gave the New World to the Old."

I thanked him sincerely for his information, and asked where the portrait was to be found.

"I will take you to the house," said he. "It is at present in the possession of a priest, a very old friend of mine, who will have great pleasure in showing it to you."

"Shall we go at once?" I inquired.

"With all my heart!" cried the old sailor.

And forth we issued, puffing our cigars as we went. He inquired in what direction I was travelling; and, when I mentioned Greece and Egypt, he said he had been in both countries, had smoked a cigar on the Acropolis, bathed in the waters of Castalia, spent a night in the Catacombs, and drank from a bucket at the bottom of Joseph's Well. He was now on a voyage to the Bermudas:

but, as the ship would not sail in less than three days, he said it would afford him infinite pleasure to be useful to me in the meantime.

When we had reached our point of destination, he handed me over to the priest, and went away to transact some business in a distant quarter of the city. The priest, a jolly old fellow, whose ample, portly figure, formed a complete contrast with that of his friend, took me straight up stairs, where he withdrew a curtain from a picture, which I found to be a portrait of a woman.

"Why," said I, "this is not Christopher Columbus, but the blessed Virgin."

"It is all one," answered he; "and for the rest, I have sold the picture of the great navigator, long ago, but thought you would like to see this fine work of art, which is also for sale."

"I don't buy pictures," said I.

"It does not signify," said the priest; "you may see all I have, as, if *l'illustrissimo* signore does not purchase himself, he may know some one who does."

III.

I had gone to see Columbus, and not the Virgin Mary; who smiled on me, nevertheless, from the canvas, and in some sort reconciled me to my disappointment. I experienced at that moment the full fascination of art. A second look at that divine countenance shed a calm over my whole mind.

It was full of sweetness, full of tranquil beauty; and a light beamed from the eyes, which nothing but the touch of genius could bestow. I wished, from the bottom of my soul, I had been a picture-buyer, and could have afforded to take that gem with me to Egypt. I could have held converse with it by the way. It would have raised and purified my thoughts, and done me good in all respects.

I congratulated the priest on his possessing so fine a picture, and asked him if he knew the artist. He said he did not, but supposed it must be by some great master. I entirely agreed with him. The price he required for it, however, was very moderate. Other pictures he had, which though not equally beautiful, were no less valuable, perhaps, in a commercial point of view. We conversed on his treasures for some time; and, when I took my leave, he invited me to come again. He observed, moreover, if the sight of works of art delighted me, he would show me a church in which, to use his own expression, there was a picture worth all Genoa.

"Come to me to-morrow," said he, "and I will go with you. To-day I have some little business to transact, but I shall then be entirely at your disposal."

"What is the subject?" I inquired.

"Artemis bathing in an Arcadian fountain," said he.

I looked in his face to observe the expression of it. It was full of calmness and dignity. He thought of Artemis as of a saint. I promised to call on him next morning, and went down to take a stroll on the Mola, and just try the fresh breeze from the Mediterranean. The view of the city——

But no; I will not describe it now—another time will do better, when I shall have seen it from all points, and have studied all its aspects. Genoa stands alone among Italian capitals, for the nature of its site, and the splendour of its palaces. It is, perhaps, the finest monument existing of almost imperial magnificence in decay.

IV.

Have you ever looked upon the Mediterranean? If not, you can scarcely imagine the pleasure I felt next morning at breakfast. I took it in my bed-room, as appears to be the custom in Italy. It was, I suppose, about eight o'clock when Gianetta came in with the coffee, and all the other requisites. I was sitting at a table reading —what do you imagine? Not the "Pastor Fido," or the "Aminta," or the "Orlando Inamorato," or any other outbreak of human passion. No! I was reading the New Testament; and had just got to those verses where, in the Sermon on the Mount, Christ is pouring forth his blessings upon mankind.

I can never read or hear that sermon without

a thrill of delight, which I would denominate holy, could I venture to apply such an epithet to anything connected with my own feelings. "Blessed are the merciful," says the sermon, "for they shall obtain mercy;" and then, rising to the *ne plus ultra* of human expectation, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Shall see God? I took the book, and, turning it round, laid it gently on the table, open as it was. Plato, who had fine ideas in his way, observes, in one of his dialogues, that man's happiness consists in the knowledge of God. And how is this knowledge to be acquired? By purifying our hearts from all that is low, and mean, and selfish; or kindling the torch of love in them, so that it may burn out and destroy all the unwholesome vapours and gases that habitually prevail there, and render them clean and neat little tabernacles fit for such knowledge to dwell in.

This, I take it, is what is meant by the pure in heart. Not that we can, any of us, become entirely free from stain, but that we may learn so to love our fellow-creatures as to wish them all the good that charity itself could desire for them. All those are pure in heart who have turned selfishness out of doors. That is the cardinal pollution of humanity. When this film has been removed from our eyes, we see God everywhere, but chiefly in the love we bear towards our fellow-creatures.

V.

While Gianetta went on laying the breakfast things—which, observing I was in a meditative humour, she did softly and silently—I took up the book again, and went on with the sermon. If there be any one who can read it without being deeply moved, without feeling the delicious tears of gratitude and love beaming in his eyes, I may admire his philosophy, but can never envy him his feelings. In those divine words we discover the point of contact between heaven and earth.

"Gianetta," said I, "have you ever read the Sermon on the Mount?"

"No," answered she, "but I have heard a good friar preach upon it?"

"And what did he say?" inquired I.

"Ah, Signor!" exclaimed she, "much more than I can remember; but he concluded, I recollect, with these words, 'Little children, love one another!'"

"And do you obey the precept, Gianetta?" inquired I.

"Yes," she answered; "I love everybody!"

"Then you love me, Gianetta," I observed.

"Yes," she replied.

"There," said I, "take that book, and while I am out, read it—it will do you good. Begin with the Sermon on the Mount; and if you end with it, it is no matter—you may read it for ever."

She promised to follow my advice, and left me to enjoy my coffee. Imagine a pretty breakfast table, neatly laid out in a handsome light room, with a bed on one side, and an old-fashioned wardrobe, reaching up to the ceiling, on the other.

The window thrown wide open discovered to me the bright blue sea, its millions of leaping waves gleaming and glittering in the sunshine. It was so blue that the eye could not distinguish from the verge of the horizon where the sea ended and the sky began. Earth and heaven seemed to be united with each other. Besides, the sea has an intelligible voice in it, or rather myriads of voices; for as you listen, you can hear a gentle murmur creeping along its whole surface. And what freshness does the breeze steal from it, when, after having travelled indefatigably for thousands of miles, it just pauses, as it were, for a moment, to gambol in at your bed-room window, and out again!

I can listen for hours to the rippling and dashing of the gentle waves upon the beach. God knows how often they have been compared to the ever-moving particles in the flight of ages, every advance of which conceals some part of our existence for ever from us. The sands of our life are every moment overflowed by the unebbing waves of time, which though they look smiling as they come on, are stern and unpitying as destiny. Where now are the golden shores of youth?

Where those happy and glittering expanses, on which the eye might have dwelt in rapture for ever? Submerged beneath the flood; and the eye that saw them shall see them no more! We are devoured by time. The narrow, little isthmus we stand upon is rocked and shaken by two oceans, both ready to engulph us.

VI.

Thoughts like these engender melancholy; but it is a soft and soothing melancholy, which in the south, does not oppress one. Nature is there so genial, that we experience little reluctance to go to sleep for ever on her lap. In the north she is cold and repulsive, and your soul revolts at the idea of melting away into the elements, which seems equivalent to being bound up in thick-ribbed ice to all eternity.

Gianetta had come in and gone out several times, without my particularly noticing her. At length she entered, ushering in the priest, with whom, as I just then remembered, I was going that morning to see a picture of Artemis. Our greeting was short and hearty, much heartier than any one would suppose, who considered, in a northern sense, how little we knew of each other.

He took his seat on the other side of the table, facing the window; and Gianetta, without saying a word, fetched a cup, poured him out some coffee, and presented it to him. It was exactly what she

ought to have done, and she did it without prompting. While this little process was going on, the priest and I were busily engaged in conversation. I took quite a fancy to his jolly face and portly figure, there seemed so much repose and contentment in them both.

I know not upon what principle to explain the phenomenon, but persons generally from the north—and myself among the number—experience everywhere a sort of restlessness, which will not suffer them to be composed. We even meditate in an uneasy position, always seeming as if we were ready to dart off after the first attractive object. We even lie uneasily in our beds, as if it were not a pleasure, but a duty, with the performance of which we would willingly dispense if we could.

With the Italians, and still more with the nations bordering on the tropics, it is quite otherwise. They are always at their ease; and, waking or sleeping, throw themselves—somewhat listlessly, perhaps—into graceful and comfortable positions, which they never seem desirous of quitting.

My friend, the priest, as he sat opposite me, was a perfect embodiment of what I mean. He held himself bolt upright in his chair, and resting one hand on either knee, looked as happy as an archbishop. His black soutane reached from his neck to his feet, and a little white band of lawn depended down the breast in front, forming a sort of delicate pillow for his jolly round chin to repose

on. He had good, massive features, as most Italians have; and his dark eyes, somewhat encroached upon by fat, twinkled merrily beneath his bald, shining forehead. He was probably about sixty, but as hale and active as if he had been only forty. Our conversation, which I do not set down here, turned on the arts, to the study of which he had devoted a large portion of his life, so that he was really learned on the subject.

Presently we got up, descended the stairs, and proceeded together towards the church, where we were to behold the Arcadian goddess. Most persons who remember the history of Genoa, are struck painfully by the mournful quietness you now encounter in its streets. Its palaces are uninhabited—its markets unfrequented—its warehouses empty—its wharfs and quays neglected and dilapidated. The few people you meet seem as if they had no business to be there. I am fond of bustle, and like to encounter everywhere a repetition of the streets of London—thronged, noisy, full of life—where every man seems muttering to himself, "the devil take the hindmost." You feel that there is plenty of business and activity there; and while men are busy and active, they are happy.

Genoa, however, has had its day—has been, and ceased to be a republic; and is now the miserable prey of a miserable monarchy. No wonder, therefore, at its poverty and torpor. It has committed the worst sin in politics—it has forfeited its inde-

pendence. May dulness and desertion, therefore, continue to brood over its streets, till it shall once more resolve on dreaming the dream of liberty, which is, after all, by far the pleasantest we can dream in this world.

VII.

When we got to the church, my spirit mechanically emerged from the turmoil of politics, and experienced that soothing influence which everything connected with religion is calculated to exert. We dipped our fingers in the holy water; we touched our foreheads, and then making our way towards an elegant little chapel, stood before the picture we had come to see.

The reader will be disappointed, I know, though I was not. On the contrary, it far exceeded my expectations; but the pen—at least my pen—is inadequate to the task of translating the silent language of art into words.

That, however, was the first, and the last time I have seen the goddess Artemis. In the landscape that surrounded her—if, indeed, it could be called a landscape—there was a profusion of savage grandeur; rocks, dotted with cold pine-trees and creepers, rose on the right and left far into the bright blue sky; while in front opened a gloomy ravine, inhabited by dense shadows from huge over-arching trees. Beneath, a small pure stream went rippling and flashing over its pebbly bed, till

it was lost in the darkness. In the foreground was a small basin of the purest water, surrounded by grassy banks, enamelled with flowers.

And there stood the goddess, perfectly alone. She had undressed for the bath, but still clothed with chastity, as with a garment. Never did there exist a more triumphant representation of maiden purity. Beautiful she was in countenance, and in form: but it was the beauty of the soul, which merely seemed to have put on matter that it might become visible. The eyes were blue, the hair auburn; but instead of falling negligently over the neck and shoulders, it was gathered up in a net, tight about the head. All the form was braced, and firm as marble. No passion had ever breathed over it, to soften or relax a single fibre. Innocence and virtue were in every feature, and with these was united the most perfect sense of happiness. Her look was partly at the sky, partly at the earth, and the loveliness of both seemed to have passed into her nature, and made her indeed a goddess, If any work of human hand—if any creation of human fancy could justify idolatry, it would be the goddess Artemis—the noblest and most exquisite of mythological beings. It represented the unsullied thought of youth, the celestial harmony of the spirit, before a single breeze from the world of passion has disturbed or ruffled it.

Keats, in his "Endymion," has contemplated this goddess from an entirely different point of

view. He surrounds her with a wilderness of exquisite fancies, exalts her beauty, attributes to her infinite attractions—but all the while, consciously or unconsciously, unspheres her divine spirit and reduces her to the level of Hebe or Aphrodite. In the Hellenic conception, she was a bright particular star, twinkling for ever in unsullied purity on the brow of Heaven. In Keats, the stains of earth, the fumes of passion, frailty, timidity, concealment, obscure her brightness, and unfit her for the adoration of the unspotted soul. Keats, in fact, though possessing much genius and vivid fancy, could not elevate himself to the level of the classical idea.

"Well," exclaimed my friend the priest, when we had gazed for some time on the picture in silence, "is not that a work worthy of the Italian pencil? and is it, think you, out of place in a church?"

"No saint in the calendar," I replied, "though draped from head to foot, is so suggestive of holy and poetical thoughts as that same Pagan goddess."

"I fear not," said he.

"When you look at her," observed I, "you can perceive that she is neither wife nor mother, but pure infancy dilated to the dimensions of womanhood."

"It is true," answered the priest; "and I think that some angel must have sat to the painter. When I am inclined to be discontented, or worldly-

minded, or mean, as I sometimes am, I come here, and look at that picture, and the effect is miraculous. I go away ashamed of myself, but also in some sort reconciled to myself, because I have the grace to be so ashamed. Art is good, sir," said he, "when it thus exalts us to the level of the pure and beautiful. I think God must have meant all women to be like that, and I know not how it happens that they are different."

"All are not different, my friend," I replied. "In your passage through life, you sometimes meet with forms as beautiful, eyes as bright, and souls as pure."

The priest shook his head, and without uttering another word, led the way out of the church.

VIII.

How it happened I know not, but at Genoa I was seized with an unsociable fit, which made me decline dining at the *table d'hôte*, or sitting much in the coffee-room, or being otherwise in company of any kind. I preferred being alone, and strolled about the city and its environs, without making a single new acquaintance; my old sailor friend had mysteriously disappeared. The only person who at all interested me was the priest, and he seemed to have occupations which took up a large portion of his time.

I had brought with me letters of introduction to

several persons of distinction; among others, to the Marchese Negri, who possessed the most beautiful garden in the whole neighbourhood. From its magnificent terrace, shaded by some of the largest orange-trees in Northern Italy, you enjoyed one of the most exquisite views in the world, over the city, its environs, and the sea.

His villa stood so high up the hill as to be on the verge of the country, though still in the city; and as you paced the terrace, you had beneath your feet an ocean of verdure, sweeping away on the left to join the woods; while on the right, the buildings, houses, palaces, churches, and church-towers descended, terrace below terrace, to the margin of the Mediterranean, which lay there heaving and panting in the sunshine like a living thing.

But who does not know that the charm of what you look at issues from yourself? I was discontented, so, though I could not but allow that the landscape was lovely, I did not enjoy it, and yet a soft perfume breathing from the orange-trees filled the air with an intoxicating influence. Under other circumstances, I should have been happy. As it was, I hurried my examination of the gardens, and returned to the inn.

"I will dine in my own room to-day," said I, on entering, to Gianetta. It was all the same to her, or, if anything, perhaps she preferred waiting on me there, as she loved chatting, and I was gene-

rally inclined to indulge her. This day, however, I was sadly out of humour, and when she came up to lay the cloth, I remained as silent as a post. I could not read, I could not smoke, I could not talk —I was good for nothing.

When at length dinner came, I made up my mind to eat at all events, and, somehow, Gianetta had taken it into her head to bring me a bottle of exquisite wine.

IX.

When I had drunk three or four glasses, I grew ashamed of my taciturnity, and was just about to begin making some amends for it, when I heard a child cry in the room immediately overhead.

"Whose baby is that?" inquired I.

"It is my mamma's," answered she.

A new light immediately dawned upon me. Gianetta, whom I had hitherto treated as a servant, was, then, the daughter of the house! It could not be helped. She had acted in the capacity of a servant, and was, in fact, one to me.

"Has your mamma many children, Gianetta?" inquired I.

"Exactly eight," answered she. "I am the eldest, and am eighteen; and the one you just heard cry is the youngest. It is five months old."

"I wish you would fetch it down to me," said

I; "I am fond of children, and it would amuse me to nurse it."

Gianetta smiled, looked extremely pleased, and immediately left the room.

I should have observed that, it being dark, I had dined by candle-light, and had just taken out a cigar, with the intention of smoking. Expecting the advent of the baby, I now laid it unlighted on the table. Gianetta soon made her appearance, bringing in her mamma and the child.

"My daughter tells me," said the innkeeper's wife, "that you are fond of children, and would like to amuse yourself by nursing my little bambino. There," added she, holding out the child towards me—"it is a fine boy, is it not?"

"It is perfectly beautiful," I exclaimed, taking it from her, and gazing on its sweet and smiling face. All children in all countries will come to me. I suppose they find something congenial in my character, and detect it by my looks. At all events, they never pay me the compliment to be afraid of me, but, concluding that I was born to amuse and play with them, take possession of my whole faculties at once, without the slightest ceremony.

I requested both mother and daughter to sit down and take a glass of wine with me. Gianetta could not, however, break so easily through the force of habit, and politely declined; but her mamma accepted both the chair and the wine, and

while I held her sweet little boy on my knee, and allowed him to amuse himself by playing with my beard and moustachios, entered, though somewhat timidly, into conversation with me.

She was a small, delicate woman, of about thirty-five, and had, no doubt, been formerly pretty. But she was faded now, both in form and face. It struck me that she was not a Genoese, though I knew not from what part of Italy she could have come. I inquired. She said she was a Venetian, and added, with a peculiar sadness of tone, that, notwithstanding her present situation, her family was noble. I please myself with tracing my own lineage in part from Venice, but did not tell her so. It was enough that she was noble, and, like the city from which she came, in decay.

X.

Business, in a short time, called both mother and daughter away; but they left the bambino, so that I had something to do for the rest of the evening. As I said, we were friends at once, and indeed, if I can boast of anything, it is of this, that I know how to amuse children, especially when very young. Master Piero, however, had one fault. He was excessively drowsy, and, not very long after the departure of his mamma, fell asleep in my arms.

I wish you could have seen me then, with its

little head on my left arm, and its face composed into the most exquisite softness and beauty by sleep. I had put a footstool under my left foot, just to raise my knee a little and make him comfortable; and there I sat, with the candles burning and unsnuffed before me, and the wine remaining undrunk. All the restless sadness of the day had departed. A mysterious influence had passed up from Piero's face to mine, and thence to my heart, and rendered me almost as happy as himself.

There is a wonderful power in childhood; and to be like it, even in a terrestrial sense, is to be in the kingdom of heaven. It has the most perfect faith in all things: it lies down in the arms of man or woman, friend or stranger, and fears nothing. It feels that there is a divinity which hedges it about, and envelops it in a roseate cloud of safety, that disarms malice, and cruelty itself, and renders them incapable of hurting it.

All the grandeur of humanity seems to be concentrated and bound up in childhood—above all, when it sleeps, when it dreams, when unutterable joy fills its heart, and plays about its lips. The greatest fount of inspiration on earth is the face of a sleeping child, with its long, dark lashes fringing the mystery of its eyes, the colour of which you know not—the depths of which your thought cannot fathom.

I looked at little Piero; he had the dark blood of Venice in him. Still he reminded me of a fair

child, nearly about the same age, which I had left beyond the Alps, and which a thousand and a thousand times had occupied the place he then filled. What is it that constitutes the tie of kindred? The sweet little fellow on my knee was not mine, and therefore I could relinquish him in half an hour, or an hour, to his mother's arms, and forget and dismiss him from my recollection almost as though I had never seen or nursed him.

But how different my relation to the other child! Something existed there which neither time, nor distance, nor life, nor death, could obliterate? We are all His offspring; but yet, in a peculiar sense, the being that emerges from your own soul is yours. There may be, for aught we know, a spiritual chain always binding together parent and child, and preventing them from ever becoming separated. Indeed, there must be; for the circle of your love becomes wide enough to embrace the whole world, when your children are far away from you, and makes you feel them still within your grasp. And so it is when they die. A part of your soul goes with them out of life, and accompanies them wherever it pleases God to send them.

Thoughts like these passed through my mind as I leaned over little Piero, and inhaled the perfume of his breath, which was sweet and delicate as that of Paradise. Oh, that we could be always children! —that we could traverse this sad promontory of life with their ineffable purity about us! The grave

would then be as soft as a down pillow, and to turn our back upon the sun no more painful than to pass out of a light room into a dark one. The sleep of peace would brood over us, and we should be at rest.

XI.

After the baby left me, not being inclined to sleep, I sat up writing. It is Mallebranche, I think, who observes that there are certain ideas which course backwards and forwards over our minds so constantly, that they end by making for themselves a deep track, which facilitates their future movements. This, when we are travelling, is certainly the case with—the thought of home, which is combined mysteriously with our consciousness of all we see, or enjoy, or suffer. On this occasion, the expression of my sentiments took the form of verse, and I will venture to copy what I wrote, in all its humble simplicity:—

O, loved and honour'd, wert thou near,
This fairy scene would seem more fair,
More soft their music to my ear,
And sweeter, balmier far the air!

Oh, there is beauty all around,
But beauty which is not for me;
For 'mid the throng thou art not found,
And I have eyes for nought but thee.

The sportive breeze that rolls the wave
Along the famed Italian shore;
The tall barks, which the billows lave,
The bellying sail, the cannon's roar,

The castle on the rocky steep,
The beacon flaming o'er the sea;
The streams which down the wild rocks leap,
Bear back my soul to home and thee—

Far, far, beyond the frowning Alps,
Whose summits wear the eternal ban
Of Winter on their hoary scalps—
My fancy flies to thee, Lausanne:

There views my loved ones, sporting near
Their Cynosure—their mother's knee—
Or haply, wiping off the tear
Which dims her eye, at thought of me;

And dims my own this moment, too,
As by my lonely taper's light
My fond, fond fancies I pursue,
And bid thee rise before my sight.

But hope is smiling o'er me still,
And gilding with her golden ray
Each dusky vale, each cloud-capp'd hill,
Which part me from my homeward way.

XII.

I was glad to leave Genoa, and got up in the rning with a light heart to get my passport put order, and pack up for departure—no difficult ir, as a single carpet-bag contained my luggage. t just as I was going on board the steamer, I ountered an unexpected obstacle.

I had come into Italy with my French passport, ich mentioned a wife and seven children; and en I presented myself to the proper authorities a permit to go on board, I was informed that

I must produce them before I could start. I said they were in Switzerland, but the wise man shook his head. He would have it they were somewhere in Genoa, and that I meant to make a present of them to the King of Sardinia. I told him it was absurd, and that I should lose my passage to Leghorn through his folly. But this did not mend the matter. He would not suffer me to embark.

At last, after much altercation, he told me I might go to the English Consul, and that if he certified all was right, I should be suffered to leave Genoa in peace.

Imprecating all sorts of evil upon his head, I ran off to the consul's, and although he knew no more of my wife and children than the man in the moon, he immediately certified whatever I required, and a short time afterwards I was on the steamer's deck.

It was exactly like getting out of prison. Every hour I had remained at Genoa my mind was in a state of complete stagnation. I could not think—I could not write. I kept no journal. If I read, I might as well have spared myself the pains, since no trace of it remained the next hour. The moment I was on the steamer, I felt myself at home again. There was life, there was bustle, there was the splashing of waves, the noise of the engine, the bawling of the sailors, the buzz of conversation among the passengers, and, above all, the fresh breeze blowing joyously over the Mediterranean.

God bless the sea, thought I, since it will bear me from Genoa, which has been converted into a sort of prison by royalty. And yet, how beautiful it looked from the steamer's deck!—rows of palaces, rising tier above tier in amphitheatrical sweep on the face of a mountain, with gardens and orange groves interspersed, and over all a sky of indescribable blue. I left it, however, without a single regret, and turned away carelessly from the prospect of it to explore for pleasant faces among the passengers.

XIII.

On a camp-stool, near the steersman's wheel, sat an English lady, admiring the view, from which I had turned carelessly away. Passing near her, I said,—"Well, it certainly does not look amiss from the sea." She felt the observation was addressed to her, and said, in reply—

"No, sir; it is one of the finest views in the world!"

"You have travelled a great deal?" I said, inquiringly.

"What I meant," answered she, smiling, "was, that I supposed it was one of the finest views in the world. But I have seen very little as yet, and cannot judge."

Here was a chance of my being delivered from my *ennui*. We immediately entered into conversation. I found she was going to Naples with her

husband, who was in delicate health. She pointed him out to me among the passengers—a tall, fair-haired man, with an agreeable countenance, though not over-intellectual.

For herself, she was a woman of extraordinary character, as was evident from the expression of her countenance, which, notwithstanding her occasional smiles, had something deeply melancholy in it. There seemed no doubt she had some weight upon her mind. Without any visible cause, and while talking of subjects altogether indifferent, her eyes would fill with tears, her lips quiver, and turn pale, and she would require a short interval of silence to recover herself. There was nothing she so much liked to talk about as death, our chances of immortality, and the probable state of the soul beyond the grave. Yet she was not altogether a gloomy person. But, in entering into the pleasures of life, seemed to be snatching a fearful joy which she had scarcely any right to taste, and for which she might some day be called to a strict account.

After a short time she walked up and down the deck with me, nodding to her husband familiarly as we passed him. He was engaged in conversation with a knot of Frenchmen, on politics, I fancy, for they were all extremely animated. When tired of walking, we went and sat down together, upon which she sent me to ask her husband to join us.

"Oblige me," he said, in a very goodnatured tone, "by telling my wife I will come presently, when I shall have finished this discussion."

She seemed displeased at this, became moody, tapped the deck with her foot, and her foot with the handle of the parasol, which she held upside down in her hand. Presently the tears came into her eyes, and she dropped her veil to conceal them. Her perturbation was not of long continuance.

"Have you read Burnet," said she, "on the state of the dead, and those who rise again?"

"Yes."

"It is a very curious book, is it not? I remember reading it when I was a girl, and its reasoning and ingenuity struck me greatly; yet, do you know I don't think that there will be any personal identity in the next world; and I hope, at all events, we shall not know each other. There are certain persons I should not like to meet, even there."

"That is an extraordinary idea," I said.

"Yes; but you would quite understand it if—but no matter. As you say, however, it is an odd idea; yet it greatly pleases me to entertain it."

XIV.

It was now growing dark, and the sea breeze, as usual, blew rather cold. I had not paid the slightest attention to the sunset, or the coming on of night; and should not have noticed the circum-

stance even then, but that the lady's husband came up and said—

"It is getting very chill, love; I think we had better go below."

"You had better go, dear," she replied; "but I fear I shall not be able to bear the air of the close cabin—it will make me ill."

"But consider, dear; you cannot remain on deck all night."

"Not exactly, perhaps; but if you have no objection, I will sit here till I am tired, after which I can go below. Send Ann to me with my cloak. This gentleman is amusing me by relating his travels and adventures; and you know I could listen to such things for ever."

The husband bowed; and observing me wrapped up in a heavy Scotch plaid, said—

"I see, sir, you are prepared for the worst, though I doubt whether even that will keep out the penetrating cold of the night."

"It has often done so," I replied; "and I fancy it will have to perform the office many times yet before I have done with it."

"The gentleman is going up the Nile," observed his wife.

"Indeed!" said he. "Well, I should much like to talk with you about your intended journey; but I am shivering with cold, and must go below." Then turning to his wife, "Ann shall bring you your cloak immediately, love."

Presently the maid came with it, and when she had wrapped it carefully about her, we seated ourselves and continued our dialogue. Several foreigners now came and took their places beside us, complaining of being very qualmish, as the wind blew rather vigorously, and the steamer rolled and pitched a good deal. Some of them wished to engage us in conversation, but we declined, and stuck to our English, which was heathen Greek to them.

There is a state of stomach at sea which renders people as silent as Trappists; and—shall I confess it?—in spite of the agreeableness of my neighbour, I felt the inroads of this hideous sensation, and fancied I was going to get exceedingly unromantic. It then struck me that, amused by her conversation, I had forgotten to dine. I immediately explained my situation.

When the thing was mentioned, she likewise felt hungry; so we descended and ordered supper, and having eaten very heartily, returned to the deck. I found myself a very different person now, having devoured I know not how much of a large fowl, and drunk several glasses of stout. My companion had likewise played her part very well, so that we were both in much better spirits than before.

I dare say you have often noticed that a cold, clear night—when the big stars, though brilliant, look uncongenial, and the wind blows about you as if it meant to quarrel—you have no doubt

noticed, I say, that such a night inspires dreary thoughts. My friend, Mrs. F——, for she had now told me her name, felt the full influence of the hour. It awakened in her mind old associations.

"You are probably," said she, "no believer in ghosts. No matter. I will tell you a story, which, properly speaking, is not yet concluded. But you behold the working out of one part of the plot; and when you return from the East may perhaps see the end of it."

Her words were prophetic; I did see the end of it, and a sad and sorrowful end it was. But let me not anticipate.

XV.

"I was born," said Mrs. F——, "in the north of England, where my father, an old baronet, is still living. Our house was in size a castle, very old-fashioned, full of small rooms, corridors, narrow staircases, up and down passages, and odd nooks of all kinds. It had likewise a chapel in it, and near this chapel lay my bed-chamber, with a long narrow sitting-room attached to it, in which I used frequently to sing and play by myself.

I had a sister—an only sister—who, at the time to which I refer, was just married, and had gone to Switzerland on her wedding-tour. She was one year older than myself, and we had loved each other as sisters only can love. At parting, she pressed me to her breast, and cried as though her heart would

break; not that she feared to traverse the world with her husband, who was the man of her choice, and of all persons best suited to her; but she was troubled with a presentiment, and could not make up her mind to leave me, because, as she affirmed in the agony of grief, we were never to meet again.

'Well, they set out, and by degrees my tears were dried, and I returned to my usual occupations —now scarcely pleasing, as they were not pursued in company with her. We, of course, promised to write to each other, and places in Switzerland were mentioned where I was to direct *poste restante*.'

XVI.

"One night, when autumn was fast degenerating into winter, and the chill whistling wind went sighing and moaning through the rooms of the old house, I had sat up late to write to Julia. The harp on which she used to play stood before me—a little writing-case she had given me at parting lay open on the table—her maiden card-case, her little ivory paper-knife, and her miniature, which I had opened to look at, lay there also. I wrote and wrote, and the night wore on, till, by the clock, it was near morning. You know what a woman's heart is when it is deeply moved—when it would gladly pour itself out all into the paper before it!—I could not say half I thought: my pen seemed stubborn, and language itself reluctant to obey my will.

"Oh! how different had it been when, face to face, side by side, with arms about each other's neck, we had, in days gone by, sat in that room, and disclosed all our souls to each other! In the anguish of the moment, I exclaimed—

"'Ah, Julia! Julia!'

"At that instant I heard a rustling, as of a silk dress, at the end of the room towards the chapel, which lay in thick obscurity, the light from the lamp on my table not reaching so far. I started, and looked in that direction, and fancied I could perceive through the gloom a human figure, rising as it were, out of the floor, and advancing slowly towards me!

"On and on it came till I knew it—it was that of Julia.

"'Oh, my God!' I cried, 'what happy chance has brought you back?' and I was about to rise from my chair, and rush to my sister, when she waved her hand, as though she meant me to remain seated. And, indeed, I could not but obey her; for now my whole frame trembled, and my limbs refused to support me.

"Still Julia did not speak, nor could I myself for some moments muster up courage to do so. My eyes were fixed upon the figure; every function of life in me seemed to have been absorbed in sight. I knew it was a spirit! At length overmastering my fears, I exclaimed—

"'Dearest sister, come to me.'

"At my words her garments seemed to be converted into mist, and melted away from about her, leaving her glorious form still more radiant and glorious than ever, naked before me. I now discovered wings mantling over the shoulders, while a wreath of quivering light played about her forehead. Words cannot express my sensations at that moment. I was not afraid—I felt myself transported into the invisible world; I stood face to face with a disembodied spirit, and yet love was uppermost in my nature; I yearned to embrace my sister, but some mysterious fear held me chained to the chair on which I sat.

XVII.

"I laid down the pen, which I had previously held in my hand, and taking up the miniature, turned its face towards her, and said—

"'Julia, by this face I conjure you to approach me.'

"The spectre advanced a few paces, and said—

"'Where I am, Fanny, you must shortly be. You will go through all I have gone through. You will love; you will descend towards the sun; you will pass through the portals of the great deep; and you will then find yourself beside me for ever in paradise!'

"The figure then retreated towards the wall dividing my chamber from the chapel. The wall

opened, and the vision passed through it—no longer dim and obscure, but in a blaze of light—and I saw the soul of Julia shoot upwards through the roof towards heaven.

"And was not this," inquired Mrs. F——, looking earnestly in my face, "a very extraordinary thing?"

"It was, madam, if you did not dream it."

"Well, that was the explanation I should myself have given, but that I was writing when it commenced, and found myself perfectly awake at its conclusion. However, that was not all. Next day we had been out riding in the park, my father and I, and on our return I ascended for a moment to my bed-room. The door was locked outside. I opened it, and went in, and there saw Julia, with her elbow leaning on the window-seat, and her left hand supporting her head. In her right hand she held a crucifix, from which, however, her eyes were averted. They were indeed fixed upon the sky. As I advanced, she melted into thin air, and the chair remained empty.

"Again, two nights after, I was asleep in bed. A long, wax taper had been left burning on a table beside me, as, indeed, I began to be afraid to be left alone in the dark. A cold, clammy hand placed upon my face awoke me—and Julia stood by my bedside! She bared her bosom, and I saw a stream of blood trickling down from her left breast. I shrieked with terror, so that I awoke my maid.

who slept in the next room. It was Ann, whom you just now saw bring me my cloak. The poor girl came running to inquire what was the matter. I said —

"'There is my sister—look! she is standing beside you. Touch her. Is she living or dead?'

"'Dear mistress, you are distracted,' said the girl, 'there is nothing here but you and me.'

"'No, Ann!' cried I, 'I see her distinctly. Stretch out your left hand—you cannot fail to touch her.'

"Julia then glided out of the room noiselessly, and we were left alone.

"'Come into bed with me, dear Ann,' said I, 'this is the third time I have seen her. I must tell my father. I shall go mad else.'

"Next morning's post brought us a letter from the Grisons. It was from Julia's husband, and surrounded with a deep black border. Julia was dead. In climbing one of the mountains, her foot had slipped, and she had been precipitated down a lofty cliff. Her husband was inconsolable. He never returned to England; but, going out to India, there, in a few months, fell a victim to the climate. I have never since seen Julia's ghost. But I am going to my own grave; and my husband, though sickly and feeble, will bury me, and carry back the sad news to my father."

XVIII.

I tried to drive the idea out of her head; but it was to no purpose. She had become reconciled to it, and took, consequently, but little interest in the affairs of this world, except when, by a succession of new and striking ideas, her mind was forcibly turned away in a different direction. Perceiving this, I began to talk of the Nile—of the desert—of the ruined temples, palaces, and tombs found in Egypt and Nubia; and in this way so far kindled her imagination, that she expressed several times an earnest wish that she could persuade her husband to accompany me.

"I should be happy there," she exclaimed, "especially among the tombs."

Her teeth at length began to chatter, and I strove to persuade her to go down into the cabin. But she would not listen to it. It was evident she feared to be left alone with her own thoughts. Again and again I dwelt upon my anticipations of the desert, and on all the interesting things I expected to behold. Most of the foreigners had now been driven below by the chill of the night, and I would myself have gladly followed their example, but that Mrs. F—— must, in that case, have been left almost alone on deck. I therefore proposed we should walk to and fro, and, finding she had no objection to smoke, lighted a cigar.

She was a very interesting, and, in some respects,

a very superior woman; yet I would not have lived with her for the world. She would have driven me to commit suicide. I could compare the turn of her mind to nothing so aptly as to the occupations of a grave-digger. She seemed to be always among the spoils of mortality—coffins, vaults, ghosts, the loss of loved friends, the presentiment of future losses —these were her topics; yet she was young, and something more than pretty. Her health seemed good, her husband loved her, and all that she could desire from fortune she possessed.

What did she, then, need to render her happy? Health of mind! There was a malady in her soul; and I may as well state here how her pilgrimage terminated. She went as she expected, to Naples, and thence, after a short stay, to Palermo. Here, being one day out with her husband in a boat, at the foot of the Monte Pellegrino, a burrasca overtook them. The boat was upset, and Mrs. F—— was drowned.

On my return from Egypt, I saw her tomb, erected to her memory by her husband, who, having recovered his health in Sicily, still, I believe, survives—a jolly, country gentleman, and most likely a Protectionist. Poor Mrs. F—— lies on a sunny slope, south of Palermo. A little cypress-tree stands at her feet, and another at her head; and, when I visited the spot, abundant roses were flowering around her grave. The remembrance of this night then came over me powerfully, and I went

away depressed and melancholy. If I may say it without impiety, I think she deserved a better fate; and would, most likely, have been a cheerful and happy woman at this moment, had those around her known how to "minister to a mind diseased."

XIX.

Most persons have spent a night at sea, and seen the sun rise over the waves. I have done so frequently; but have seldom, perhaps, enjoyed my sensations more than on the occasion in question. There are words, I dare say, in our language, which would describe the noise made by the rush of a steamer through the waves, when they break violently against its prow, run rippling along its sides, and then melt away into the white foamy wake which it leaves behind it. I went with Mrs. F—— by my side, and leaned over the bulwark, where the spray now and then sprinkled our faces. What motion, what vitality! What restless energy seemed to be in those cold waves which, dull and inorganic as they were, had gone on rolling about the earth since the creation—indestructible, eternal—while I, who then looked upon them, should pass away, God knows whither.

We leave no token of our existence upon the earth. Life comes and goes, and ebbs and flows, and disappears, and is forgotten. We seem made for the world, not the world for us. A certain number of days and nights passing over us in

succession exhausts our vitality, and we are absorbed in the universal scheme of things, out of which we arose. The elements have no compassion on us, and yet we are all in all to each other—a smile, a word, a pressure of the hand. These, slight as they are, and infinitely fleeting, are sufficient to fill our souls with emotion, and give rise to thoughts, which, if our very essence perish not, will not themselves perish to all eternity.

I was looking out upon the sea, and into the star-bedropped sky, when a faint pale flush appeared, just on the horizon's verge towards the east. Extending right and left, it ran like a luminous thread just where the ocean's margin touched the overhanging firmament. A sense of extreme pleasure came over me. I seemed to be watching the process of creation, and was, indeed, present at the birth of day.

Soon the light became stronger, warmer, more prolific, calling into being innumerable objects around, which to the eye had no existence before. Over the waves was diffused a cold, grey, fluttering, luminous appearance, which seemed to impart to them new functions, and a new character.

In a few minutes the east had been converted into the palace of the dawn, enriched with cloudy pillars, which supported a brilliant tabernacle over the ascending goddess. Then came the purple flush, the crimson, and gold embroidery, which spread round the mantle of the sun—the blazonry

of saffron, and blue, and amethyst, shooting up far into the vault of heaven, making the eye and the heart glad as the young day was perfected before us.

Suddenly the fiery disk of the great luminary rose above the sea, and everything was flooded with transparent light, and appeared to laugh for joy.

XX.

We now by degrees neared the land, and in the course of the day arrived at Leghorn, where I was, in a short time, to undergo so much of pleasure and pain. I took my leave of Mrs. F——, and her husband, on the quay, and followed the bandit sort of personage who undertook to conduct me to my hotel in the Via Grande. It was a spacious house, and I secured myself a very nice apartment, *au troisième,* where I immediately had a fire lighted, and sat down to coffee and cigars.

One of the penalties a traveller pays for his enjoyments is the state of perpetual vicissitude in which he lives with respect to men and women. Chance brings him into contact with individuals whom he likes—with whom it would probably afford him pleasure to spend whole ages. But the waves of change that bring them towards each other, soon drift them away again, in different directions, never more to meet in this world. Yet, perhaps, they do not mutually forget. There are

those who, seen but as it were for a moment, still in that short space of time make an impression which no series of years can obliterate. In the course of your future life their faces come again and again before the mind's eye, smiling and fascinating as of yore; and you cannot, whatever efforts you may make, dismiss them.

As I sat by my lonely fire, throwing fresh logs upon it from time to time, and lighting one cigar after another, I indulged in speculations, somewhat profitless, you will say, on the character, callings, and prospects of the other inmates of the house. Who were they? What were they? Was there any one within its ample walls who, like me, was sitting down solitary by the fire, yearning for companionship?

I opened my carpet-bag, and, taking out "Paradise Lost," made a desperate attempt to read. It would not do. There was nothing epic in my temper that evening. Had the "Thousand and One Nights" been within reach, I might have become absorbed in them—might have dropped into the valley of diamonds with Sindbad, or laughed with Zobeidé and her sisters, or descended with the young man and his mistress into the subterranean apartment where they were consumed to ashes, or shed delicious tears with Shemselnehar, or wandered over the Blue Sea with Unce El Wújúd.

I had left the book at home; though it would have been the best of all companions up the Nile,

and on the way thither. I now deeply felt the loss of it. It is of all books the best for a melancholy hour, when you are more dreaming than waking, and when you have not courage to build castles in the air without some one's assistance.

XXI.

When one is sad, however, one has always a resource in the waiter. I rang the bell, not that I wanted anything, but I thought it best to seem to want something, that I might have an excuse for talking with somebody. My summons was immediately answered by a little, lively, fat, round-faced fellow, who, for some reason which I never could divine, was called by the very odd name of Tonto. I have known a lady who delighted in the name of Totty, but Tonto was a novelty. However, as that was the name he answered to, I accommodated myself to the necessities of the case, and boldly applied the mystical syllables to the jovial-looking individual before me.

"Tonto," said I, "have you got anything nice for supper?—not that I am in the least hungry, but that I should like to eat something just by way of passing the time."

"It's an excellent plan," answered Tonto. "I always have recourse to it myself when I am melancholy."

"And does that often happen?" I inquired.

Tonto sighed, twisted his napkin, and replied—

"Oftener than your honour would think, for the sake of the ladies."

"Yes, Tonto," I observed, "they are the cause of all sadness; for which, however, they make up, by being the cause of all joy too."

"It is very true," said he, brightening up as he gave his assent to the proposition.

"With respect to the supper, however," said I, "what have you got?"

He ran over the names of an hundred dishes; but, as I am not learned in Italian cookery, I was, when he had done, just as far to seek as ever. I, therefore, came to the resolution, to which I might as well have come at first, that he should choose for me.

"Only don't let there be any frogs, Tonto," said I; "I have tried them in France, and don't like them."

I then thought I might venture to come to the point at which I had all this while been driving, which was, to ascertain whether there were not some traveller in the inn who would like to join me at supper.

Tonto reflected for a moment, and then, clapping his hand against his right thigh, he cried, "I have it! Yes; there is a gentleman who made the same inquiry of me two or three nights ago, Count Z——."

Here I interrupted Tonto. "If he is a Count,"

said I, "pray leave him to the enjoyment of his dignity. I hate counts, and would rather go on supping and smoking alone for a month than be troubled with them."

"That need not stand in the way," answered Tonto; "for he is no more a count than I am. He only calls himself so in order to heighten his consequence."

"That alters the case," I observed; "but still my taste this evening is very unambitious, and I would rather, if possible, find a companion who would consider it no honour to be thought a count."

"There is," answered Tonto,—"but you won't like him, I'm sure—there is an odd sort of man, who is neither young nor old; neither fat like me, nor lean like you. There is, I say, a traveller lodging in this house, who would, I dare say, be glad enough to smoke a cigar with you."

"Is he a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Rich or poor?"

"Don't know, sir; but he pays for everything he has."

"Well, present my compliments to him, Tonto; and say it would give me very great pleasure if he would do me the honour to sup with me this evening."

If he be an original, thought I, he must be pleased with originality, and come without ceremony. I was quite right.

XXII.

In a few minutes Tonto returned, ushering in a stranger about my own height, but old enough, as it seemed at first, to be my great-grandfather. His hair, white as snow, hung over his coat-collar. He had a silvery beard, and moustachios which descended in waves over his lips and chin; but his voice was that of a young man, and his eyes were full of fire and vivacity. His dress was that of no country in particular, but would have been thought genteel anywhere.

I could not, therefore, guess of what nation he was from his appearance; neither could I, when he spoke, from his voice or language. He addressed me in Italian, mentioning the invitation Tonto had given him in my name, and saying it would afford him much satisfaction to dissipate his *ennui* in my company, especially, he added, glancing at the heap of cigars on the table, as I perceive you smoke.

On looking narrowly at the stranger, I felt convinced he was quite a young man—that is, little more than thirty; and there was likewise in his countenance something which induced me to think he must be English. I immediately told him my suspicion, and he replied laughing:—

"You are quite right; I am an Englishman, though I have been several years from the old country, and begin to forget the language a little."

Tonto was not long in bringing up the supper, which, of whatever it may have consisted, was of excellent flavour. We despatched it merrily, and, when it had been cleared away, returned to our cigars with a capital bottle of Italian wine. Under such circumstances, most men become communicative—at least my new friend did so.

He related to me his birth, parentage, and education; described his travels, and explained his views on all the great questions which can interest humanity. He was a man of all but unlimited knowledge—familiar with the whole history of the human race, deeply versed in philosophy, experienced in the ways of the world, and thoroughly acquainted with the theory of the passions. In politics he belonged to what is now called the Red school, having taken his principles from the fiery cauldron of the French Revolution.

"You are going into the East," said he; "and you are right. It is well to see the worst state to which ignorance and tyranny can reduce men. I have myself been in Egypt, and several parts of Asia, and have everywhere found humanity oppressed and degraded beneath the feet of kings. Their misery and corruption, however, do not begin with their political institutions, but with their religion and morals, which are utterly despicable. The thing they believe in is not God; and their ethics are a bundle of ridiculous practices.

none of which tends to the promotion of human happiness.

"Nor is it much better with us here in Europe. We know not what we believe, or why we believe it. Our creed is a tradition, our churches are fabrics of imposture; our governments are despotisms variously disguised; our morals are mere rude approximations to philosophical ethics. We act by routine—we follow in the footsteps, and repeat, like mocking-birds, the language of others. We have no original philosophy, no arts, little literature of our own. The persons we encourage and enrich are a sort of literary cooks, who take a number of commonplace ideas, and dress them up palatably to suit the taste of the vulgar. There must be a revolution, Sir,—not a mere armed insurrection—though that may form part of it—but a revolution in opinions throughout the whole of Christendom. Everything among us is worn out, and society cannot choose but be dissolved, and reconstructed."

XXIII.

What I said in reply to my bearded friend need not be repeated. We took a fancy to each other, and during my stay were much together. He told me there was a capital *table d'hôte* in the house, at which I should meet some very clever people, Maltese and Sicilians, Neapolitans and Venetians,

Spaniards and Frenchmen, Elamites, Jews, and Parthians. I promised he should see me there.

Next morning at breakfast—which I took in a room looking out into the Via Grande—my attention was attracted by a very particular sort of music. This was the clanking of a number of chains against the pavement below. I went and looked out at the window. Before me was a long file of men, some dressed in brick-dust red, others in dirty yellow, all with brooms or spades in their hands, cleansing and sweeping the street.

They were galley-slaves, felons, assassins, murderers, manacled and chained, like wild beasts, one to another, and guarded by soldiers. I caught the eyes of the gang, who all turned upon me a look—and such a look. It reminded me of their kindred whom I had once seen on the Monte St. Michael, tigers in human shape, who all their life long thirsted only for blood.

Let not the reader rashly accuse me of inhumanity, if I confess that I shuddered with horror at the sight of those hideous countenances. I know it is fashionable to sympathise with men of this caste, the Thugs and Dakoits of European society. And such sympathy must, no doubt, be very praiseworthy, since it demands from those who experience it an extraordinary effort. For myself, I can lay but little claim to this virtue.

My sympathies, such as they are, cling rather to the innocent and hapless victims of these incorri-

gible ruffians—to the wives whom they have made widows, to the children whom they have made fatherless, to the parents whom they have deprived of the only support and consolation of their old age. I behold in them the natural enemies of society, and would sternly hunt them down, like any other sort of noxious animals.

I afterwards inquired into the reason of the red and yellow costumes. The wearers of the former, I was told, were condemned to a limited term of captivity, while the latter were to be in chains for ever—that is, I mean, till death should release them. And did they pant for death? Did they, as the advocates of perpetual imprisonment assert, long for the coming of the King of Terrors for their deliverance? Not they. In their ghastly captivity, they laughed and chatted together—not wholly insensible, perhaps, of the misery of their condition, but disliking it chiefly because it checked them in the indulgence of their evil passions.

XXIV.

This is not the place for entering into the metaphysics of crime, for attempting the solution of that problem which constitutes the greatest enigma of existence—the responsibility or irresponsibility of man. If we are answerable for our actions, we are answerable to each other as well as to God. The acts we commit secretly in contravention of his will,

are sins unpunishable by human laws, and to be atoned for only by the pangs of conscience.

The acts we commit, whether secretly or openly, against the good of society, are crimes; and these, in self-defence, society may punish. If man be responsible, he must be free; that is, must be able to commit, or refrain from, any action as it shall seem best to himself. If the criminal be not free, then is society not free, because it is governed by precisely the same metaphysical laws which regulate the thoughts and conduct of the individual.

Now, presuming the individual to be free, society has the right to punish the offences he commits voluntarily against it; and if there be no freedom in the case, then society is under the absolute necessity of proceeding as it does. It is simply a question between right and fate. Whatever is meant to enjoy permanent existence, must be invested with the power to set aside everything which would destroy that existence.

Nothing is crime but that which tends to the dissolution of society. In proportioning the chastisement to the offences, society is obviously invested with the privilege to take all the precautions necessary to ensure its own well-being—in extreme cases even to cut off those who have made war upon it, and seek to accomplish its destruction. Let me not be suspected of being, in this place, the apologist of bad laws, which, confounding all justice and equity, punish crimes against property with the

same severity as crimes against life. Property is a fiction of society—life is the work of God. The injuries committed against the one are capable of reparation; those against the other, once done, can never be recalled. There should, therefore, be a difference in the apportioning of punishment. Severe chastisement will suffice in the one case—death alone in the other. The equilibrium of nature is, as it were, destroyed by murder, and can never be restored while the murderer is suffered to live. The continuance of his existence is a triumph over justice, and an insult to the the best feelings of humanity.

XXV.

Who has not, at one time or another, dined at a *table d'hôte*, at Boulogne, or Dieppe, or Ostend, or Brussels? What, consequently, is there to be said about it? The reader has tasted its soup, tried to carve its fowls—older than the Deluge—sipped a little of its vinegar under the name of "Vin ordinare," and, in conclusion, paid so many francs for the privilege of talking learnedly on the subject. He is, therefore, I trust, disposed to sympathise with me when I say that I endured the pangs of this purgatory, at Leghorn, for a whole fortnight.

In Spain they roast or stew cats, and serve them up to you as hares or rabbits, but roast and stew them cleverly, so that you are inclined to smile at

the deception. It signifies nothing that your dinner has purred upon your knee—that you have stroked it and fed it with your own hand—that it has hummed you to sleep at night on your pillow, or played with the strings of your shoes, or imparted an air of comfort to the huge chimney-corner.

Transformed by cookery, you no longer recognise it. You know its tricks and purrings have been over for some hours—that its spirit has been restored to the great ocean of vitality—and that, consequently, there can be no great harm in your regaling yourself upon its remains.

In Italy one knows not what one eats; at least I never did. One puts his faith in the cooks, and takes the good the gods provide him—or evil, as the case may be—especially as he commits his acts of semi-cannibalism in pleasant company.

At our *table d'hôte* we saw assembled daily a set of the pleasantest fellows imaginable; at the head of whom was a Neapolitan captain, as brave as Hercules or the Nemæan lion, according to his own testimony. He was exceedingly voluble and eloquent on this topic; and as I had the happiness to sit next to him, on the left side, it was often with much difficulty that I could defend my eyes against his fork, during the more violent paroxysms of his oratory. He then literally foamed at the mouth. His eyes flashed fire, while the state and colour of his physiognomy threatened apoplexy. It was only accidental that I learned the philosophy

of these Ciceronian outbreaks; he took me for a Frenchman, and for that reason politely indulged in all manner of invectives against the great nation.

A Maltese gentleman—not Count Z— one day politely insinuated the propriety of reserving his store of anathemas till I should be fairly on my way to the East; upon which I observed, that as this indulgence appeared to be good for the gentleman's health, I begged he would by no means refrain from it on my account—more especially as I was, in point of fact, not a Frenchman. This considerably disconcerted our Neapolitan hero, who hoped to gain a little glory at my expense.

I added, however, that as there were no Frenchmen present—in which supposition, as it turned out, I was much mistaken—I did not care if they continued to regard me as one, since, in case of necessity, I was ready to defend France against all impugners. I had no sooner said this than a gentleman on the opposite side of the table rose, and filling a bumper, passed it across to me, saying as he did so—

"Allow me the honour to drink to your health. I am a Frenchman, and am ready in any way that any gentleman pleases to maintain the honour of my country."

He then filled his own glass, and we drank to each other, with an enthusiasm which astonished my Neapolitan friend. He immediately made

numerous apologies, protesting that he meant no offence to individuals, at which the Parisian, the Maltese, and myself, laughed heartily. His knife and fork were then diligently applied to the uses for which they were intended, and my eyes were in less danger from his oratorical flourishes.

When, in Homeric phrase, "the rage of hunger had been appeased," and the greater number of the guests had ebbed out of the apartment, I observed two individuals, who had been silent during dinner, seating themselves comfortably near the window, as though they intended to remain, and commenced a conversation in English. Having just then nothing better to do, I joined them, and when we had conversed for some time they complimented me on the goodness of my English, from which they inferred, they said, that I must have been in their country.

Of course I explained at once. They were captains of ships, right good fellows, who had come up the Mediterranean in search of freights; and when I mentioned to them my place of destination, they each in turn offered to take me gratis to Alexandria, and I make no doubt they were perfectly in earnest. I could not, however, avail myself of their kind intentions, but thanked them sincerely for the generous offer—and now do so once more, in print.

XXVI.

In their company I strolled one day to the English cemetery—a place presided over by the very spirit of melancholy—where the monuments of youth and beauty lie thickly strewn, on all sides—where the last object of parental love has found a grave—where the husband has wept over a beloved wife, and where many a fond wife has seen the earth close for ever over the man she loved.

In the midst of these multitudinous monuments, stands the tomb of Smollett—a small, elegant obelisk of white marble, erected by a number of friends who cherished his memory. I had forgotten that he was interred here, and discovered the tomb by accident. From top to bottom it was covered with the names of visitors from England, from Scotland, from Sweden, Switzerland, and America.

I added my own to the number; and my friends, the sea captains, in gratitude, doubtless, for the pleasure "Roderick Random" had afforded them, knelt humbly on the greensward, while they inscribed their own names in pencil, observing as they did so, that it was proper to show all reverence to genius.

And was Smollett then a man of genius? This

is a question which will not be asked by any who have read and understood the humour of "Humphrey Clinker," or "Peregrine Pickle." Commodore Trunnion, and Lishmahago, and Winnifred Jenkins, and Mr. Matthew Bramble, and Humphrey Clinker himself, are all rich originals in their way, that could be called into existence by no power but genius. Yet, reading Smollett is like travelling through a fine country over a dirty road. You admire the noble prospect on either hand, and derive great pleasure from it, but are unable, nevertheless, to forget that you are half-leg deep in mire all the while.

And in himself, Smollett was essentially unamiable. In politics, a mercenary and worthless partisan, and in private life, harsh and repulsive. He seems to me one of those persons whose biographies should never be written. The less you know of them the better. All that is valuable in him is his books, and even in these you find much that is not only valueless, but detestable. He presents to the world that rare combination of coarseness and genius, of boldness and subserviency, of intellectual power and personal meanness, in the existence of which one finds it so difficult to believe.

Yet, so much fascination is there in the creative faculty, that even refinement itself would be unable to stand with indifference by the grave of Smollett. Peace be to his ashes. He is

amused me as far back as I can remember, and if I have often been disgusted by his want of delicacy, I have never failed to be enlivened by his wit.

XXVII.

Every day saw me busy in the port in search of a vessel bound for Egypt. There were no steamers in those days—I mean that traversed the whole breadth of the Mediterranean; and the trade between Italy and the East, once so flourishing, is now to the last degree trifling and insignificant. At length, however, I found two brigs, the masters of which, sinister-looking rascals both, professed it to be their intention to set sail in a few days for Alexandria.

The accommodations they had to offer were none of the best. But one of their craft, which had been a pirate, was of a beautiful build, and reputed to be the fastest sailer in the Mediterranean. I selected that partly, perhaps, on account of its piratical character, and was invited to spend the evening at the house of my future padrone. I went at the hour appointed, and found my way as well as I could.

Leghorn is a sort of bastard Venice, intersected with canals, docks, and ditches, as stagnant and unsavoury as any under the patronage of St. Mark. After coasting along one of these for some time, I

arrived about dusk at my captain's dwelling, and, upon being ushered into the principal room, found that a portion of the East had come to meet me all the way to Leghorn.

This was a Turkish Bey, a genuine Osmanli, with ponderous inexpressibles, antiquated turban, and beard of the largest calibre. He was smoking when I entered, from one of those costly pipes in which the Orientals chiefly display their opulence. A magnificent young slave, about six feet high, stood near his master's extempore divan, ready to fill and light his pipe, or obey any other of his orders.

The Bey saluted me with exquisite politeness, and then offered me his pipe, which I, of course, accepted, taking care not to wipe the large amber mouthpiece through which he had been inhaling the smoke. To have done otherwise would have been to offer him a deadly affront. The Turks, however are very delicate about their smoking, and place their lips so nicely against the amber, that they scarcely ever moisten it at all. When another had been filled for him by his slave, and I had taken my place beside him on his divan, we began. as he spoke Italian, to enter into conversation together.

XXVIII.

The captain's wife, a little, brown, lively, plain Italian woman, brought us coffee, and we were soon upon the best of terms. Ali informed me that we were to be fellow-passengers, and then launched forth in praise of our captain, who, he assured me, had saved his life by the display of extraordinary courage and humanity. I own I should never have suspected him of either of these virtues. But one must not trust to appearances. Ali himself was a fat, punchy, little man, extremely undignified in gait and figure, but with a countenance full of character. His eye was large and commanding, and the beard imparted to his look something almost majestic.

This was my first acquaintance with Gebel Latakia, which I have since smoked so frequently, and with so much pleasure. It is the king of all tobaccos. No one, however, can be said to have truly tasted of its fragrance who has not smoked it in pipes kept in order by Orientals, in new bowls, and lighted with acacia charcoal. Let no one imagine this is fancy. Even the jewels with which the mouthpiece is set, as they flash and sparkle through the smoke, appear to improve its flavour, as do the crimson sheath and silken tassels, which amuse the eye and excite the imagination.

The slave Kafoor was exceedingly adroit in all that appertained to the pipe. He piled up the gebelee with singular skill in the shining bowl. He placed the kindled charcoal exactly in the centre, and taking himself two or three whiffs, brought the pipe into complete action. The person for whom it was intended, therefore, had no trouble; but lounging lazily on his divan, had the fount of luxury placed in his mouth.

Sinking into an ocean of soft cushions, I yielded myself up to the intoxication of the moment, puffing around me delicious clouds, and imagining myself already beneath the palm-tree. We were both bearded to our heart's content, and Ali immediately took a fancy to me on that account. He imagined I was going to reside in the East, and promised me the enjoyment of many a pipe on the banks of the Nile. Little, poor fellow, did he know what disappointment was in reserve for him, but of that hereafter. We now laughed and chatted, as Turk and Christian seldom laugh and chat together; and as the tobacco and the coffee were both of the best quality, we were really very much to be envied.

XXIX.

When we had made ourselves comfortable for some time, the Captain came in, and endeavoured to join us; but he was too restless to succeed. He resembled a tiger in his cage, and was constantly

jumping up, pacing to and fro, looking now out at the door, and now at the window, calling in his wife, then sending her out again, and, in short, exhibiting every possible token of a mind ill at ease. He soon informed us he had some business to transact in the town; and, desiring we would enjoy ourselves till his return, went out. I was glad to get rid of him. Not so the Bey. He seemed to have a particular attachment to the man, and always regarded his weather-beaten, scowling physiognomy with a smile of grateful delight. This was an enigma to me, until Ali, to relieve me from my perplexity, entered into a sort of explanation.

"I was born," said he, "in the same town with Mohammed Ali, the present Pasha of Egypt, and although some years younger than he, circumstances once placed us in a position in which we became attached to each other. His destiny, however, conducted him to Egypt, where he has acquired sovereign power; while mine, far more modest, commended me to the favour of the Sultan, in whose service I gained considerable wealth and distinction.

"At the proper age I married a wife—only one — and we lived together in much felicity, in a beautiful little palace on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, commanding a magnificent view of Constantinople, and the sea of Marmora. God gave me several children, sons and daughters, who grew up around me happy and contented.

"I had seen much action in my life, and fought in battle, and toiled long and earnestly in the service of the Sultan. The time marked by nature had now arrived for gathering up my feet under the skirts of contentment, and looking forward to an old age of peace. Fortune could do no more for me. My wife and I were without ambition. Our sons were in public employments, and our daughters happy, sitting on the divans of quietness in their father's harim. With us you know the enjoyment of life is incomplete without a garden; and as, of all men, I am the fondest of trees and flowers, in which my wife resembles me, I had taken care to lay out the large piece of ground surrounding my palace in the most tasteful manner. At the proper season of the year, we had tulips, and jasmines, and hyacinths, anemones, and violets, and roses; and there were lakes and ponds, on which floated an abundance of lotuses and lilies.

"Near one of these ponds stood a little kiosk, furnished with divans and cushions of pink silk. Here, in the cool of the evening, I retired with my wife, to talk and smoke. Sometimes she would embroider, sometimes she would sing to me, and sometimes she would tell stories very amusing, and very long. When, tired of listening, I would lay my head on her lap, and fall asleep, and she would fan me with a palm leaf, and keep my face cool; so that I was intensely happy.

XXX.

"While leading this peaceful life, I had one day a letter brought to me from Mohammed Ali, which at once changed the whole colour of my fate. It referred to other letters which he said he had written, and was worded ambiguously, so that it might almost be inferred, from several of the expressions, that I had also written to him, complaining of the Sultan and wishing myself in Egypt. There was no truth in this; but the messenger who brought me the letter, at the same time informed me it had come through the Divan, where it had been opened and read. 'I advise you,' said he, 'to provide immediately for your safety, since your head is now as loose on your shoulders as an autumnal acorn in its cup.'

"While he was yet speaking, another slave came in great haste to say that a party of soldiers had taken possession of my house, and that I must fly immediately if I would save my life. Night was fortunately coming on, so, kissing my wife, who was overwhelmed with tears and grief, I quitted the garden by a small door, and, making my way towards the woods, desired Kafoor, the slave, who now stands before you, to return to the house, and come again to me at midnight, at a well-known spot, which I indicated to him.

"Thus were my days of happiness brought suddenly to a close. I felt I was an old man; the spirit of adventure was dead in me. I could look forward with no pleasure to perils and wanderings, and sighed only to close my eyes beside my wife, and pass with her to Paradise: but it was not so written, and I said to myself as I walked through the woods, God knows what is best, and I will not murmur.

"There is a wonderful calm in the night, especially when your way lies among waving trees, and is lighted by glimpses of moonlight, descending through breaks in the foliage, and forming here and there brilliant patches on the ground. In other days my heart would have beaten with emotion and hope—I should have smiled at danger—I should have anticipated with rapture the occurrence of strife and contention, the harbingers of distinction and power. It was otherwise now. The habit of repose had unmanned me, and, instead of looking forward to coming enjoyments, my glances all receded towards sweet moments gone for ever, towards days of excitement and glory, which witnessed my ascent from obscurity to greatness.

"The path I had chosen led, by a winding descent, to the sea, upon the rocky margin of which I came out some hours before midnight. I sat down on a stone to reflect and meditate. How many thousands had risen and fallen like me!

When I left Cavalla I had not fifty piastres in my purse. But I had risen, I had become wealthy, and I was the father of many sons and daughters, and my situation in the empire had been full of honour. An eclipse had now come over me, and I was hiding behind a cloud, dense enough to conceal me from my best friends.

"The sea extended its vast level before me, and the moon was shining on it. What beauty, what calm, what infinite grandeur and tranquillity! Yet the serenity of its aspect could not impart composure to my mind, agitated by worldly cares, and longing for the repose so congenial to my age.

XXXI.

"Exactly at midnight, Kafoor came to me, bringing bad news. He had learned from my eldest son that my death was determined on, though, in consideration of my former services, and also in obedience to the spirit of the age, the Sultan had consented not to destroy my family, or confiscate my property, which was to be bestowed on my wife and children. This consoled me greatly: 'God is merciful,' cried I; 'they will at least not be beggars in the streets of Constantinople. But my wife! where will she be found when old age comes upon her? Who will care for her? who will protect her?'

"Kafoor had brought me some food, tobacco, and a pipe, with a small carpet for prayer. I went to a little stream close by, and when I had knelt and prayed, I took the bread and the meat, and ate of it. Then I drank some water from the stream, after which Kafoor filled and lighted my pipe, and I sat down and smoked, and blessed God that so much was still left me. I desired Kafoor to sit down on the carpet beside me; but he said, 'I am your slave, and that must not be.'

"And so he continued to stand with his arms crossed upon his breast, though he talked and was merry, and sought to cheer me by his stories and anecdotes. Some time before dawn he left me, promising to return the following night, and to bring along with him my son, and, if possible, my wife, who loved me, and desired to share my misfortunes. I spent the day in a cleft in the rocks, far from the water-side, where I could smoke in peace, without fear of being discovered.

"I have heard it said by wise men that the world never appears so beautiful as at the moment of death, when it puts on all its loveliness and fascination, and smiles, and looks gay and sunny, like a woman who has loved you but has ceased to do so, and wishes to break your heart at parting! My experience will, in some respects, bear out this view. Death seemed near at hand. From all things around me a sort of mist had cleared off, and left them bathed in serenity and splendour.

I fancied I had never seen the blue sky, or the rocks and trees, or the sparkling streams, or the glassy sea, or the golden sunshine, before. Earth appeared to be translated into Heaven, and to have become the abode of peace and contentment just as my eyes were about to close upon it for ever. Many, perhaps, will not agree with me, but I thought the barren rocks, as they soared majestically and clove the firmament, were as beautiful as the most lovely meadow, sprinkled with wild flowers, and watered by running brooks. Eagles, weary with traversing Asia Minor or the sea, rested here and there on their grey summits; and smaller birds, regardless of those sultans of the air, stationed themselves near me in the trees and copses, and sang like the inhabitants of Paradise!

"At the sight and feeling of all this, my heart overflowed with gratitude, and I said, 'God is great. What matters it if I terminate my pilgrimage now?' But then the thought of my wife and children came over me, and I longed for the return of night, that it might bring Kafoor with news of my family. Never did my pipe appear to me so great a friend: I filled it again and again, and with flint and steel, and bits of dry wood, lighted it as often as I required.

"All the associations of domestic life clustered about it; my wife, my children, my gardens, my palace—all the enjoyments I had ever tasted—dashed and chequered with sorrows—few, indeed

but real—such as the loss of beloved offspring and dear friends.

XXXII.

"No sooner had evening come on than I rolled up my carpet, and, with my pipe and tobacco, descended towards the place of rendezvous with Kafoor.

"It was in an evil moment that I did so. Scarcely had I entered the woods when I heard a shout, and the discharge of fire-arms, and the trampling of horses' feet. The pursuers were on my track! What was to be done? Run far I could not, and to have defended myself would have been impossible. Nothing remained, therefore, but to take the chances of concealment; so as there was fortunately a torrent at hand, I descended into it, and crept beneath a jutting rock, where I stood knee-deep in water. Of the soldiers, who were numerous, some, who were on horseback, dispersed themselves through the woods, while others alighted, tied their horses to trees, and searched about for me on foot.

"Why should they have been eager to discover me? I had never injured one of them. This is among the most inexplicable faults of man, that when a fellow-creature becomes obnoxious to authority, all his neighbours not only desert him, but cooperate eagerly in hunting down his life. Of course the secret is that they expect to rise by

his fall. But, independently of this, there is an excitement in pursuing the unfortunate, in co-operating with destroyers, in bring death and desolation into a family, in levelling the distinguished and the noble with the earth!

"That you see me here, is a proof I was not discovered. The search, however, continued long; but at last, despairing of success, they retreated towards Constantinople. I ascended from the stream, and, chilled at once by the water and the night air, proceeded in great melancholy and depression, and repeated paroxysms of terror, towards the rock of meeting. When Kafoor came, he was for some time silent. Sorrow had swallowed up his voice. At length I said to him, 'God is great. Let me know the worst. They have killed my wife, and my sons, and my daughters, and there is no one left to me but thee!'

XXXIII.

"As he saw that I had set before myself the full cup of calamity, and that he could spare me the drinking of, at least, a part of it, he grew more cheerful, and said,—

"'My master, it is not so. But your wife is guarded, so that she cannot come to you, and she and your daughters melt away in tears, and your sons are grief-stricken, because the Sultan's power is upon them, and they cannot perform their duty

to God and you. But this is what has been determined: A ship of the Franks will set sail to morrow from Stamboul, and will pass along this coast, and at night will let down a boat, and come hither for you and me. Gold and jewels have been put on board, and with them we shall make our way to Frankestán, and thence to Egypt, where we shall enjoy many happy days under the shadow of the Pasha.'

"'But my wife?' cried I.

"'She must remain at Stamboul,' answered Kafoor, 'till your sons find it practicable to place her on board another ship, and send her to you.'

"In schemes and plans for the future we passed the night, and the day following I concealed myself as before, though in a different place. The ship of the Franks came on the next night, as had been agreed upon. But some suspicion appeared to have been excited at Stamboul, for several caiques followed in its track, and watched it, and prevented all communication with the shore. The captain, therefore, sailed far out to sea, and disappeared on the edge of the horizon; and I thought he had deserted me for ever. Then I wept—for life, after all, is sweet—and I trembled at the apprehension of falling into the hands of the enraged Sultan. Kafoor, however, comforted me, saying that the captain of the Franks would surely return, for that he was a man of honour, and had pledged himself to my son to save me, or perish in the attempt.

XXXIV.

"On the ensuing night the ship returned, an made as though it would sail back towards the Bosphorus. But then suddenly altering its course, it steered towards the spot where we lay hidden. Then both our hearts leaped with joy, and we saw them lower a boat, and put off. But we were not then to be delivered. No sooner had the boat left the ship's side than several caiques appeared between it and the land; upon which the men returned to the ship, and, making all sail, once more disappeared. How great was now my grief. I tore my beard, and took dust and threw it on my head, and exclaimed, 'How wretched art thou, O Ali!' and shed abundance of tears.

"But Kafoor, buoyed up by youthful spirits, comforted me, repeating that God was merciful, and that all would yet be well. Still, more completely to destroy my hopes, the third night set in with a dreadful storm; the moon and the stars were hidden, and the waves ran howling along the shore before the tempest, their heads white with foam, and the heavy spray flying over them like rain.

"'This,' cried Kafoor, 'is the very hour of our escape. To the Franks storms are familiar. The captain will soon be here with the ship, his boat will bound like a sea-fowl over the waves, and he will deliver us, in spite of the darkness and the storm.'

"Long, however, did we wait, talking sadly to each other, as the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew, and the waves rose, and dashed and thundered against the caverned shore. At length we heard a pistol-shot on the waters; and Kafoor bid me draw my own pistol, and fire. It was enough. Presently we heard voices among the waves, and then the dark figure of the boat came in sight, and we saw for a moment the glimmer of a lantern beneath a cloak.

"'Come, jump in,' cried a rough sailor; 'we have had some trouble to find out your berth; but bear a hand—there's not a moment to lose.'

"We cheerfully obeyed, and dashed away over the tumultuous waves, through the rain and wind; now tossed up, as if to the summit of a hill, then precipitated downward into a gulf. Presently, however, we were on board the ship, sailing through the tempestuous weather towards the Dardanelles.

"Why protract my narrative? We were soon beyond the frontiers of Turkey; and the voyage through the Egæan, and all the way hither, was most agreeable, and in the very same ship as I shall have the pleasure of proceeding to Egypt with you."

XXXV.

What became of the poor Bey I shall relate hereafter.

Leghorn is, probably, in itself, a dull place; but

my stay in it was so much diversified by small adventures—some pleasant, others the reverse—that its name is always to me fraught with innumerable associations. The inmates of my hotel were a little world in themselves. Not a soul there had led a peaceful or a stationary life. All had wandered up and down the earth—seeking rest, but finding none—and had come thither in search of fresh excitement.

With several of these, in turn, I used to walk out, cigar in mouth, to the great square; and there, beneath the broiling sun, parade to and fro, listening to the narratives of their lives, which were, most of them, extremely curious. Some were men of dark fortunes, who had waded through crime and guilt, and become so familiar to them, that they cared not to put on the semblance of innocence; others were weak, and had been merely led astray by their passions or follies; while a third class seemed to have gone through the world almost unscathed, either by its corruptions or its vicissitudes.

I had always had a pleasant set of ideas connected with the cities of the Val d' Arno, particularly with Florence and Pisa, where, in the Campo Santo, are to be seen some of the finest works of Spinello Aretino. This painter had always, in his life and in his death, been a romance to me. In my tale called "Lucifer," I had described his love for Beatrice Daddi, with all its incidents and results;

and I now desired to look on those creations of his pencil which adorn the colonnades of the "Holy Field."

With a companion who experienced the same wish, I started early in the morning from Leghorn, in a comfortable old carriage, in which, inside and out, you might have stowed a dozen people at least.

XXXVI.

Autumn is inexpressibly beautiful and poetical in Italy, and it had now painted the woods and fields in all its most gorgeous colours. These the untravelled reader may see in the exquisite landscapes of William Linton, who, with rare taste and genius, has brought half the shores of the Mediterranean to the north. What my pen cannot effect, his pencil has accomplished. To walk through his studio, is to live again in Italy and Greece, to breathe their balmy atmosphere, and bask beneath their sunny skies.

I was speaking of the autumn, which, on the banks of the Arno, invests itself with superb tints, and drapes the hills and hollows with glory. Milton, who especially loved this season, had mused and meditated here, and stood at evening on the top of Fiesole, where, in "Paradise Lost," he places Galileo. Every reader remembers the glorious passage in which he describes the arms of Satan:

"His ponderous shield—
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round—

Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb,
Thro' optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole;
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, on her spotty globe."

XXXVII.

Byron, too, and Shelley, had wandered through this magic valley, and illuminated it with the light of their poetry; yet, strange to say, at the moment at which I am speaking, other names were more present to my imagination, chiefly those of Machiavelli and the Medici. About this river, rendered almost sacred by genius, the greatest men of Italy have clustered. Dante was here, and Boccaccio, and Petrarcha, and others less known, perhaps, in the North, but scarcely less dear to Italy.

Over my mind, however, none of them ever exercised so powerful a sway as Machiavelli, whose whole life was one contest against tyranny, who revived in himself the spirit of ancient Rome, and who, in his works, has bequeathed to all ages a preservative against despotism. It is, I think, a peculiar pleasure to gaze upon his portrait, full of thought and genius, and to remember him in his own country.

By the exertion of a rare sagacity he penetrated into the characters of kings and princes, and with a courage and frankness seldom equalled, has re-

vealed their arts and machinations to the world. Frederick the Second of Prussia—ironically, I suppose, denominated "the great," puffed up by the flattery of Voltaire and other literary courtiers —imagined himself competent to cope in logic and political science with the great Florentine secretary.

But how few have read his "Anti Machiavel," or are even aware that he wrote it. In the field of battle the sophist of "Sans Souci," might have routed the author of the "Art of War," but in the contest of reason and argument his vast inferiority was unquestionable. And now, where was the spirit of this great author? Could he look down on the condition of Tuscany? Could he see the death-like sleep in which all Italy was plunged?

XXXVIII.

Advancing along the banks of the Arno, after a pleasant drive, we arrived, somewhat early in the day, at Pisa. All visitors must have felt the effect of this city's singular aspect upon the mind. It is not, like several ancient cities of the East, deserted. Its buildings have not fallen into ruins; its streets are not entirely silent; grass does not wave on its highways and public places. But it is fast approaching this state.

At Thebes and Memphis, at Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis, you see the process of desolation

accomplished. The nations that inhabited them have died out; the languages they spoke are forgotten. Their history has become a fable, their religion a mockery. Seated among their crumbling fragments, your heart is oppressed by sorrow, by the fate which had overtaken so many millions of human beings, once quick, like yourself, with life, and agitated by the fierce sway of the passions. You behold them marching, in endless procession, as it were, down the great highway of eternity, emerging from darkness, and swallowed up by darkness. What infinite untold histories have perished with them!—what loves! what hatreds! what struggles for fame! what bitter and agonizing disappointments! But those generations have been so long at rest, that you contemplate their fate with serenity, as you do the general aspect of nature. You acquiesce in the awards of time; you imagine they have been reconciled to death. Certain you are that unbroken peace broods over them with its dove-like wings, and soothes them in their everlasting repose.

But walking through Pisa is almost like sitting beside a death-bed. Strength, and health, and vivacity, are gone; the form is attenuated, the air languid and painful, the voice reduced by decay almost to an inaudible whisper. Sometimes you imagine that the whole active population must have gone forth on some great expedition, or for the celebration of some mighty religious festival in

the mountains, and left their dwellings desolate for a season.

Sometimes the thought strikes you that the city was built in expectation of inhabitants, who have never come to take possession of it; so many of the houses are empty, without the half-cheerful, half-melancholy intimation that they are to be let. This would indicate some hope; but the poor Pisans have none, except when a few English families arrive, and excite in them the idea that more may follow, and infuse life into those dreary chambers which have not echoed to a human footstep for centuries.

Yet there is, after all, an inexpressible charm in the place, especially when the brilliance of autumn is diffused over it, like sunshine over a hectic cheek. There is a strange pleasure in linking yourself with dying things, which, by the force of imagination, you endow with a part of your own consciousness, and send forward, as it were, like pioneers or explorers into the regions of death. You imagine you can look through the agonies of their spirits into the world beyond the grave. Exactly so it is with a dying city: and Pisa is *in extremis*—ready to have the last rites of religion paid to it, before it is packed up in the coffin, and sent to the universal cemetery.

My companion, in extreme youth, had yet not escaped the shaft of sorrow, but had been stricken deeply, and was therefore prepared to feel all the

influence of the Campo Santo, towards which we first directed our footsteps. On the way we entered an inn—for, strange to say, one's appetite does not forsake one even in the midst of the finest monuments, or in the presence of buried generations. You sit down to breakfast beside a mummy's coffin; you dine and smoke in tombs—if they be the tombs of kings, so much the better; you munch biscuits upon the top of Vesuvius; you drink wine, and are merry, in the catacombs. On arriving at Pisa, therefore, and before going to the Campo Santo, we judged it prudent to fortify ourselves with coffee, rolls, butter, eggs, fowls, Bologna sausages, and cigars. We smoked, and meditated on things past and present; and then, chatting and laughing, as if, after all, we had nothing to do with sorrow or death, went forth towards the Holy Field.

XXXIX.

The efforts of human thought, through many thousand years, have not yet reconciled us with death, or with the things which lead to it; I mean, while there remains anything to love within or around us in the world. I say within, because we may continue to love the creatures of our memory, long after their material archetypes have faded from our sight. There is nothing so sublime, there are few things so beautiful, as death. It is God's vicegerent upon earth. It takes all that we love.

all that we value, and puts the stamp of immortality upon it. Once in the calm, tranquil regions of the dead, we are beyond the reach of change or accident, time or decay; nothing can vex, nothing corrode us more; a blissful serenity breathes wherever Death's footsteps have passed, and leaves behind it a perfume sweeter than that of Eden.

We deliver up, as I have said, all we love to death, and that more willingly than to a rival. The unreflecting may think this selfishness; but it is not. What we love we desire should be pure and holy, which we could not think it in the possession of any other mortal, whatever sophists or hypocrites may say. Love is the most exclusive of all principles, and desires to hedge round its object with inviolability, failing in which it appeals to death as the greatest and best of deliverers; yet no power of imagination, no elevation or force of intellect, can reveal to us what death is.

Nothing can be easier than, in the coxcombry of mock philosophy, to say that it is ceasing to be. But how much that is inconceivable is implied in that phrase! Ceasing to be—ceasing to behold the sun, to walk and breathe on the face of the green earth, to receive the whole image of God's vast universe into our souls, and to reflect it back upon others.

We carry about in our breasts another universe, more wonderful by far than that without—a universe of thought, of passion, of memory, of hope!—

and to cease to be is to deliver over this universe to annihilation, to blot out God's image from our souls—nay, to blot out these souls themselves from the category of existence. This is to die, and this alone is death.

What, in ordinary language, we signify by the word death, is only a transition from one point of space to another, only a passing from the dominion of change, to the dominion of eternal peace—to the society of all that is lovely, all that has been ever loved—and in that bright and waveless ocean to repose to all eternity, inhaling happiness with every breath, and converting it for ever into gratitude. In this world we may form some conception of it, when, side by side with those we love, we project our thoughts together beyond the grave, and passionately wish that our union may be eternal.

XL.

Thoughts like these crowded upon me as I walked up the Lungarno towards the Campo Santo. I arrived, and entered. Let not the reader expect a description of it from me—I cannot describe. It is a quadrangle of white marble, with a beautiful colonnade running round it on the inside, and in the centre a field, green with rich grass, waving and rustling over the remains of the dead. The earth that nourishes it was brought from the Holy Land in days of yore, when Pisa was a republic, and

hoisted its own independent flag on the Mediterranean.

The pavement of the colonnade consists of tombstones, whose inscriptions have been partly worn out and defaced by the foot. All I trod on had once been heaving and quick with life: beauty, ambition, pride, exalted virtue, or tempestuous passions, now mere dust, covered with inscribed stones. On the walls were frescoes, representing —Heaven knows what! I forget the subjects. Who painted them? It boots not here to enumerate their names—

> "Suffice it that, perchance, they were of fame,
> And had been glorious in another day!"

To one of the artists who have adorned the Campo Santo—Spinello Aretino—I have already alluded, the lover of Beatrice, the painter of Lucifer, whose life withered away beneath the shadow of his own imagination. How many live, how many die like him!—struggling with their fate, labouring to realize some glorious idea, or, perchance, to sow the seeds of love in a barren soil which will not repay their husbandry.

In the ordinary sense, Spinello was not a great artist. He has not written his name in the annals of the world legibly enough for those who run to read it. But to stand by his pictures, and inhale inspiration from them, is like drinking of a fountain in the wilderness—a delicious and rare pleasure, known only to those few who, in matters of

art, dare to judge for themselves, and care not about prescription or fame. Spinello aimed, perhaps, at unattainable grandeur, and his works, consequently, are half chaotic; but they move one deeply, and this is the property of genius only.

XLI.

I know not that I shall make myself intelligible to the reader when I say, I have a thousand associations connected with Pisa which it is impossible to invest with language. What I saw is nothing; it is what I felt that I wish to chronicle. The cathedral, the baptistry, the university, are each in its way very fine. I ascended to the summit of the Campanile, and experienced some disquietude at observing the structure beneath me nodding so many feet beyond the perpendicular. Standing by the balustrade on the leaning side, you appear to be hanging a hundred and fifty feet in air, and fancy the tower to be reeling, and about to fall, just as you do in a dream when you find yourself walking over a precipice and cannot help it.

But these are ordinary sensations. I felt myself to be in the company of dear and illustrious shadows:—

> "The cold, the changed, the dead;
> Too many, yet how few!"

The Lanfranchi palace, the Tre Palazzi, remembering who had inhabited them, awakened my poetical susceptibilities.

There is a convent in Pisa. But, no!——It must not be told. One of the actors, at least, is living; and, by some strange caprice of fate, these fugitive leaves might find their way to her retreat, and re-awaken all her sorrows. Death must deal one stroke more before the records of that convent can be given to the world. Compassion now places her finger on my lips, and I forbear.

XLII.

As evening came on we began to think of our return, and walked slowly towards the bridge, where it had been agreed that our lumbering old carriage should be in waiting for us. It was not there. However, we did not doubt it would arrive shortly, so we sat down, each on a stone, and amused ourselves by looking at the Arno flowing gently and peacefully towards the sea.

We lend thought and sentiment to rivers, and imagine them to be conscious of all the beauty through which they flow, as well as of all the joyous or tragic events that take place upon their banks or in their waters. For this reason, we love and encircle them with endearing epithets. With what earnestness, for example, did the old Egyptians love the Nile, which they gradually transformed into a god.

If we have tasted of happiness upon the margin of some stream, we fancy it had some hand in

bestowing it, and bless the genius of the place, and enshrine it for ever after in the growing circle of our local religion. This religion is, perhaps, the greatest mystery of our being. Divinity after divinity is set up in it; holy and blissful associations hourly come to take up their abode there; half the world contributes to its wealth of thought, of delicious memories, of cheering hopes; and when it has been indefinitely extended, we pass away, and it vanishes with us.

It grew dark, and still the carriage did not make its appearance. We inquired of persons who were likely to know, and of many others who were not at all likely. Nobody could give us any information. It was stupid thus to have left the matter to chance. However, we thought we could walk on a little, and that it would shortly overtake us.

I am fond of travelling over strange roads by night, when there seems to be a mystery in every bush, the materials of an adventure at every turning in the road. But weariness is a sad enemy to romance; and, having strolled about sight-seeing all day, we were now extremely fatigued, and, in consequence, very much out of humour. Still, I don't think we were sulky. We talked on incessantly, sprinkling our conversation with hearty anathemas at the driver, whom at the moment we felt very much disposed to send to the place commemorated by Dante in the first division of his "Divina Comedia."

When we had walked about seven miles, indignation brought us to a stand-still; so, seating ourselves on a grassy bank by the way-side, we resolved there to await the arrival of our vehicle. To proceed any further was out of the question: we were knocked up. Most persons know by experience what this is, and will be able, therefore, to sympathise with us, and to reiterate all the kind things we said of the coachman at the time. By degrees, our stock of language appeared to be exhausted, and we ceased to speak to each other.

XLIII.

The country round was, meanwhile, buried in profound stillness and silence, which excited painful ideas in imaginations already deeply tinged with gloom. The peasants in Italy are not a night-loving people, neither are they fond of dwelling in separate habitations, scattered along the roadside, or over the face of the country; consequently light streamed upon us from no friendly cottage window. There was no barking of house-dogs, no bleating of sheep, no lowing of cattle.

A pestilence seemed to have passed over the land, and swept away every vestige of life. In most parts of England, one meets on the road, at every hour of the night, some solitary wayfarer, drover, peasant, or pedlar, commercial traveller, or rustic lover going or returning from

village or farmhouse. But in the country in Italy the business of the day terminates with the day, and darkness is left to brood like death over the unpeopled landscape.

At length our ears were greeted by the pleasant sound of wheels at a distance. "Aha!" thought we, "here comes the criminal," and we comforted ourselves that we should now enjoy two pleasures instead of one: first, that of heartily abusing the loiterer, and second, that of reposing our wearied virtue on the soft seats of the carriage all the way to Leghorn.

In this expectation we started from the bank, and advanced into the middle of the dark road to stop the carriage; from which, as it came on, we heard an immense amount of chattering and laughing. Immediately after, we perceived it was covered with a swarm of people on the outside, and it appeared to us that the inside also was full.

My companion's patience now forsook him, and he assailed the driver, who had stopped immediately on seeing us, with a volley of curses, delivered in choice Italian. The driver endeavoured to defend himself by saying he thought we had changed our minds, and determined to remain all night at Pisa; and that, having waited for us hours and hours on the bridge, he had ultimately resolved to make the best of his situation, and take up anybody that offered.

The explanation is that there are three bridges

in Pisa, and we had taken up our station near the wrong one. However, at the time, we would hear no reason, and, right or wrong, the coachman was compelled to take all the blame upon himself.

XLIV.

While our furious dialogue was in progress, a gentleman put his head out of the carriage window, made a thousand apologies for having taken possession of our vehicle, and offered, with his lady, to alight immediately. It was now my turn to apologise. I entreated him to remain where he was, and said that I would rather walk the distance to Leghorn fifty times than be guilty of so unchristian an act as he spoke of.

"Then," said he, "why can't we return to Leghorn together? We are only two, and there is plenty of room?"

The carriage-door was at once opened, and I found myself seated opposite a lady of the most winning voice and manner. My companion, always silent among strangers, left the whole business of conversation to me; and, as I rather liked the undertaking, I immediately commenced with the husband. He had been an officer in the French army; and I soon discovered, to my extreme surprise, that he was now the military governor of Leghorn.

Our conversation, for a while, was carried on

in French, but, when it became somewhat interesting, he begged I would converse in Italian, as his wife understood no other language. She then joined us, and the dialogue proceeded with redoubled animation. We came at length to talk of children. I said I had left a houseful behind me in Switzerland; and she in her turn informed me that she had five, some of whom were very young, and that it would afford her much pleasure to show them to me. I said I would do myself the honour to call on her in the morning.

"You need not stop till then," said she; "we will order the carriage to drive to our door, and you can come in this evening."

Her husband seconding the invitation, it was settled. My companion was of course requested to accompany me, but declined, preferring to spend the evening at a café, where he could smoke at his ease.

On our arrival, two of the children, a boy and a girl, followed the servant to the door, out of pure eagerness to meet their parents, into whose arms they threw themselves with enthusiasm. I was then introduced to them, and they shook hands with me, after which the little boy, at the bidding of his mamma, conducted me to the drawing-room.

Presently, I was surrounded by the whole five, the youngest of whom, a girl just able to walk, was one of the most beautiful little creatures I ever saw, with very black hair and eyes, and a countenance of inimitable sweetness. I compli-

mented the parents upon the possession of such children, and greatly envied them the pleasure of being in the midst of them. For the moment, I would have given the world to be at home at Jolimont, with my whole seven about me.

By-and-by the little ones dropped off to bed, and I arose to take my leave; but this they would not permit. The husband said he knew the habits of the north, to which he also was partial: I must therefore join them at supper. Meanwhile I was to hear a little music. Madame then went to her piano, and played and sang very agreeably; after which we repaired to the supper-room, where we remained till a late hour. I had thus, through the blunder or cupidity of a coachman, made the acquaintance of a pleasant family, who would help to diminish the *ennui* of my protracted stay at Leghorn.

XLV.

One beautiful afternoon, a new, strange, and unaccountable longing came over me. It was born of deep melancholy. I grew tired of the living, and promised myself indescribable pleasure from escaping, for a season, from their dwellings, and wandering alone amid the habitations of the dead. Poetry and home associations, and early and dear reminiscences which came uncalled for, united to entice me alone towards the cemetery. I dwelt

with such earnestness on the idea, that I appeared as if about to proceed to some introductory banquet of the soul. The grave at times has an irresistible fascination for us. It seems to be a narrow aperture through which we obtain, for a moment, a dazzling view of the glories of the celestial regions, illuminated by God's countenance, which expands in ineffable serenity beyond.

XLVI.

I fancied the philosopher must have quitted Leghorn. Not so; he now, when I would just as soon have seen Beelzebub, came bustling, with friendly enthusiasm, into my room, announcing, on entering, that he had come to spend the day with me. What could I do? He seemed so pleased, so happy to see me, so thoroughly intent upon enjoying my conversation and a cigar, that it would have been the height of cruelty to disappoint him. Besides, in himself, he was extremely agreeable, full of knowledge, cheerful, animated, and replete with genuine urbanity. I resigned myself to my fate, and, holding out my cigar-case to him, requested he would be seated.

"No," replied he; "I see you were taking exercise, and I will join you. Let us walk while we smoke."

If you have set your mind upon doing anything, no matter how trifling, you hate to be dis-

appointed, and invest the unattainable pleasure with infinite importance. You delight in torturing yourself with a picture of what you might have enjoyed, but for the hideous accident which has interposed itself between you and your object; you get angry with the interrupter, angry with yourself, angry with all the world; you grow morose, fierce, disputatious, imperative; you will hear no reason, and give none. My philosopher saw that something had gone wrong with me, and jumped, naturally enough, to the conclusion that by his everlasting procrastination, the captain of the "Aquila" had discomposed my bile.

"Has the fellow again put off the day of your departure?" he inquired.

"It is indefinitely postponed."

"Very annoying for you; though, of course, it is so much the better for us."

"You are very polite."

"Not at all; it always affords me particular pleasure to converse with you, especially on topics connected with politics or religion. I have just been talking with one of the Pope's agents, on his way to France; and though he was necessarily partial to the system by which he lives, I could discover, in spite of him, that he entertains the most gloomy apprehensions for the fate of the Papacy."

XLVII.

In England, and wherever Protestantism is established, people are apt to view with supreme unconcern the fortunes of the Catholic Church; but a real, thoughtful lover of humanity can never share this apathy. Hundreds of millions depend on that church for happiness in life, and consolation in death. Its doctrines pervade their whole being. Their spirits are cradled in its belief from the moment they enter this sublunary sphere; and when, at the dissolution of their material frames, they wing their way back to the dim and dreadful halls of eternity, it may be that they carry along with them its ineffaceable stamp and colour.

It is impossible, therefore, if we love mankind, to be indifferent to what touches them so nearly; and over a large portion of the world's surface, Catholicism diffuses itself as a spiritual atmosphere of life or death. Imagine the innumerable voices that, through the long watches of the night, send up their praises or complaints to Heaven, in the language it has invented. See from how many myriads of altars its incense smokes at dawn. Listen to the prayers—to the masses—to the anthems—to the requiems for the dead, which fill the whole air of our planet with an incessant murmur. Follow its army of priests to the confessional—to the labours of the distant mission—to the death-bed, with all its terrors and alarms, and then

calculate how many afflicted, how many benighted, how many sorrowing and trembling souls it relieves, soothes, and strengthens; and though you may not be able to adopt all its dogmas, you will yet recognise it as one of the forms of Christianity, and experience a strong interest in its concerns.

XLVIII.

With a deep impression of these truths, I replied to my friend, the philosopher, "About the fate of the Papacy I am indifferent; but I should be sorry if Catholicism could be overthrown with it."

"I should not. It is nothing but a vast system of imposture; not without its use, perhaps, in ages of ignorance, but in these days of enlightenment no longer necessary."

"Our enlightenment, I fear, is more apparent than real. Our imaginations are filled with the shadows of idols. We worship fame, we worship wealth, we worship kings, we worship——"

The sentence was left unfinished, for just as the *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* were hurrying towards my lips, in order to be born, the jolly round face of Tonto flashed into the room, ushering in our friend, the Turkish Bey.

"It was with difficulty I repressed the anathems that rose gurgling through my throat. Here was a fine concatenation of annoyances—philosophers,

waiters, beys, all conspiring against me! However, there was clearly no deliverance. I could not behave rudely to persons who meant to show me attention, who came to amuse me, and who, in their turn, expected I should do my best to amuse them.

Ali was, of course, accompanied by Kafoor, who bore his pipe, and a quantity of Gebel Latakia in a leathern bag. This was ominous of a long sitting; so, with a deep sigh, I led my guest to the sofa, which I begged him to use after the manner of a divan. He accordingly dropped his baboushes on the floor, and, tucking up his feet in the true Oriental fashion, prepared for a long and comfortable smoke.

Kafoor was immediately engaged in his important duties, filled the pipe-bowl, kindled the acacia charcoal, placed it on the summit of the piled-up tobacco, and then putting the amber to his lips, drew the four or five customary whiffs, before he handed it to his master. Ali was then in a state of extreme enjoyment, and nestling snugly and cozily among the sofa-cushions, tried to fancy himself in his kiosk at Stamboul.

The philosopher and I, with our fragrant Havannas, took our station beside him; and away went the curling smoke upwards to the roof, where, meeting with an unexpected obstruction, it spread itself on all sides, till it found vent at the open windows. To relate what we talked of would be lost labour. It was mere common-places such as

make up the sum of human converse. There was no contention of mind with mind, no effort at wit, no displays of logic, no brilliant gladiatorship, such as one observes among the knowing-ones of the north. Over our intercourse the *dolce far niente* presided in all its fulness. I was thinking of something else, but still managed tolerably well to amuse my guests, who were soon on the best of terms with each other. Without being discovered, I contrived to get a peep at my watch, and found that time was progressing at a fearful pace. What was to be done? My friends were too happy to think of disarranging themselves; and if the first hour of the morning saw their departure, it would be quite as much as it would.

XLIX.

As I was dwelling on these delightful probabilities, Tonto made his appearance again, bringing in my friend Signor Tibaldo, who had come to smoke a cigar, and invite me for the following day to a little *fête champêtre*. Of course I felt very much flattered, but wished he had timed his kindness better.

However, destiny had now taken me into its especial keeping, and there was no contending against it, so I desired Tonto to bring up coffee, with sherbet, and lemonade, and wine, that we might kill time as agreeably as possible.

No sooner had the order been given, than in

came Count Z——, with my Pisa companion, and the two English sea-captains, who had all, it seems, taken a violent fancy to me at that most unpropitious moment. Though externally as polite and cordial as possible, I confess with shame that internally I muttered that comminatory expression for which our nation is more famous than any other.

Here, then, was a regular party, consisting entirely of droppers-in. Little did they think how they tortured me! Doubtless they had no sentimental wanderings in view, for they seemed perfectly at their ease—lively, jocular, ready for any social enjoyment, from pipes and coffee to a hot supper. Once I feared lest Tonto, in the interest of the house, would have thrown out some hint about the latter, in which case I must have strangled him. Still, it seemed likely that, whether I meant to be hospitable or not, my excellent friends would not quit me.

The philosopher coming accidentally into proximity with Signor Tibaldo, and finding him to possess a mind well stored, and tolerant of paradoxes and novelty, entered with him into an animated dialogue on the fate of mankind in general, which, had nature permitted, might have been carried on uninterruptedly to the present moment. He had a theory—a very odd one, I'm sure—according to which men and women are of no use at all, in this world at least. He could discover no particular object that is served by our existence.

"For what," said he, "do we do? We are born into the world, we spend a large portion of our lives uselessly in trundling hoops, whipping tops, eating sweetmeats, or sucking our nurses. We then take to what are called books, and cram our heads with other people's notions—foolish for the most part, though we dignify our acquaintance with them, however slight and trivial, with the name of knowledge or science. Upon the possession of this, we pride ourselves, and are puffed up and inflated with vanity, till, like balloons, we are lifted from the solid ground of common sense, and go floating about, and vapouring at each other, in the empty space above other people's heads.

We then meet with individuals, equally silly, of the other sex, and take to marrying, and reproducing our like; after which our understandings and bodies collapse—we are despised by the rising generation, hunted down with ridicule and laughter, until, like spectres, we are driven with ignominy from the stage. All our boasted knowledge will not preserve us from the contempt of youth. In fact, we have no particular object in living any longer; for having done our part towards the preservation of the race, we sink naturally like bubbles into the ocean of existence, and the same phantasmagoria goes on with new actors."

L.

To this tirade the Bey gave great attention, and replied, in very tolerable Italian—

"Thank God, such opinions have not yet obtained a wide circulation in the east. We there think that this life is but the beginning of an eternal existence; and that all we do, and say, and think on this side the grave, does not perish, but is, as it were, bound up with us, to form our happiness or misery hereafter. I am a very ignorant man, but I believe in God, and therefore can never persuade myself that the noblest of his works was made in vain.

"My own life, short comparatively, though I am old, has not been spent in the trivial manner you describe. I have ministered to the wants of the poor, and have received their blessing, which has descended on my head like the dews from heaven, refreshing all my hopes, and causing them to spread, and flourish, and aspire towards the skies. Besides, what a boundless world has my soul been! Five times a-day, as I kneel on my carpet, God descends from the everlasting heavens to comfort me. I am penetrated by his essence. I am in ecstasy. All that I have seen, all that I have known, fans my devotion; and I generally end my prayer with wishing that my hand were so large that it could relieve all who need help in this world.

"Our muezzins, from the minarets at night, proclaim a great truth, crying 'Awake, ye faithful, and pray: prayer is better than sleep.' And trust me, friend, it is better also than philosophy, if philosophy can teach nothing but distaste for human life, and ingratitude towards God.'"

I could have hugged the Turk to my breast. The philosopher, however, prevented me from expressing what I felt, by observing, with much composure:—

"What you say is very good. Everybody is religious at one time or other of his life. It is a sort of disease, however, which comes, like the small-pox, only once, whether you are inoculated for it or take it naturally. I got my fit early; and, having been thoroughly cured, I am in no danger of a relapse. It would be impossible for me to adopt your theory of prayer, the uselessness of which is obvious, because you cannot, by uttering a few words, alter the laws of nature; which, whether you are pious or impious, go on producing their ordinary effects, entirely uninfluenced by you."

"I have said," returned the Bey, "that I am ignorant, and possess no wisdom, and am indeed little better than a child. No wonder, therefore, that I should know nothing of the power of which you speak. We do not among us recognise such a lawgiver as Nature, who I suppose is another God unknown to us.

"We think all that exists depends upon God alone, whose laws and ways are past finding out. But we persuade ourselves that, according to one of his laws, we ought to pray; because, whatever he may have determined respecting us, the benefit we seek results from the very act of prayer, which humbles our pride, prostrates us in the dust, makes us feel how contemptible and insignificant we are when we seek to oppose his will—how glorious and happy when we obey.

"May the time never arrive when the beauty of religion shall be stripped from the earth, which will then be nothing better than a barren cinder rolling through the wastes of space. For myself, I feel everywhere the presence of God, and repose upon his mercy as upon a pillow."

In this way the conversation went on, sometimes serious, sometimes merry; but whatever turn it took I was all the while haunted by the idea that I had determined that afternoon to be alone, to visit the abodes of the dead, to indulge in such meditations as might present themselves, to think of home and of the Nile, and to hush my soul into that state of repose in which alone we can taste of true happiness.

How could I break up this conclave of dissertators? All my visitors were engaged in talk—the captains telling stories of the sea, Tibaldo giving us reminiscences of his campaigns, while Count Z—— was declaiming to my Pisan friend on the attrac-

tions of love and suicide. On went the clock. The proper hour for my stroll was passing by, and yet my guests showed no signs of any inclination to depart.

LI.

Presently, however, when least expected, the moment of release came. The Captain of the "Aquila," ushered in by Tonto, brought some private intelligence to the Bey which took him away immediately. This broke up our party. Every man bethought himself of some engagement of business or pleasure, so that I was suffered after all, just as the sweet hour of evening was coming on, to repair to the English burial-ground. While walking along I endeavoured to bring back my thoughts to the state in which they had been when I resolved on the melancholy visit in the morning; and as I advanced further and further from the city, the tranquillizing influence of nature acquired more and more power, so that ere I reached the lodge my thoughts were sufficiently hushed to harmonize altogether with the genius loci.

LI.

When I had entered and walked some time about the cemetery, where the form of many a fair daughter of the North lies mouldering, I noticed,

from the appearance of the clouds, that the sun was setting. Most persons associate melancholy ideas with the close of day, which naturally suggests to our minds the termination of life—when, in anguish and sorrow, the soul descends and veils all its glories and splendours behind the impenetrable shadow of the grave.

A gorgeous sadness seemed to pervade the sky, where mountainous clouds of gold, saffron, and amethyst, piled upon each other, seemed to ascend interminably into the empyrean. There was in them, however, no permanent vitality. Darkness closed in upon them; visibly, the circle of their brightness diminished every moment; they grew pale, they quivered, they shrunk, they vanished; and one deep, sombre hue covered the whole face of heaven. It is thus that the light of genius ebbs out when the spirit is passing from the known to the unknown, from the delights, and loves of time, to the dreary dominions of eternity.

Everywhere around rose the most dismal mementos—cypresses and weeping-willows drooping tremblingly over graves; white marble monuments looking ghostly in the moonlight, while the soft, balmy breeze, breathing lassitude and languor, disposed me to view the whole scheme of sublunary things under the most discouraging aspect.

I sat down on the marble steps of a tomb—the tomb of an English senator, cut off in the fervour of youth, in the midst of dreams of great-

ness, and the throes of inordinate ambition. A cypress rose at either end, and funereal plants dimly reflected the moonlight from their leaves, which rustled heavily in the breeze.

LIII.

Whatever may be our faith or our hope, there must always be intense melancholy in our souls when we meditate alone among the everlasting resting-places of the dead. One of the tombs I saw here wrung my heart. When living at Dijon I had gone to the burying-ground, with my own children about me, and spent some time in reading the inscriptions on the tombs. One I noticed particularly. It was that of a young English girl, the daughter of a gentleman from Surrey. The years of her life had not exceeded nineteen, and the parents had sought to express in words their deep sorrow for her loss.

Afterwards, at Lausanne, I noticed another tomb to the memory of the above girl's sister. It was of a later date, and the inscription stated that she had died of consumption. The parents, heart-stricken and alarmed, now hastened towards the South with their soul's treasure and only child, who was a daughter. Her they hoped to preserve in the moist warm air of Tuscany; but it was not to be. Death found his way once more into their dwelling, and laid low the only prop of their age. In words brief and sad they sought to express the

agony of their souls. The only consolation that now remained to them was the hope of meeting her in heaven. With this hope they went away, old and desolate, God knows where.

"My thoughts followed them tenderly, for I, too, had known what it was to stand by the narrow house of beloved objects. The first grave of which any record remains in my memory was that of my father, who died when I was not quite seven years old. I could not be then supposed to understand my loss, but I felt it.

We lived in a remote country place, where the churchyard, situated at some little distance from the town, was beyond description secluded and beautiful. My mother had selected the spot for her husband's grave; it lay at the left-hand side near the church-door, on the brow of a little eminence, shaded and sheltered by an immense yew-tree, which stretched out its thick roof of boughs lovingly over it. To this spot, about the close of evening, I came with my childish love, and, lying down upon the soft grass, I used to clasp the grave in my little arms, and cried till my heart was ready to break. I fully believed at the time that my father could not be laid there for ever, but that a period would, sooner or later, be put to his rest, and that he would rise again to comfort us. This went on during the whole summer after we had lost him. It was, perhaps, this practice that implanted in me my inexplicable love for the

night. What stillness, what calm, what holy serenity brooded upon that churchyard after dark! Sometimes the moonlight coming down between the trees, rested in bright patches on tombs and gravestones. Sometimes the stars and constellations burned and twinkled above, and sometimes the sylvan wind made strange music among the boughs of the yew-trees, which swang gently to and fro over my head. As the winter came on, my visits became fewer, and at length ceased entirely; but from that time to the present, the thoughts and feelings which crowded into my soul during that brief summer may be said, in some degree at least, to have softened and humanized me.

LIV.

Next morning I proceeded to the house of the Governor, who kindly invited me to spend the day with him and his family, on the Monte Nero, and in a short time we were comfortably stowed, children and all, in a roomy carriage, and on our way across the plain.

When marriages are happy in Italy they would seem to be remarkably so. In the present instance, at least, husband and wife appeared to be really one—wishing the same things, believing the same things, hoping the same things. Their children united them together indissolubly, so that it was no small pleasure to be in their company.

External life, and that round of amusements from which others derive so much gratification, were nothing to this military philosopher, who had discovered the utter hollowness of the world, and felt that we must be happy at home, or nowhere.

In search of happiness, when it has been lost there, men may travel where they please, they will never find it; some mitigation of their sorrows may be vouchsafed them in the world, but that is the utmost they can hope for. A blighted hearth means a blighted life, and wretched above all others are they to whose lot it falls.

The Governor's lady was a true woman, whose chief happiness consisted in exciting it in others. No taint of selfishness appeared ever to have reached her mind. She lived for her husband and her children, and all those with whom the interest or gratification of these brought her in contact. Her face was radiant with goodness, with a cheerful benignity which made one feel perfectly satisfied in her company. Beautiful, in the ordinary sense, she never could have been, nor did she in the slightest degree affect it. Content with the charms nature gave her, or rather never thinking of the matter at all, her wishes seemed wholly to be concentrated in diffusing cheerfulness and contentment around her.

With people like her and her husband, one is soon at home, especially when they happen to have a host of children, who know not what shyness

or reserve is. These little Italians appeared to me the very *beau ideal* of folks of their age, enjoying everything within their reach—talking, laughing, merry, though full of deference and courtesy towards their elders. One of them, a little girl about four years old, took her station on one of my knees, and soon coaxed her little brother, somewhat younger than herself, to occupy the other. With these blessed little companions I amused myself a great part of the way.

LV.

The morning was bright with sunshine, which imparted to the landscape a delightful aspect, such as makes the heart glad, and sets the animal spirits bounding through our frames. For some distance our road lay along the sea, whose waves seemed to salute us merrily as we proceeded. Autumn is not a cold season in Tuscany, and therefore the refreshing breeze, entering our carriage windows from the Mediterranean, was no unwelcome guest. Beside our track, on banks and hillocks, were numbers of those small wild-flowers, which, delighting in a saline atmosphere, gem in all countries the borders of the ocean, and impart to them a peculiar beauty, a beauty made up of wildness and freshness—of perpetual motion, contrasted with perpetual rest—of natural decay and eternal rejuvenescence. At intervals, scattered over the

plain, were numerous clumps of trees, some evergreen, others deciduous, presenting a rare combination of sombre verdure with piles of red and gold, sprinkled with dew, and glittering magnificently in the sun; huge buffaloes, couching lazily here and there, chewed the cud with serene satisfaction, while groups of peasants, talking or singing, carried on the labours of agriculture beneath the genial sky.

These rustic sounds, mingled with the dash and roar of the waves, the songs of our merry driver, and our own voices, excited in us the most agreeable sensations, so that we arrived at the church in the best humour imaginable.

Every person who has visited that edifice knows that it is celebrated for a rare collection of votive offerings, made to our Lady of Monte Nero by the peasants of the surrounding districts, by enthusiastic wayfarers, and by sailors who have been preserved from shipwreck on the deep. Far be it from me to ridicule any form of piety, though I sometimes found it difficult to repress a smile at various articles in the strange assemblage.

Some of the offerings, however, were in the highest degree touching. I particularly noticed a cradle, in which some dear baby had been rocked when afflicted with grievous sickness; and, as Heaven came to its aid, and restored it to health, the grateful mother dedicated this memorial of her love and tenderness to the Blessed Virgin. Many,

many years have rolled away since then, and both mother and child have been, probably, long at rest beneath the Tuscan soil—no other record remaining of them than that sweetest of all records that they were parent and child.

Will my readers pardon me if I confess that my eyes filled with tears at the sight of that cradle, around which clings such a world of domestic associations? The heart knows no resting-place so dear as the mother's lap, and never in after-life tastes of that profound and exquisite tranquillity which settles on infancy in the cradle.

Beside this was a portion of the keel of a shipwrecked vessel, from which all the mariners had escaped with life. Elsewhere, I observed the representation, in the rudest style of art, of a pair of eyes, which a lady who had been blind, and had recovered her sight, offered in holy gratitude to the Virgin. Let who will laugh at this as superstition; to me it appeared to be a monument of the heart's thankfulness—of deep and earnest devotion—and of a strong relish of life, and all that renders it desirable.

The Governor, who read my feelings in my countenance, observed to me, in a low voice, that it is good to cultivate in mankind the habit of gratitude, the noblest of all the virtues which adorn this life, and fit us for the enjoyment of another.

"No one supposes," said he, "that we enrich God by storing up these trifling offerings in his

shrine. It is ourselves that we enrich, by multiplying the mementos of our dependence upon him."

"And," added his wife, "it always does me good to come to this place, where peculiar blessings seem to descend on my children. Half the offerings you see are those of mothers, whose love, deep and boundless, seeks to develop itself in all forms."

LVI.

After walking about the building for some time, we went forth into the lanes and fields, and strolled, amid beautiful groves and copses, till the hour for dinner, which it was agreed we should take at a small rustic inn, well known to my companions. At table our conversation became more familiar and agreeable than ever. The children, who reminded me every moment of my own, were infinitely cheerful, and appeared to inspire their mamma with a joy inexpressible, and, perhaps, unintelligible to man.

Who has not watched a mother's countenance when surrounded by the children she loves, all in the enjoyment of health and happiness, and envied her the rapture—if anything so pure can provoke envy—which beams like a lambent flame from every feature? I had long been accustomed to this pleasure; and now, beholding it renewed after a

brief interruption, learned to set a higher value on it than ever.

By degrees the Governor and I glided into the subject of politics, always full of peril among other than intimate friends. As I have said, however, he was a philosopher in the truest sense of the word—that is, one who is ready, on all proper occasions, to assert his own opinions, and disposed to tolerate those of others. We spoke of the prospect of a revolution in Italy, and, with a frankness which might have proved misplaced, I maintained the desirableness of subverting every one of its established governments.

"All the world over," I said, "men are governed too much, and instructed too little. Government is the counterbalance of ignorance. Men require to be led, because they are not taught to walk alone, and have their public business transacted for them often contrary to their wishes, because they do not know how to transact it themselves, or to check those who voluntarily undertake the task. If mankind were enlightened, there would be no such thing as government, in the vulgar sense of the word, which implies the possession of a superior nature by certain classes of individuals, who believe themselves born to domineer over their neighbours. As the world goes, the art of government is the art of fraud. By its involutions and evolutions, its tricks and machinations, its delusions and hypocrisies, it plunges the greater part of our species

in irremediable misery. To remedy this odious state of things, we have only to disseminate truth, for when men comprehend their own nature and the nature of things, they will not submit to be ridden or driven like beasts, by persons no better than themselves."

"As you are a stranger," said the Governor, "I do not fear confessing to you that my opinions very strongly resemble your own. What we chiefly want in this world is the recognition of the greatest of all truths, which appear to me to be the fundamental principles of Christianity; I mean the relationship of man to man. We are all brethren; whereas, all the established governments of the world, except those in which the democratic principle is predominant, are based upon the idea that men are by nature enemies to each other, and must be scourged and kept in order by severe laws and oppressive systems of rule. Should the Gospel ever pass into our hearts, instead of resounding perpetually from our lips, we should at once become wise and happy; and to treat men as brethren, is to destroy all the fictions, fallacies, and tyrannies by which society has been vexed for so many thousand years."

The enunciation of these sentiments was, evidently, not new to his wife, who smiled approval at the conclusion of every sentence, and, when he had done speaking, observed to me:—

"What my husband has now said, he would not

have ventured to say before any subject of the Grand Duke, except myself. I feel honoured by his confidence, and it shall be my endeavour to inculcate his principles into my children. I know these opinons must be right, because they are his."

"There is another reason, madam," said I. "why they must be right."

"What is that?" inquired she.

"Why, that they are doctrines," I replied, "of the great Promulgator of 'peace and good-will towards men.' That sets the stamp of divinity upon them."

PART THE THIRD.

"Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail; 'tend to the whistle— Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

TEMPEST.

"Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves;
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?"

COMUS.

PART THE THIRD.

I.

GOING to sea implies, everywhere, passing from a warm climate to a cooler. When we bade adieu to Tuscany, the sun was shining brightly on that lovely portion of Italy, and accompanied us for several hours on our track across the waves. But towards the afternoon, just as we were abreast of the barren volcanic cone of Monte Christo, a shower of rain came on, and imparted a biting cold to the air. On the left lay Giglio, which belongs to Tuscany, and appears bare of vegetation. On Monte Christo there are wild goats and water, and when we passed the centre of it, the clouds were driving over its highest peaks, which they partly concealed, as they used to do the Dent de Jaman, or the summits of the Valaisan Alps.

I was standing, pen in hand, setting down the various phenomena of nature that surrounded me; the colour of the sky, interspersed with straggling clouds, and the peculiar hues of the waves, in which blue and green strove for the mastery, while the

chill white of the breaking surges lent a dreary aspect to the restless expanse, heaving, tossing, and roaring on all sides, much further than the eye could reach.

I have the little note-book still in which I was engaged in setting down my memoranda, on which the rain fell, and half obliterated the words. Showers, beautiful and poetical everywhere, are doubly so in the south, while they sweep like an artificial apparatus before the eye; composed of dense columns of mist, pierced by millions of descending drops, and partly enveloped with a mantle of prismatic colours by the sun.

Many travellers affect to be of iron mould, and oppose to everything around them the *nil admirari* of Horace and Lord Bolingbroke. I do not belong to this class of wise men; on the contrary, I am a sort of instrument which everything in God's universe can easily play on. Delight thrills through my whole frame at the sight of anything new or strange, and I easily invest with sublimity whatever comes before me clothed with the characteristics of vastness, elevation, and obscurity. As we swept before the gale, along the shores of Elba, Corsica, and Sardinia, their grand mountainous outline, relieved against the western sky, inspired me with a strong desire to traverse their fastnesses, and stroll through those lofty valleys, of which we appeared to catch glimpses through the clouds.

But my subject is running away with me. Successive showers of heavy rain sent me, before nightfall, down into the cabin, where another cause far more disagreeable, kept me at intervals for hours.

II.

The wind, meanwhile, rose by degrees, to a gale, in which the "Aquila Nera" rolled and pitched like a stormy petrel among the billows of the Atlantic. Still our cabin was not altogether cheerless. We were seven in number, two Italians, two Turks, and three Englishmen. To some of us the East was an unknown region, which had been studied, indeed, through the aid of books, but, in spite of this, lay before our imaginations wrapt in almost fabulous obscurity.

To me, perhaps, it was still more unreal than to any one else. I have a knack of investing things, visible and palpable, with the mists of antiquity; of yielding myself to the potent influences of poetry and romance; of intermingling scripture, profane history, and tradition, into one vast mystic veil, with which to tapestry the rocks, precipices, caverns, and valleys of a distant land. The Nilotic Valley was to me the country of the lotus-eaters; and, through the superincumbent strata of Mohammedan, Roman, Macedonian, and Persian history, I could behold the genuine old mummy-making race, raising the pyramids, scooping out in the mountains subterranean palaces for the dead, erect-

ing forests of obelisks and gigantic columns, and creating with the human hand an artificial sea in the desert, larger than the lake of Geneva, which still rolls and glitters beneath the fervour of an African sun.

Several of my companions had been in the East—one in Egypt; but they had seen little or nothing of what I desired to see. The Neapolitan, in particular, who had drunk of the waters of the Nile, was too completely absorbed by the worship of mammon to discover beauty in anything but gold. He spoke of the Arabs as "*cattiva gente*," and of their country as "*una maladetta deserta*," which he would never visit but for the great gains he made there. He was a petty merchant, who believed in no divinity but dollars, though I saw him, on one occasion, fall upon his knees before a picture of the Virgin, when death—— But this is anticipating, and I shall relate the incident in its proper place.

The other Italian was a Florentine, travelling from I know not what motives. Distinguished for his gentlemanly manners, and an extraordinary amount of knowledge, he was yet shy and reserved—full of wild fancies—ambitious as Lucifer; when roused, impetuous and overbearing, and withal a little vindictive. We contracted a liking for each other, which helped considerably to dispel the *ennui* of the voyage. Of the Bey, Kafoor, and my Pisan companion, I have spoken already. There is, therefore, no necessity to enter into details respecting them.

III.

The cabin was a low room, of about fourteen feet by twelve, lighted up at night by one dim lamp, which just sufficed to show us to each other. Everything was in disorder and confusion—chests, trunks, baskets of earthenware, hat-boxes, band-boxes, and a thousand indescribable articles, which ought not to have been there. The Bey and his slave had a very small cabin to themselves, but opening into ours, so that while in bed we could talk comfortably with each other, when the roaring of the waves without would suffer our words to be heard.

By agreement, we were to be boarded by the captain, at so much a-day; but, judging by his physiognomy that he was not likely to kill us with kindness, we had all of us the prudence to lay in some little supplementary stores for ourselves, such as tea, coffee, bottles of sherbet, fine biscuits, maccaroni, and vermicelli. To a certain extent, therefore, we were independent. One thing, however, we had unfortunately forgotten, that is, to bring with us a supply of cups and saucers, things with which our Genoese captain scorned to encumber himself.

At tea-time, consequently, we made the discovery that we were to drink our tea and coffee in large basins, which he had provided at the rate of one for three persons. There was, indeed, a quantity of crockery on board, even, as I have said, in

our very cabin; but this did not exactly consist of conveniences for tea-drinking. However, we determined not to make ourselves unhappy about trifles; and at the proper hour sat down to tea, with a firm resolution to enjoy it.

As good luck would have it, our whole party, except one, was sociable and accommodating. The exception was Gaetano, the Neapolitan, who affected to despise the Chinese leaf, and therefore refused to join our meal, though he sat in the cabin smoking, and throwing now and then a word or a phrase into the stock of conversation.

Ali Bey was ready to agree to anything, and took to tea-drinking as a Newfoundland dog takes to the water. He was at home with souchong at once, though we had not a drop of milk to make it palatable. Our captain had got some goats on board, which he assured us, at Leghorn, were to be milked night and morning for our benefit; but we were no sooner at sea than we found that all the milk they could supply was barely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of their goatlings, whose claims were, of course, preferred to ours. Despite ourselves, therefore, we were compelled to rise to the level of philosophers, and be content without this northern luxury.

IV.

I wish I could give you an idea of our tea-party. In the centre of the cabin was a table, screwed to

the floor, without which precaution it would not have remained on its legs for five minutes. It was likewise furnished with a rim, about two inches high, which prevented the basins with their scalding contents from tumbling into our laps. Bread and butter we had none; but, instead, very good biscuits, which we relished excessively at first. The tea, we had taken care, should be good. There was plenty of sugar, and the captain supplied us with abundance of hot water.

What more could we want? Instead of spoons, we used a fragment of biscuit. Unfortunately, our teapot, the only one on board, was of earthenware, so that had any mischance befallen it, we should have been reduced to the necessity of making tea in a coffee-pot. We consequently watched over it as a sort of palladium upon which our social happiness was to depend for Heaven knew how long. I never saw a teapot so venerated. An African from the interior would have mistaken it for our fetish, and thought we worshipped it; which in some sort we did, since it was to us a source of unequalled pleasure.

It is easy to conceive that we had no soft divans, sofas, or even chairs, to draw around our tea-table. We sat on roughly-corded trunks or boxes, between any two of which we were careful not to put our legs, lest the next lurch of the ship should send them against each other, like two icebergs in the Arctic regions, and crush, as a Yankee would say,

the intervening limbs to "immortal smash." Ali took his place beside me, and soon began to assist me in projecting my fancy into the regions of the East.

We were perfectly democratic, and made no objection to the slave's sitting in the midst of us; so Kafoor took his place on my right hand; next to him sat the Florentine, close to Ali sat Mr. L——, and then my Pisan friend: last of all, Gaetano, the Neapolitan, perched himself on a separate box, and smoked incessantly.

As all my readers will probably have been at sea, I can tell them nothing new respecting the economy of life on board. They know very well that a ship resembles a house during an earthquake, when both floor and ceiling alter their level every instant, and reel, now on this side, and now on that; your stomach reels with it, and it is well if it does no worse. But this is not all. Occasionally very uncomfortable ideas suggest themselves to your imagination, especially if you possess the power to picture to yourself all the circumstances of your situation; you then perceive yourselves to be floating in a little wooden room, along the surface of a fathomless element, and, overhead, another element, often furiously agitated, and uttering fearful sounds, as it were, with a human voice. Pitchy darkness, meanwhile, totally envelops you, save where a single lamp illumines the little moving point of space in which, surrounded by a few

boards, you drive before the tempest. People, however, get used to this sort of existence, and so did I.

V.

It is a prudent thing to eat as much as possible at sea. It keeps up your spirits, and prevents your tendency to basins and bulwarks. In obedience to this philosophy, scarcely had the tea-things, if I may dignify them by that name, been removed, ere we began to make preparations for supper. We could, in fact, think of no other amusement. The interval was spent, by most of us, in smoking, and collecting our ideas, for we were, as yet, so little used to our position, that we hardly knew what to think of it.

One satisfaction we all had—we were in rapid motion—though whither we were driving it was not quite so easy to say; that we were compelled to leave to the gods overhead, who were rushing about, stamping, swearing, pulling ropes, and invoking alternately the Devil and the Virgin to help them out of their difficulties.

As we were not yet frightened, we thought chiefly of our supper, which in due time was served up. By way of initiating us properly into the mysteries, the cook had that evening determined to make a splendid display of his art and resources. There were soup, and stock-fish, and cold fowls, and ham, and beef, and pickles, with

capital cheese, pale ale, and Cyprus wine. We were, therefore, very comfortable, and prolonged the Epicurean enjoyment till far in the night, terminating the whole with some cups of delicious coffee, pipes, and cigars.

About sleeping we cared very little, as there was probably a whole month before us during which we might take that pleasure at any time of the day or night, if the storms would let us. We were now determined on making the most of the present hour.

VI.

No feeling is more universal than the love of country. Ali was now returning to the East, and appeared to regard with indifference all the discomforts, dangers, and difficulties he might have to encounter by the way. Sometimes, when the faculty of strong enjoyment is asleep within us, we shrink from approaching the scenes of former happiness, which by contrast make us feel our present misery more keenly. But when there is a large store of hope in the future, we love, above all things, to revisit the land of our birth, to wander about where we played when children, to conduct our fancies back to the very cradle's edge, and feel, if possible, the sunshine of a mother's face once more beaming upon us.

To Ali, the whole East was a sort of home.

Men of enlarged and liberal minds may associate freely with persons of a different religion, different language, and different manners; but the intercourse is always imperfect. There are reserves on both sides. Half a man's happiness in this world springs from his faith, whether he be conscious of it or not; and he never cordially sympathises with any one who differs in this particular essentially from himself. To worship at the same altar is truly to be friends, because it implies that conformity of sentiment and feeling without which friendship is impossible.

Above all men, the Mohammedans appear to stand in this predicament; when pious they are most pious. Every act of life is an act of religion. Prayer mingles with their habitual discourse, and their lofty and awful conceptions of God impart to their conversation a tone of strange sublimity.

In the countries of the Franks, whom they cannot but regard as infidels, they miss all those associations which render their own land sacred. They hear no muezzin calling them to prayer from the mosque; they behold no one kneeling in house or street, listen to no pious ejaculations; but, on the contrary, if their prophet or religion be named, it is to be treated with contempt and derision. It is, accordingly, very natural that they should quit Christian Europe with delight, to return within the bosom of El Islam.

Ali, on the present occasion, cautiously gave vent to his natural feelings, and finding me tolerant, became more and more communicative. Kafoor's face, too, brightened at the thought that we were moving eastwards, and that he should soon be in the country of Pashas, and dancing girls, hammams, camels, and kabobs. The Islamites exchanged looks of pleasure as we entered upon the fascinating theme; and at length Ali addressing himself to the slave, exclaimed—

"Tell us, oh Kafoor, a story of Egypt, that we may pass the time, and store our fancies with pleasant images, with which, afterwards, sleep may construct dreams in the night."

VII.

Kafoor, bowing low, in token of obedience, began immediately as follows:—

"There was once, in the most populous quarter of Cairo, a Kadhi, who had no fear of God or respect for the laws of the Prophet; all his thoughts were bent on the amassing of money. He sold justice to the rich; he plundered and oppressed the poor, until his coffers were running over with gold and jewels. He peopled his harim with beautiful women; he built himself a spacious palace; he laid out gardens; he surrounded himself with all that was splendid and magnificent in the countries of El Islam, and often said to himself, 'Oh Hassan.

thou hast provided for thy solace and gratification for many years.'

"But, as the man who walks towards the sun sees not his own shadow, so this wicked Kadhi did not perceive the avenging angel that followed his footsteps night and day. One morning, while he was administering justice in the neighbourhood of the Mosque of Flowers, a Bedouin from the desert, in whose case he had decided unjustly, pierced him through with a spear, so that he fell down to the earth. Eblis took his soul: and his body was thrown, like a dog's, into a pit in the cemetery, where all the inhabitants of the quarter collected and spat upon his grave. The people then said to each other, 'Let us abstain from quarrels and contests; let us never enter a court of justice; let us shun the meshes of the law, that we may escape the misery which Ulemas and wicked Kadhis bring upon us.'

"So there were no more dissensions in that quarter of the city. Fear made men friends with each other, and they also desired to see an end put to the whole race of Kadhis, who would be entirely unnecessary if the children of the true believers feared God and respected each other. It is the folly of the people that constitutes the opulence of their rulers and magistrates.

"Still, a new Kadhi was appointed, who came from Constantinople to settle differences, and judge between man and man. As he was a stranger, his

character was unknown, and everybody expected he would prove himself to be a worthy successor of him who had been speared by the Bedouin. When by chance, therefore, any misunderstanding arose, persons chose umpires to decide between them, and everything was conducted peaceably throughout the whole jurisdiction of the new Kadhi, who in consequence had no suits to decide, or fees to receive.

"As the property he had brought along with him was small, he soon came to the end of it, and began to be straightened for the means of living. The rats and mice forsook his house, where they found nothing to eat. He grew gaunt and lean, and his shadow was diminished. Friends he had none to comfort him; and when he walked in the streets, people passed to the other side, as if he had been one of the children of Eblis, who breathe around them contagion, and strike people dead with a glance. The little boys ceased their play when he approached, and spoke in whispers till he was supposed to be out of hearing, for they said 'He is a Kadhi, and if he can but seize upon an unlucky word he will persecute our fathers and mothers, and bastinado them, and kill them, and leave us helpless and destitute, as the former Kadhi used to do.'

VIII.

"Sad, therefore, was the condition of this man of justice, who had no prospect before him but that of perishing of hunger. Naturally cheerful, he used for a time to joke with himself, and tried to keep up his spirits by calling in Hope to his aid. He had many books in his house, some on law and devotion, others on poetry and eloquence, and others, merely calculated to minister to the amusement of the mind. Among these was 'The Thousand and One Nights,' which he read daily, sometimes laughing, and sometimes shedding tears, as the pen of the magician laid open before him some nook in the regions of mirth or sorrow.

"To supply himself with the necessaries of life, he parted, little by little, with all his library, and his furniture, and his clothes, till nothing was left him but one ragged suit, a prayer-carpet, and 'The Thousand and One Nights.' From these, he said to himself, no extremity of misfortune should tear him. If it was written he should die, he would go on with these loved companions to the last, and would entreat that they might be buried with him, that a single ray of light might illuminate his tomb.

"As his stomach grew empty, however, he became sad and sorrowful, and took up the beloved volume in his hands, and apostrophised it as if it had been a living friend. 'Ah, old companion,'

cried he, 'I must take thee to the bazaar, and sell thee to some merchant, who may, perhaps, relinquish thee for a sum of money to some blockhead who will not know how to appreciate thy wit, who will confound together thy verse and prose, or will even lay thee on a shelf, to be buried with dust or eaten by moths.' After this he kissed the book, and shed tears upon it, and put it under his ragged cloak, and went forth with a heavy heart to sell it.

IX.

"This Kadhi, whose name was Jaffer, had studied for many years, and acquired much learning. He was familiar with all the old philosophers and sages. He could repeat the sayings of the Prophet, and all the histories of El Islam found a place in his memory. In a great situation he would have displayed magnanimity, and been full of dignity and wisdom, and the world would have hung upon his lips, and he would have been enumerated with Bocrat, and Avicenna, and Aristotle; but being penniless, and wanting a dinner, he was obliged to bring down his thoughts to his situation.

"Accordingly, as he walked along the streets of Cairo, his mind was occupied with nothing but the cookshops, and the bakers, and the sellers of fruit, and coffee, and tobacco. For many weeks no man

had offered him a pipe, and it was now two days since he had tasted bread; he therefore felt very weak and very humble. More than once the idea presented itself to him that it would be better to beg than perish of want. However, there was still some pride left in his mind, and also some love of literature, for he hugged the book to his bosom, and felt as if he were about to be separated from a part of his soul.

"As he moved almost totteringly along, in this frame of thought, he came to the door of a baker's shop, from which issued a most savoury odour. It was some great festival day, and all the people of El Islam had made preparations for enjoying it, each in his own way. The baker's counter was covered with delicate dishes, and among these was a wild goose, which he had just taken from the oven as the Kadhi stopped. It was saturated with delicate fresh butter, and stuffed with sweet almonds, and comfits, and odoriferous herbs. It had been reduced by the heat to the colour of gold, so that the eye, as well as the sense of smelling, was attracted by it. The poor Kadhi, Jaffer, losing sight of his wisdom and his philosophy, of his books of law, and even of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' found all his ideas centred upon a goose. He looked first at it, and then at the baker's face, encouraged by the good-natured expression of which, he immediately formed a bold design, and entered the shop.

"'Peace be with you!' said he to the baker. 'May your house be fortunate; may your daughters be all beautiful, and your sons all brave! I am under the influence of misfortune. The star of my destiny is eclipsed. I am hungry; and there is none among the children of the faithful who will give me to eat. Earn the blessing of a diligent student of the book—give me a slice of that goose.'

"'Friend,' answered the baker, 'this goose is not mine. It belongs to a pipe-seller in the neighbourhood, whose slave will be here presently to fetch it. What, therefore, should I say to her, were I to do as thou desirest?'

X.

"The Kadhi, not to be thus defeated, looked around him, and saw that there was a little apartment behind the shop. Seizing the dish which held the wild goose, and looking entreatingly into the face of the baker, he said—

"'Leave all consideration of the future to me. I am the Kadhi; and if they bring you before me, you can easily invent a story which will enable me to acquit you.'

"'I have no learning,' answered the baker, 'and my inventive faculties are dull. It will, therefore, be impossible for me to say anything which would not, under such circumstances, heap additional dust upon my head.'

"'If you had not tasted food for two days,' answered the Kadhi, 'you would be full of invention. When the slave comes for the goose, you will relate to her that, at the very moment you were taking it out of the oven, a flight of wild geese passed through the air, over your house, and paused for a moment, and cried, "Oh, brother, leave that vessel in which thou art confined, and spread thy wings, and come, at the command of the Prophet, and join us in the sky." Upon which, you will add, the baked goose agitated itself in the dish, and spread its wings, from which feathers immediately shot forth. It then poised itself for an instant in the air, over the counter, and darting forth through the door, ascended into the sky, and flew away to the desert with its companions.'

"'And will they believe this story?' inquired the baker.

"'No matter whether they believe it or not,' replied the Kadhi, 'since I, who shall be on the judgment-seat, will believe, and dismiss the case.'

"It required no further persuasion to induce the good-natured baker to yield; so they retired together into the little apartment behind the shop, where, with nice little white rolls, supplied from his own stock, they, between them, devoured the goose, and picked its bones until there was not a vestige of it left.

"Then the Kadhi, feeling happy for the first time since his arrival in Cairo, left the shop, and returned

towards his own house, blessing the Prophet, as he went, for the ingenious contrivance with which he had inspired him. The delicate fumes of the goose ascended to his brain, and created visions of future felicity, so that he was nearly as much exhilarated as those who take beng.

"'Truly, Jaffer,' said he to himself, 'thy wit is as valuable to thee as an estate in land. Who knows but this may be the beginning of prosperity? Think no more of selling 'The Thousand and One Nights,' but prepare to judge wisely when the case of the baker comes before thee, and thou shalt have occasion to display at once thy prudence and thy eloquence. Thou wilt charm the people of Cairo, who, above all men, love to laugh; and they will come to thee with their suits and differences, and thou wilt decide agreeably, and thy fame and thy riches will increase.'

XI.

"While the Kadhi was indulging in these pleasant anticipations, things were not going on quite so satisfactorily with the baker. Scarcely had the ragged cloak of the Kadhi turned the corner of the street, ere the pipe-seller's female slave entered the shop, and demanded the goose she had brought thither in the morning.

"'Oh, slave!' exclaimed the baker, 'as I was withdrawing the bird from my oven, a flight of

wild geese, with clanging wings, passed over my house, and cried, "Brother! leave thy imprisonment in the shop of that wicked baker, and come and join us, thy brethren, in the sky." No sooner had they uttered these words than the goose obeyed their invitation, and left me, in terror and astonishment, to account for its disappearance as I best might.'

"'This, oh baker, is a fable!' exclaimed the slave. 'I will return and relate it to my master, who will assuredly take thee before the Kadhi, and have thee well bastinadoed for attempting to put upon him this impudent imposture.'

"Among the baker's other customers, who heard this story, some put faith in his words, while the rest sided with the slave. A fierce dispute arose between them, which gave rise to violent language, and throwing of dust and blows. The women rent each other's blue garments, and the men doubled up their fists and applied them to each other's faces, and there was brawling, and swearing, and a great noise.

"Just at this moment the pipe-seller entered the shop, with rage and fury in his countenance. He rushed at the baker, and seized him, and cried, 'Oh, impudent wretch! thy dishonesty will compel me to break through the regulations of the quarter, and drag thee before the Kadhi. The poor baker endeavoured to explain, but the pipe-seller would hear no reason; and, being a far more

powerful man, dragged him forth from the shop by his beard, uttering loud imprecations against him for the loss of his dinner. Many of the neighbours left their dishes on the counter, and followed towards the Kadhi's.

"Nothing is easier in Cairo than to collect a crowd. A man has but to stop and look up at a particular window, and numbers will presently surround him, and cast up their eyes towards the very spot on which he has fixed his. At first they all stand thus in silence; and when some individual, more impatient than the rest, begins to make inquiries, a thousand reasons will be given, and everybody will expect that some wonderful event is about to happen.

XII.

"On the present occasion there existed cause sufficient for collecting together a multitude. No one had appealed to the Kadhi for many months; the business of justice was in abeyance, and people had lived peaceably without the aid of the law. The pipe-seller's act, therefore, was looked upon as an innovation, as something at once wicked and interesting, of which everybody desired to see the end.

"Accordingly, the crowd increased every minute —men, women, children, dervishes, fakirs, eunuchs, some on foot, others on asses, hurried pell-mell after the pipe-seller and the baker, wondering,

chattering, inquiring, answering, conjecturing, and speculating, in endless confusion. Ladies rushed to the windows of their harims and looked out. Devotees arose from their prayer-carpets and joined the throng. Mosques were emptied of their worshippers; merchants, buyers, and sellers quitted the bazaars; so that there appeared to be an universal commotion, as if the day of the end of the world had arrived.

"It was a strange sight to see so many heads in one street, so much flaunting of blue tassels, so much waving and bobbing up and down of turbans, so much crushing of silk hoods, so much thronging, pressing, screaming, cursing, that Gehenham appeared to have been let loose, and all the devils to have been seized with a sudden desire for justice.

"Thus the pipe-seller and the baker kept in front of the multitude, and their attention was presently arrested by a poor seller of cauliflowers, whose ass had fallen under his overloaded panniers. It was the baker's misfortune to sympathise with every one in distress, so he requested the pipe-seller to let go his hold for a moment, that he might assist in raising up the beast. Upon finding himself at liberty, he seized vigorously upon the ass's tail, and, desiring his owner to do his best at the animal's other end, applied so much strength and energy to the task, that the tail, which had been often twisted cruelly by way of punishment, came off in his hand.

"Then the cauliflower-vender, instead of feeling grateful to the baker for his kind intentions, sprang up and seized him by the shoulder, and assisted the pipe-seller in dragging him towards the place of justice. The multitude shouted, partly in mirth, partly in anger, and there was an increased hubbub.

"The offender now began to reflect within himself, that, seeing this prodigious gathering of people, the Kadhi might choose to forget the transaction of the morning, and, in order to gain favour with the public, sentence him to be severely bastinadoed. At the very idea, the soles of his feet began to tingle; his blood became hot; his heart beat violently; and the whole street seemed to turn round, as it does to the whirling Derwishes after their performances. So he cast about within himself for some means of escape, and uttered an inward ejaculation to the Prophet entreating him to favour his design.

XIII.

"It happened that, in that very street, there lived a merchant, who, in the decline of his age, had married a young wife, who was now, after several years, about to present him with an heir to his riches. This hope filled him with so much joy that he never quitted her side, but watched over her and prayed for her; and, humbling himself to the condition of a slave, during the heat of the day fanned her with his own hands, and sought to make

her feel the extreme of felicity. She was at this moment sitting on a marble mastabah beside her door; and the merchant, with a fan of palm leaves in his hand, was engaged in gently cooling her face.

"Around were orange-trees, and the henna shrub in full flower, and willows, and poplars, and two lofty date palms, which waved their pendent leaves and golden fruits over the heads of the family. Two female slaves sat beside their mistress, one on either hand, embroidering veils and dresses for her; so that the whole presented a complete picture of pleasure and contentment. By no means aware of this, the baker perceiving the court-door of the house open, and thinking it might possibly lead to some alley, or lane, or garden, dashed away from the pipe-seller and the cauliflower-vender, ran into the court, and, turning round, bolted the door after him. But this only the more enraged those without, who, applying their shoulders to the door, forced it in, and rushed after the baker, the vast multitude following, yelling, shouting, and screaming, like so many Ghouls or Efrits, which so terrified the merchant's wife, that she immediately lost her hope of becoming a mother.

XIV.

"The baker's calamities had now reached a climax. The enraged husband accused him of murder, and, seizing him by the throat, assisted the pipe-seller and cauliflower-vender in dragging him before the Kadhi. Being still more furious than either of his former accusers, he, moreover, struck him several blows in the face, the unfortunate man offering no resistance, and would have continued to maltreat him in this way, but that the foremost of the crowd ordered him to desist.

"In a short time they arrived at the spacious court, where the Kadhi sat in full expectation. He looked stern and grave as they entered; and the baker's heart sank within him when he observed the austerity of his countenance, and reflected on the number and vehemence of those who were come to demand justice against him.

"The disappointed merchant began; but the Kadhi, having inquired into the chronology of the offences, ordered the pipe-seller to state his case first. He then, with the manner and gesture of a hungry man, related the history of the wild goose, dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the impudence of endeavouring to make him believe that the animal had been miraculously restored to life, and joined the other wild geese in the sky.

XV.

"As the Kadhi expected and wished, the multitude had followed the accusers and the culprit into the court, and now, with half-open mouths, looked on and listened, that they might judge by the tenor of his first decisions what his future career as a Kadhi was likely to be.

"When Jaffer had heard the pipe-seller to an end, he said, 'This baker appears to be one of the wicked. What you lay to his charge is an act of great dishonesty; for the eating of a wild goose is as bad as the eating of a tame goose, and the bastinado must be his punishment if the charge be made good against him. You have, doubtless, brought along with you witnesses to prove that when the bird was taken out of the oven it did not fly away; for, according to the laws and precepts of El Islam, punishment is not to be inflicted unless the crime can be proved by witnesses.'

"Upon this the pipe-seller became enraged, and said it was surely not necessary to bring forward witnesses to prove that what was impossible had not happened.

"The Kadhi, then, after uttering a pious ejaculation, addressed himself to the pipe-seller, and said, 'Oh, wicked man, know you not that to talk of such an event as a thing impossible, is to

limit the power of God. Go home, therefore, and study more accurately the precepts of the book, in which had you believed you would not have brought against this man an accusation which now appears to be as false as it is malicious. I dismiss the case.'

"The cauliflower-vender, who was now called upon, felt fully confident of success, as he had brought along with him the ass's tail in his hand, while he could appeal to hundreds of those present as witnesses. The Kadhi listened patiently to his recital, and, when he had concluded, said, 'Friend, you appear to have suffered a real injury; I therefore condemn the baker to take home your ass, and keep it, feed it, and take care of it, till its tail shall grow again.'

"The multitude, delighted with the merry humour of the Kadhi, now burst into shouts of laughter, and greatly applauded him for the wisdom of his decisions; and the cauliflower-vender was too happy to sneak quietly away, in the hope that he might find his ass, and escape with it to another quarter of the city, beyond the reach of this witty dispenser of justice.

"It now came to the turn of the injured husband, who, eager to bring down vengeance upon his adversary, was almost incapable, from very rage, of delivering himself distinctly. He entered at great length into the history of his life, described the patient industry with which he had amassed his treasures, spoke touchingly of his marriage.

and dilated with pathos and eloquence on his desire to have a son. Heaven, at length, he said, had heard his prayers, and he was within two months of being a father, when this accursed baker, whose face he hoped might be blackened, burst wilfully and maliciously into his court-yard, and instantly blasted all his hopes.

XVI.

"The Kadhi now appeared to be greatly perplexed, and was buried for a while in the depths of profound meditation. He desired the merchant to repeat a portion of his testimony, inquired concerning his marriage and the age of his wife, and then entered into a calculation of chances and probabilities. He had evidently much difficulty in coming to a decision, because he desired to judge in conformity with the precepts of the book, and the principles of the laws of El Islam. There was, also, another wish very strong in his mind, namely, to amuse and gratify the assembled multitude, and send them away with a report of him that should reconcile them all to his mode of distributing justice.

"Under the influence of these feelings he composed his countenance into an expression of the utmost possible gravity, and, addressing himself to the baker, said, 'Oh, wicked and disastrous wretch, I delivered thee from the affair of the

goose, and also of the ass, because thy accusers seemed to be pursuing thee with malice. But the case of this good merchant is wholly different; thou hast blasted the hopes of his life, thou hast destroyed his offspring, so that unless the injury be repaired, he must die without an heir, and his vast wealth descend to strangers. Considering, therefore, all the circumstances of the case, and that, contrary to the injunctions of the Prophet, thou art unmarried, I condemn thee to take home his wife, and hereafter, in due season, deliver her to him in *statu quo ?*'

XVII.

"At this the laughter of the multitude redoubled, and the merchant seeing that part of it was directed against him, slunk sheepishly away, and, retiring into his own house, made the best of his misfortune. But the Kadhi had now established his reputation, and his court was ever after frequented, chiefly by the people, so that he became wealthy and prosperous, and built himself a handsome palace, and married four wives, and became the father of many sons and daughters.

"Nor did he forget the baker, who in some sort had been the author of his good fortune. He took him into his house, and bestowed on him a handsome female slave, and made him the master of

his household, and his companion; and when they sat down on the divan together to smoke, they often diverted themselves by alluding to the adventure of the wild goose, and the ass, and the merchant's wife. They would then laugh and be merry, and bless God for their change of fortune.

"On such occasions, the Kadhi would sometimes put on the ragged cloak—which he had religiously preserved—and, taking 'The Thousand and One Nights' under his arm, would humbly approach the baker, as he had formerly done in his shop, and, in a voice of entreaty, ask him for a slice of wild goose.

"Their wives were often invited to witness this exhibition; and they, as well as the baker, always protested they owed all the happiness and contentment of their lives to the hungry Kadhi."

XVIII.

The feeling with which a landsman passes over the sea, very much resembles that of a serpent-charmer when playing with a huge boa-constrictor, or cobra di capello. The animal's tricks are very amusing, but you can never get rid of the consciousness that the slightest transgression on your part might be instant death. No beauty, perhaps, exceeds the beauty of the sea, when, curled into endless billows by the wind, and painted with

purple, gold, or crimson, by the rising or setting sun, all the waves seem to vibrate to one pulse of joy; and as they leap, and laugh, and ripple about you, in innumerable multitudes, your heart leaps too, as the sense of indescribable grandeur and sublimity is awakened in your soul.

But when half sick, fatigued, depressed, spiritless, you lie down sadly in your berth, when everybody else, perhaps, has fallen asleep, you regard the sea in a very different light. This was now my case; I felt painfully alone, for—

"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures,"

and all around me were asleep. One small dim lamp, swinging from a beam, threw its cheerless light over the cabin, while the sea hissed, seethed, and roared without, in the most threatening manner. I contrasted my situation with that in which I used to be placed at Lausanne, when on summer nights, we threw up our windows to let in the balmy air, which entered inaudibly; or were attracted by the spell of the Alps rising in unutterable beauty beneath the moon—

"Ambitious for the hallowing of her eyes."

Then, the sweet voices of home welcomed me. Then, my every wish was gratified by a sort of domestic providence, which seemed never to sleep; and now, here I lay, as little heeded as a bale of goods, in an unsavoury berth, with boxes, and

baskets, sliding this way and that, as the ship reeled before the wind. I tried to solace myself by conjuring up visions of the distant Nile, and thinking what delight it would be hereafter on a winter's night to sit with wife and children by the fire, and recount what I had seen. The words of the Latin poet came into my mind—

"Olim hæc meminisse juvabit;"

but it would not do. I could not escape from my present discomforts by dreaming of coming pleasures, never, perhaps, to come. At length, however, the great comforter of humanity—

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;"

came to my deliverance.

XIX.

The burrascas of the Mediterranean are often of short continuance. While I slept, the wind fell asleep also; so that when I awoke in the morning, we were almost in a dead calm, though the waves, as if angry at having been disturbed, still went on rolling sullenly towards the South.

Ali's oriental habits would not suffer him to remain in bed long after dawn; so he got up and awakened me, and we both went on deck together to see the sun rise. I hope the chill of the autumnal sea will not get into my style. I feel

it, however, at this moment, and the up-and-down motion of the waves still gives me qualms. We had drifted during the night considerably west of Elba; Tuscany yet lay in sight to the left, while on the right rose the island of Corsica, its peaks and sharp promontories wreathed in mist.

The sun rose directly over Elba, not as a mere fiery disc, but like a blood-red column towering sublimely into the firmament. By degrees it assumed its natural shape, and threw over the tremulous waves a long wake of bright gold, which looked like the path of angels. All the depression and sadness of the night now fled away. The bracing air of the morning was about us, and in Ali's face I could already discover the skirts, as it were, of the East. The other passengers soon joined us, and conversation went on as merrily as in the perfumed bowers of Italy.

Pianosa now came in sight, and we began to look out for Sardinia. The wind soon rose again, but continued fair; so that we went driving before it, ploughing up volumes of foam and spray, which constantly rose like a cloud before the ship's bows. Our masts were of extraordinary height, which, with a full spread of canvass, gives immense speed, but, at the same time, renders it necessary to furl sails in weather through which an English ship would persevere without taking in a single reef. The "Black Eagle" now gave us a touch of her quality; for, as the gale increased, she seemed

literally to fly over the waves, as, in the hands of the pirates, she had often done in the Ægæan.

XX.

There would be no utility in describing the rough weather we encountered, or in enumerating the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, we devoured in spite of it. All I remember is, that on losing sight of Corsica, we were thrown into a sort of stupor, which left us little relish of existence for two days, till we arrived, late one evening, under the lee of Sicily. The first morning of the gale's continuance I went on deck, to see what the sea looked liked under such circumstances.

At the risk of appearing grandiloquent, I shall copy a passage from my journal, written at the moment:—"It was, certainly, the most awful spectacle I have ever seen." This is true; but afterwards, at the mouth of the Adriatic, I beheld a sea, compared with which this was smooth. But to proceed—"As far as the eye could reach over the immeasurable ocean, vast waves, with white foaming crests, leaped up, like flames in a conflagration, and then broke with a crashing, hissing sound, perfectly indescribable.

"These billows came, one after another, towards the vessel, seeming to threaten it with destruction, and after lifting it up and shaking it like a leaf, rolled on, roaring over the deep. I often doubted

whether the ship could possibly weather it out; but as we came opposite Sicily, the land lent us its welcome protection, and, thank God, the sea became more calm."

It continued much calmer for many hours, and we began to hope for better weather. During this time I caught my first glimpse of the Sicilian mountains, which, from my school days upwards, had appeared half fabulous to me. From the rate at which we were going, we expected to pass Malta during the following night, after which our captain (false prophet that he was) foretold better weather. In the morning, as we drove before the gale, we perceived in the distance the island of Pantellaria, the Botany Bay of the Neapolitan government, lying in the lonely sea towards the south. There herds of incorrigible criminals, and gentlemen suspected of liberal politics, wear away their lives in dreary seclusion from the world, listening to the fierce surges, with whose roar are mingled the screams of sea-fowl and the fierce whistling of the blast. Every one who has a heart must feel for such exiles, cut off for ever from their country, often, perhaps, for imaginary offences.

XXI.

During the following day, we rounded the eastern extremity of Sicily, and caught, far out at sea, a glimpse of Mount Etna, a mighty, glittering

cone of snow, towering above a sea of mist, which completely concealed its base.

It appeared to me exactly like Mont Blanc, as seen in the early morning from the slopes of the Côte d'Or. No language will suffice to paint the majesty of nature, especially when to her inherent grandeur there are added the associations of poetry and history. The influence of the deeds which have been performed at the foot of Etna, has risen, as it were, from earth, and invested it with a new glory.

I could not, therefore, as I gazed upon it, disentangle the different classes of my feelings, and say which took their rise from the sources of nature, and which from the works of man. Intermingled, they were full of delight, for we lend consciousness to mountains, and imagine they look down upon us, as we look up to them, with a gentle and friendly recognition. Would I could transplant the thoughts of that moment into the reader's mind!

Men who have seen half the world will probably smile at my enthusiasm at the first view of Etna. Let them smile on; I have not seen much, and, thank God, not enough to quench the admiration of his works within me. To me there was a sort of religion in the admiration I experienced. The Athenian people had fought and bled upon the land stretching southward from its base. I felt a strong thrill of pleasure at approaching the theatre of their exploits and glory, which I would not have

exchanged for all the self-complacency of the greatest Epicurean philosopher in the world. Brightly blue was the sky overhead, and the snows of Etna, dazzling in their whiteness, came peacefully shelving down from the firmament in delicate undulations, till they were lost in the girdle of vapour which concealed the eternal forests, separating the aërial division of the cone from the volcanic gardens and vineyards of Sicily.

XXII.

The following night brought us in sight of Calabria. Niebuhr remarks that, when sailing up the Mediterranean, he thought the stars less bright than in our northern latitudes. I was at first of the same opinion, because, generally, the sea is enveloped with a dense atmosphere, which intercepts the brilliance of the stars. In the desert the case is different; and even along the shores of Greece. we were occasionally indulged with a view of the heavens, which obliterated from our memory the recollection of the frosty nights of the north.

It is with extreme difficulty that one gets accustomed to a sea life. At first everything seems beyond measure tiresome, especially during a calm. We were now, though luckily without knowing it, passing through the lull which, in the Mediterranean, precedes a tempest. The ship lay motionless on the glassy sea, and we were devoured with

ennui and impatience. Some smoked, others walked incessantly to and fro, others sought to kill time by feeding the chickens. This, after the pipe, was the Bey's chief employment; he loved to see them eat, which often seemed to give him an inclination to eat himself.

Kafoor made himself useful on these occasions, for, taking up his station in the ship's bows, he used to spear a sort of blue fish, called fanfani, which was delicious eating, and came seasonably to vary our diet, and put me in mind of the blue fishes in the "Arabian Nights," that, from the frying-pan held converse with their persecutors. In this our fish were decidedly inferior. Living or dead, they were always mute, though their extreme beauty almost made me sorry to eat them. They looked like large flakes of *lapis lazuli*, a little dimmed by the action of the waves, and preserved much of their colour even after cooking.

A part of our ship's cargo consisted of fruit, among which were exquisite pears and apples. Of these the captain permitted us to eat as many as we pleased, and we fully availed ourselves of the privilege. When we came upon any that were decayed, we used to throw them at each other, and I remember one day hitting the Turkish Bey in the eye with a rotten pear. Another of these diminutive bombs burst upon his chin, and ran trickling down like the precious ointment over the beard of Aaron. It is wonderful to what recrea-

tions man will descend when labouring under the effects of *ennui*. No schoolboy ever displayed tricks more puerile than we did, when, in the intervals of smoking, we paced the deck in search of amusement.

There was a startling source of interest at hand; but, being perfectly ignorant of this, we were all as merry as Greeks.

END OF VOL. I.

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For further Notices of "Isis," see end of Vol. II.

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